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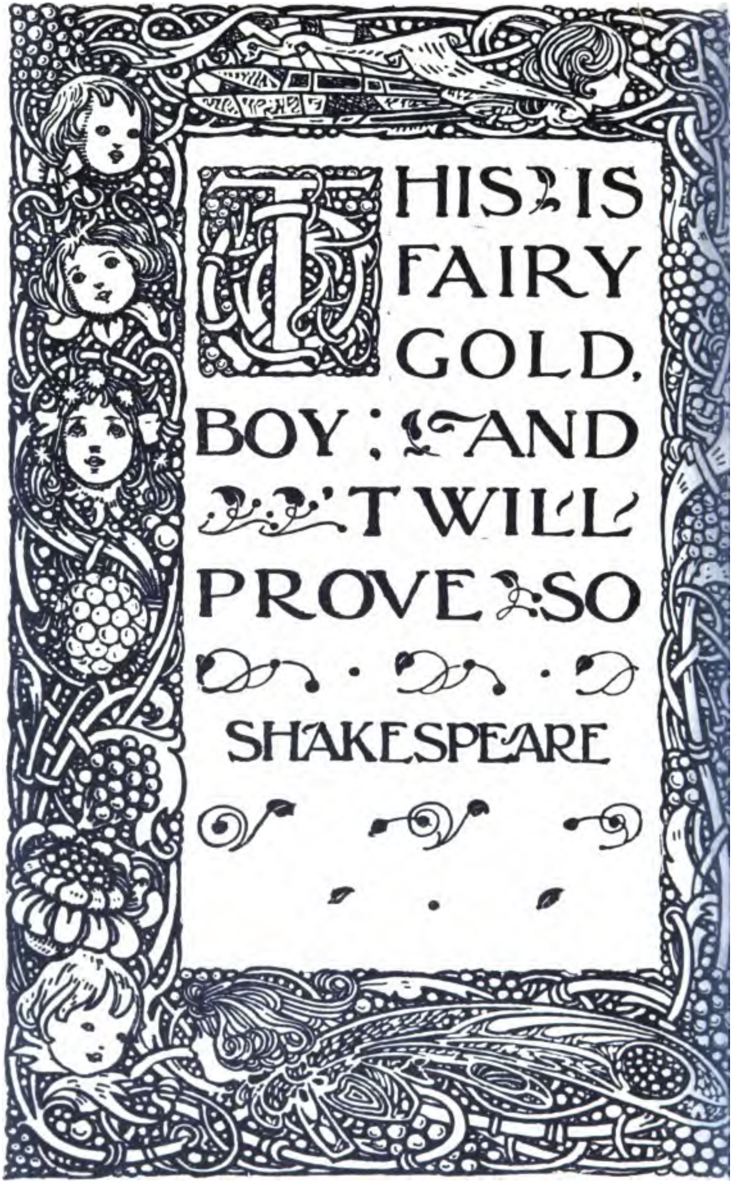

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SHAKESPEARE

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by SIR JOHN FROISSART

LONDON: PUBLISHED
by J·M·DENT· &·CO
AND IN NEW YORK
BY E·P·DUTTON & CO

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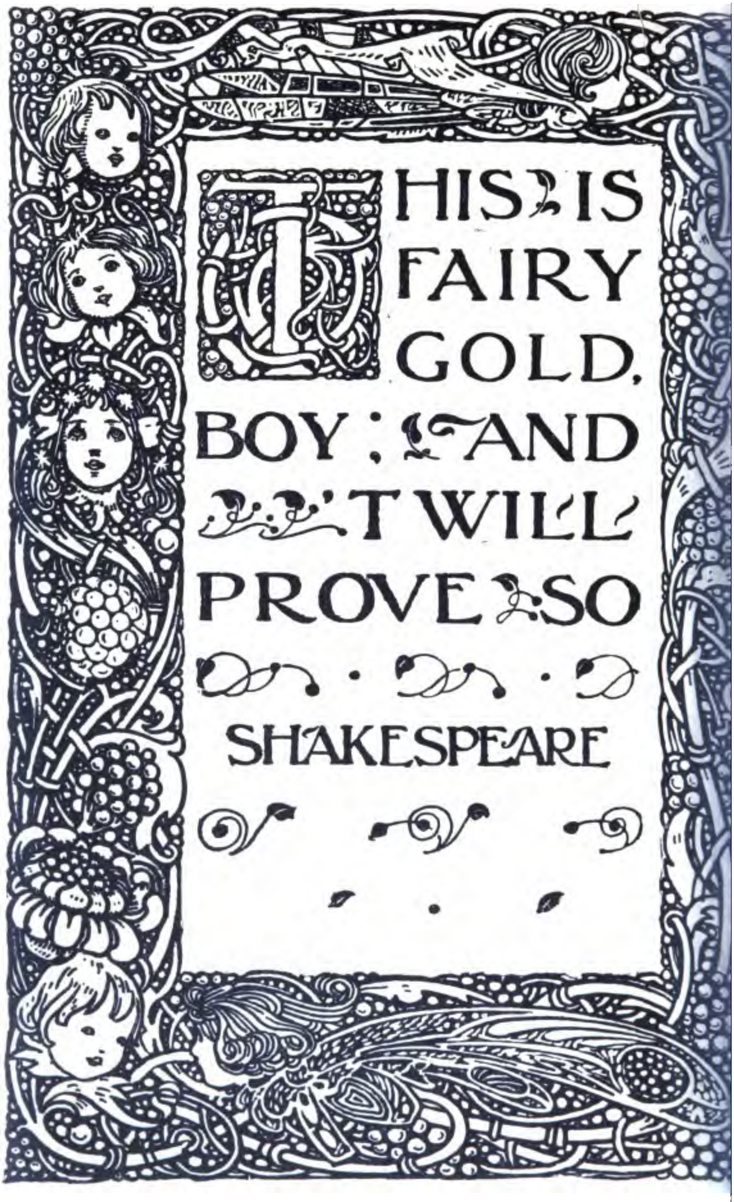

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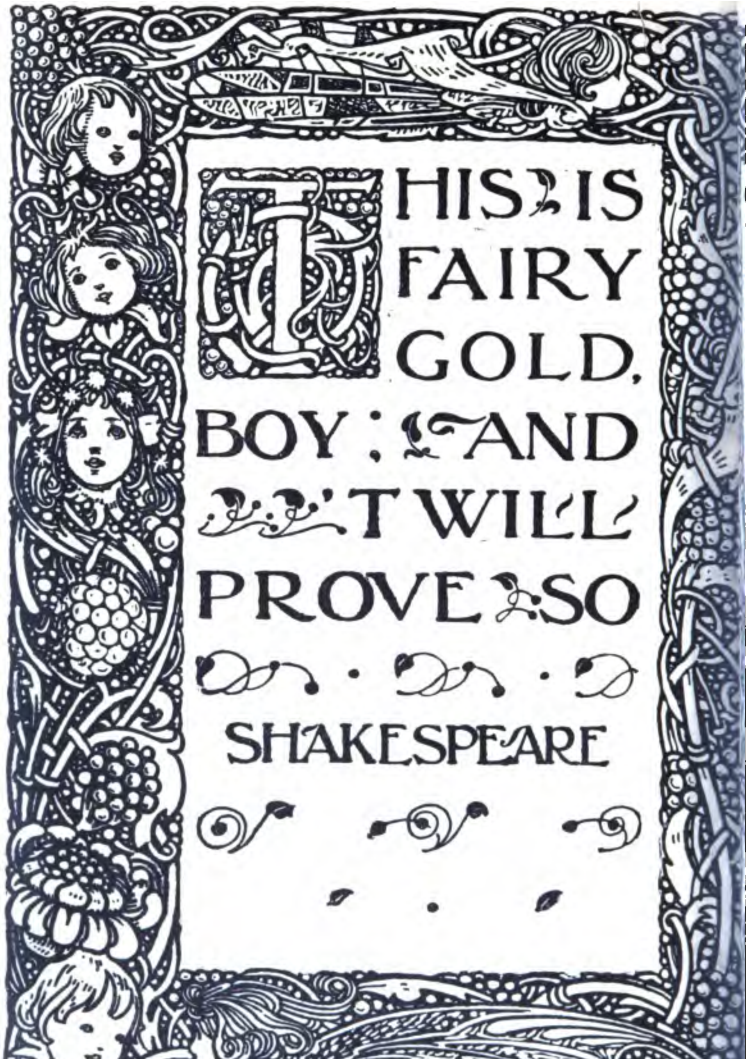

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France, also, was found good chivalry, strong of limb, and stout of heart, in great abundance—such as King Philip of Valois, and his son, King John; also John, King of Bohemia, and Charles, Count of Alençon, his son; the Count of Foix, and others that I cannot now name. The better to understand the honourable and eventful history of King Edward we must remark a common opinion in England, of which there have been proofs since the time of King Arthur, that between two valiant kings there is always one weak in mind and body; and most true it is, that this is apparent in the example of the gallant King Edward, of whom I am now to speak; for his father, King Edward the Second, was weak, unwise, and cowardly, while his grandfather, called the good King Edward the First, was wise, brave, very enterprising, and fortunate in war.

King Edward the Second had two brothers; one was the Earl Marshal, of a wild and disagreeable temper; the other Lord Edmund of Kent, who was wise, affable, and much beloved. This king had married the daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, who was one of the greatest beauties of her time; and by her had two sons and two daughters. The elder son was our noble king, Edward; the other, named John, died young. Of the two daughters, Isabella, the elder, was married to King David of Scotland; and the younger to the Count Reginald, subsequently called Duke of Guelderland. History tells us that Philip the Fair had three sons, besides his beautiful daughter, Isabella, who, as we have said, was married to King Edward the Second of England. These all in turn became kings of France, and died without male issue. Whereupon the princes and barons of France, holding the opinion that no woman ought to reign in so noble a kingdom, determined to pass by Queen Isabella and her son, and to confer the government on Philip of Valois; which exclusion of Isabella from the right of succession to the throne of France became the occasion of the most devastating wars, as well in France as elsewhere: and the real object of this history is to relate the great enterprises and deeds of arms achieved in these wars.

It has been remarked that Edward the Second was a weak and unwise king. Having no head for government, he suffered the kingdom to be ruled by one Sir Hugh Spencer, a favourite. This Sir Hugh so managed matters, that his father and himself were the great masters of the realm. By his overbearing conduct, however, he soon contracted the hatred of the barons and nobles; and on one occasion, when he found it necessary to check the opposition which these were raising against him, he informed the king that they had entered into an alliance, and that unless he caused certain of them to be arrested, they would very shortly drive him from his kingdom. Whereupon, such was the influence of Sir Hugh, that twenty-two of the chief barons of England were seized in one day, and had their heads struck off without any cause or reason being assigned. He also succeeded, by his wicked counsels, in fomenting variance between the king and queen, until the latter was compelled secretly to retire to France, in company with her young son, Edward, the Earl of Kent, and Sir Roger Mortimer. The queen embarked by night from Winchelsea, and having a fair wind, landed the next morning at Boulogne, where she was handsomely entertained by the governor of the town and the abbot, and on the third day after her arrival continued her route to Paris. Here her brother, the noble King Charles, most graciously received her; and after listening to her lamentation and distress—"Fair cousin," he said, "be appeased; for by the faith I owe to God and to St. Denis, I will provide a remedy." To this the queen, on her knees, replied, "My dear lord and brother, I pray God may second your intentions." Charles then, taking his sister by the hand, conducted her to an apartment which had been richly furnished for her reception, and gave orders that everything becoming her state should be provided for her from his own treasury. Very shortly after this, Charles assembled his great lords and barons to consult what was best to be done in the business of the Queen of England, his sister; and their advice was, that she should be allowed to purchase friends and assistance in France, and that Charles should provide her with gold and silver for that purpose; secretly, however, so as not to bring war with England upon his own country.

The pride of Sir Hugh had now become so intolerable that the barons who remained alive in England could suffer it no longer. They resolved to forget all private differences amongst themselves, and sent secretly to Paris to inform the queen that if she could collect about a thousand men-at-arms, and would herself come at the head of them, with her son, into England, they would immediately treat with her, and obey him as their lawful sovereign. But Sir Hugh Spencer was not to be outdone; he contrived means to set Charles against his sister, and by the most slanderous insinuations caused him to command her to leave his kingdom at a minute's notice. The poor queen, perplexed and disconcerted, having no opportunity of defence given her, quitted Paris as secretly as possible, accompanied by her son, the Earl of Kent, and her little company, and took the road to Hainault. Her arrival at Hainault was soon known in the house of the good earl, who was then at Valenciennes. Sir John, the earl's brother, paid the royal visitor every possible honour and respect; proffered his services as a true knight, and vowed to risk his life and the lives of all whom he could influence in the Queen of England's cause. The queen, who was sitting down while Sir John made this noble offer, rose and would have cast herself at his feet out of gratitude for his goodness, but Sir John caught her in his arms and said, "God forbid that the Queen of England should ever do such a thing. Madam, be of good comfort, I will keep my promise." Again the queen expressed her gratitude, and acknowledged that she found more kindness and comfort in him than in all the world besides. Sir John was not long in collecting an army, with which he accompanied the queen on her return to England; here her faithful countrymen flocked around her, and with a very considerable body of troops she proceeded at once to besiege Bristol, where the king and Sir Hugh Spencer were. The city yielded without resistance. The king and Sir Hugh fled; but they were taken at sea, brought back to Bristol, and delivered to the queen and her son as prisoners. The king was confined in Berkeley Castle. Sir Hugh was executed. Thus ended the bold and gallant enterprise of Sir John de Hainault and his companions. The queen, being now in quiet possession of the kingdom, it was resolved that the young Edward should wear the crown, of which his father had proved himself so unworthy. Accordingly, on Christmas day, 1326, just as he had completed his sixteenth year, he was crowned with the royal diadem, in the palace of Westminster. It was a glorious day for Sir John de Hainault and his companions. There was much feasting and rejoicing; and it was with deep regret that Sir John found himself obliged to take his leave on Twelfth-day following to attend a tournament proclaimed at Condé. At the king's desire, fifteen young and hardy Englishmen accompanied him to this tournament; there to try their skill, and to get acquainted with the foreign lords. King Edward and his mother governed the kingdom, assisted by the counsels of the good Earl of Kent and Sir Roger Mortimer.

The winter and Lent passed in perfect peace, but at Easter, Robert, King of Scotland, sent a message of defiance to King Edward, informing him of his intention to enter England, and devastate the country by fire. Upon this, Sir John de Hainault was sent for, who, true to the interest of the young king and his mother, soon arrived with a considerable band of followers at the city of York, and joined the English on their march to meet the enemy.

The Scots are a bold, hardy race, and much inured to war. When they invaded England, they were all usually on horseback, except the camp followers; they brought no carriages, neither did they encumber themselves with any provision. Under the flap of his saddle each man had a broad plate of metal; and behind his saddle a little bag of oatmeal, so that when occasion needed, cakes were made of the oatmeal, and baked upon the plates; for the most part, however, they ate the half-soddened flesh of the cattle they captured, and drank water. In this manner, then, under the command of the Earl of Moray and Sir James Douglas, they made their present invasion, destroying and burning wherever they went. As soon, however, as the English king came in sight of the smoke of the fires which the Scots were making, an alarm was sounded, and every one ordered to prepare for combat; but there were so many marshes between the two armies that the English could not come up with the enemy; they lay, therefore, that night in a wood, upon the banks of a small river, and the king lodged in a monastery hard by. The next day it was determined, as the Scots seemed to avoid battle, and to be sheering off to their own country, to hasten their march, and to endeavour to intercept them as they repassed the Tyne. At the sound of the trumpet all the English were to be ready; each man taking with him but one loaf of bread, slung at his back after the fashion of a hunter, so that their march might not be retarded.

As it had been ordered, so it was executed: the English started at daybreak, but, with all their exertion, did not reach the Tyne till vespers, when, to their great mortification, after waiting some time, it was discovered that the Scots had gained the river, and passed over before them.

Their scanty stock of provisions being now exhausted, the English suffered greatly from hunger, and it rained so incessantly that the horses, as well as the men, were almost worn out. However, they were still bent upon encountering the Scots, and the king offered a large reward to any one who should inform him where they were to be found. They had now been several days seeking for information, when, about three o'clock one afternoon, a squire came galloping up to the king, and reported that he had seen the enemy—that they were but a short distance from them, and quite as eager for battle as themselves. Edward upon this put his army in array, continued marching, and soon came in sight of the Scots, who were drawn up in three battalions, on the slope of a mountain, at the foot of which ran a rapid river, full of large stones and rocks, and very difficult to pass. When the English lords perceived the disposition of the enemy, they sent heralds, offering to fight them in the plain, on either side of the river; but the Scots would consent to no arrangement, and having kept the English in suspense for some days, at last retired. During all this time there were frequent skirmishes, and many lives lost on both sides; and though there was no general engagement betwen the two armies, the Scots were driven back into their own country, and both parties quite tired out. Edward, on his way home, halted his weary forces at Durham, where he paid homage to the church and bishopric, and gave largesses to the citizens. Sir John and his company, heartily thanked and rewarded for their services, were escorted by twelve knights and two hundred men-at-arms to Dover, whence they embarked for Hainault.

The King of England now thought of marriage, and his choice fell upon the Lady Philippa, one of the daughters of the Count of Hainault and Holland, and niece to his steadfast friend, Sir John. There being no objection to the alliance, the marriage took place without delay, and shortly after the coronation of the new queen was celebrated in London in presence of great crowds of nobility, when there were feastings, tournaments, and other sumptuous entertainments, every day, for about three weeks.

At this time died King Robert of Scotland, at a good old age. When he saw his end approaching, he summoned together all the chiefs and barons in whom he most confided, and, after having told them that he should never get the better of this sickness, commanded them, upon their honour and loyalty, to keep and preserve faithfully and entire the kingdom for his son David, and to obey him; also to crown him king when he was of a proper age, and to marry him with a lady suitable to his station. After this he called the gallant Lord James Douglas, and said to him, in presence of the others, "My dear friend, Lord James Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles, during life, to support the rights of my crown. At the time that I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness: I vowed that, if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ and the adversaries of the Christian faith. To this point my heart has always leaned; but our Lord was not willing to gratify my desire, and gave me so much to do in my lifetime—and this late expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness—that, since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart instead of my body to fulfil my vow. And, as I do not know any knight so gallant or enterprising as yourself, or better formed to complete my intentions; I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you will have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that, if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success; and I shall die contented. But it must be executed as follows:—

"I will that, as soon as I shall be dead, you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed; you will also take as much money from my treasury as shall appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to take with you in your train; you will then deposit your charge at the Holy Sepulchre where our Lord was buried. You will not be sparing of expense, but will provide yourself with such company and such things as may be suitable to your rank; and wherever you pass, you will let it be known that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas by his command, since his body cannot go thither."

All present began bewailing bitterly; and when the Lord James could speak, he said, "Gallant and noble king,—I return you a thousand thanks for the great honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me; I will most willingly do all that you command me with the utmost loyalty in my power; never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction." The king replied, "Gallant knight, I thank you—you promise it me, then?" "Certainly, sir, most willingly," answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood. The king said, "Thanks be to God! for I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight of my kingdom will perform that for me which I am unable to do for myself." Soon afterwards, the valiant Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, departed this life, on the 7th of November, 1337. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery of Dunfermline. Shortly after died also the noble Earl of Moray, who was one of the most powerful princes in Scotland: he bore for arms, argent, three pillows gules.

Early in the spring, the Lord James Douglas, having provided himself with everything that was proper for his expedition, embarked at the port of Montrose, and sailed directly for Sluys, in Flanders, where he diligently inquired if any one were going beyond the sea to Jerusalem, in order that he might join their company. He remained off Sluys twelve days, and would not set his foot on shore, but staid the whole time on board, where he kept a magnificent table, with music of trumpets and drums, as if he had been the King of Scotland. His company consisted of one knight-banneret, and seven others of the most valiant knights of Scotland, without counting the rest of his household. His plate was of gold and silver, consisting of pots, basins, porringers, cups, bottles, barrels, and other such things. He had likewise twenty-six young and gallant esquires, of the best families in Scotland, to wait upon him; and all those who came to visit him were handsomely served with two sorts of wine, and two sorts of spices—I mean those of a certain rank. At last, after staying at Sluys twelve days, the Lord James heard that Alphonso, King of Spain, was waging war against the Saracen King of Granada. He considered that if he should go thither, he should employ his time and journey according to the late king's wishes; and when he should have finished there, he would proceed further to complete that with which he was charged. He therefore made sail towards Spain, and landed at Valencia; thence he went straight to the King of Spain, who was with his army on the frontiers, very near the Saracen King of Granada.

It happened, soon after the arrival of the Lord James Douglas, that the King of Spain issued forth into the fields, to make his approaches nearer the enemy; the King of Granada did the same; and, as each king could easily distinguish the other's banners, they both began to set their armies in array. The Lord James placed himself and his company on one side, to make better work, and a more powerful effort. When he perceived that the battalions on each side were fully arranged, and that of the King of Spain in motion, he imagined they were about to begin the onset: and, as he always wished to be among the first rather than the last upon such occasions, he and all his company stuck their spurs into their horses, until they were in the midst of the King of Granada's battalion, and made a furious attack upon the Saracens. Of course, the Lord James thought that he should be supported by the Spaniards; but in this he was mistaken, for not one followed his example. The gallant knight and all his companions were consequently surrounded by the enemy: they performed prodigies of valour, but these were of no avail—they were all killed.

About this time, many of the nobles, and others desirous of a settled peace between the Scots and English, proposed a marriage between the young King of Scotland

and the sister of the King of England, which was concluded, and solemnized at Berwick, with great feastings and rejoicings on both sides.

We have said that the peers and barons of France proclaimed Philip of Valois king, to the exclusion of Isabella of England, and her son Edward. Philip was, accordingly, crowned at Rheims on the Trinity Sunday following the day on which the throne was declared vacant; and about a year after his coronation, King Edward paid him homage for the Duchy of Guienne.

There were strange doings in England at this period. The Earl of Kent, on a suspicion of treason, was arrested, and publicly beheaded; and the charges against him being afterwards proved to be false, Sir Roger Mortimer, whose jealousy had brought about the earl's execution, was in his turn arrested, and put to a horrid and ignominious death. Edward also, at the advice of his council, ordered his mother, who had injured her reputation by too great intimacy with Mortimer, to be placed in confinement. A goodly castle was prepared for her reception; he gave her many attendants, made her a handsome allowance, and himself visited her twice or three times a year.

There had been a truce between England and Scotland now for four years, the like to which had not occurred before for two hundred years: but the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed was destined to disturb it. David, who succeeded Robert Bruce on the throne of Scotland, held possession of Berwick, which Edward claimed as part of his own kingdom. The King of Scotland, who followed the advice of his council and chief barons on the subject, resolved that as King Robert, his father, had taken the town in open war from the late King of England, and had kept possession of it during his lifetime, so he would do everything in his power to retain it; and such being the case, neither party was willing to give way. The contest which ensued, however, was fraught with dire misfortune to the Scots, for Edward advanced into their kingdom, destroyed it, and, having taken possession of Berwick, and also many other forts, placed in them several able and expert knights and squires, to protect the border countries.

While Edward was thus engaged in England, certain intelligence came to Rome that the enemies of God were marching in great force against the Holy Land—that they had re-conquered the kingdom of Rasse, taken the king, who had been baptized, prisoner, and that they also threatened the Holy Church and all Christendom. The Pope preached on Good Friday before the kings of France and Navarre, when a crusade was proclaimed, and the King of France, with several other valiant knights and men-at-arms, resolved to set out immediately for the Holy Land. This circumstance was favourable to the King of England, who had long wished for an opportunity to assert his right to the crown of France. At the advice of his counsellors, therefore, he sent to his old friend, Sir John de Hainault, and others, requesting their assistance in the proposed undertaking.

Now it appeared to all, that before any decided steps were taken by King Edward against France, it would be desirable for him to gain the interest of Flanders. It happened at this time that there were great dissensions between the Earl of Flanders and the Flemings. A man of Ghent, a brewer of metheglin, by name Jacob Von Artaveld, had taken advantage of these dissensions, and gained so much power and influence over the Flemings that everything was done according to his will. Whenever he went abroad, he was attended by three or four score of armed men on foot. He put to death any who opposed him. In every town and castlewick throughout the country he had sergeants and soldiers in his pay to execute his orders and to serve as spies; and, because of him, even the Earl of Flanders himself was compelled to quit his own dominions, and to retire with his wife, and Lewis his son, into France; in short, to speak the truth, there never was in Flanders, or in any other country, count, duke, or prince, who had such entire command as Jacob Von Artaveld. By fair speeches, promises, and a bountiful distribution of money, Edward, through his agents, at last prevailed with this powerful individual so far, that by his means the chiefs of the principal towns gave their consent that the King of England and his army might pass through Flanders whenever he pleased, though themselves refused to take any active part against France. The Earl of Flanders, however, was not content to have his dominions thus seized upon, and given over to the English; and, collecting certain knights and squires, and all the men he was able, he garrisoned the havens of

Sluys and Flushing, resolving to defend those places and do the English as much damage as he could. The king, on hearing this, sent over forces under the command of the Earl of Derby, Sir Walter Manny, and others, to reduce Cadsant. The Flemings were good men and expert in arms, so that a very fierce and severe battle was fought; but the English archers pressed them hard, and at length they were put to the rout, having more than 3,000 killed as well at the haven as in the streets and houses of the city. The news of this discomfiture at Cadsant was very pleasing to Jacob Von Artaveld, who immediately sent to England and signified to the king that, in his opinion, he should at once cross the sea and come to Antwerp, by which means he would acquit himself towards the Flemings, who were very anxious to see him; and he imagined, if he were on this side the water, his affairs would go on more prosperously. The king accordingly made very great preparations, and when the winter was over, left England and came to the city of Antwerp. There and at Louvain he passed some months in negotiating alliances; and finding his time fully and profitably occupied, sent to England for his queen to join him. All things went on prosperously. The English knights gained credit and honour wherever they went. Their behaviour was such, that the lords and ladies alike admired them; and even with the common people they found favour by their state and magnificence.

On the feast of St. Martin King Edward had an interview with the Duke of Brabant at Arques. The town-hall was hung with rich and fine cloths. His majesty was seated five feet higher than the rest of the company, and had on his head a rich crown of gold. Here letters from the emperor to the king were publicly read, by which the King of England was constituted and established vicar of the empire of Germany, with full power granted him to do all acts of law and justice to every one in the emperor's name, and also to coin gold and silver. All persons, moreover, were commanded to do him fealty and homage as vicar of the empire.

The lords of England, assisted by those of Germany, made preparations for the intended expedition. The King of France also prepared to meet them. Challenges were written, and sent by Edward and his allies to Paris, through the hands of the Bishop of Lincoln, who performed the office so well and justly that he was blamed by no party. A week after these challenges had been sent, Sir Walter Manny—always brave and ready for action—collected about forty lances, and having vowed in England before some lords and ladies that he would be the first to enter France, rode straight to Mortaigne to surprise the town. It was sunrise when Sir Walter, with some of his companions, alighted before the gate, entered, and then, with his pennon flying, marched down the street before the great tower. The watch of the castle heard their voices, and immediately raised a cry of "Treason! Treason!" However, they were all so much alarmed at first, that there was no sally made from the fort, and Sir Walter and his men having set fire to several houses, retreated handsomely, and joined the king at Mechlin. A party of French troops, consisting of Sir Hugh Quiriel and some few others, made a somewhat similar attack upon England. As soon as they heard that hostilities had commenced, they landed one Sunday morning in the harbour of Southampton, entered the town whilst the inhabitants were at church, pillaged it, and having loaded their vessel with booty, fell down with the tide, and made sail to Dieppe, where they went on shore, and divided the plunder. From Mechlin the King of England went to Brussels to pay a visit to the Duke of Brabant. Here 20,000 Germans joined him. From Brussels he marched to Nivelle, and the next day came to Mons in Hainault, where he found the young count and his uncle, who received him joyfully.

Having rested two days at Mons, he journeyed onwards to Valenciennes, and thence to Cambray. At Cambray he met with a stout resistance, and finding, after a siege of some time, that the place was not likely to yield to him without much difficulty, he asked his lords, and particularly Sir Robert d'Artois, in whom he had the greatest confidence, whether it were best to enter the kingdom of France at once, or to remain before Cambray until it should be taken. The advice given was, that he should press forward and meet the enemy. The siege of Cambray was in consequence raised, and Edward and his troops continued their march. As soon as they had passed the Scheld, and had entered the kingdom of France, the King of England called to him the Lord Henry of Flanders, who was but a young squire, and knighted him, at the same time giving him 200*l.* sterling a-year, properly secured. On this occasion the king lodged in the abbey of Mont St. Martin, where he remained two days, during which time his people overran the country as far as Bapaume.

Sir Henry of Flanders, to do credit to his newly acquired knighthood, made one of a party of knights, who put themselves under the command of Sir John de Hainault. There were among them the lords of Fauquemont, Bergues, Vaudresen, Lens, and many others, to the number of 500 combatants; and they had a design upon a town in the neighbourhood, called Hennecourt, whither the greater number of the inhabitants of that part of the country had retired, and confiding in the strength of the fortress, had carried with them all their moveables. There was in Hennecourt at that time an abbot of great courage and understanding, who, fearing an attack, ordered barriers of wood-work to be made round the town, and likewise to be placed across the street, so that there was not more than half a foot between the posts of which the barriers were composed. He then collected armed men, and provided stones, quick-lime, and such like instruments of annoyance, to guard them. As soon as the lords above mentioned came there, the abbot posted his people between the barriers and the gate, which he flung open. The lords dismounted and approached the barriers sword in hand, and great strokes were given to those within, who made a most valiant defence. Sir Abbot did not spare himself, but, having on a good leathern jerkin, dealt about his blows manfully, and received as good in turn. It chanced that Sir Henry of Flanders, who was one of the foremost, with his sword attached to his wrist, laid about him at a great rate; but unfortunately he came too near the abbot, who caught hold of his sword, and drew him to the barriers with so much force that his arm was dragged through the grating,—for he could not quit his sword with honour. The abbot continued pulling, and had the grating been wide enough, he would certainly have had him through, for his shoulder had passed, and he kept his hold, to the knight's discomfort. On the other side, his brother knights were endeavouring to draw him out of the abbot's hands; and this lasted so long, that Sir Henry was sorely hurt. He was, however, at last rescued; but his sword remained with the abbot. At the time I was writing this book, as I passed through that town, the monks showed me this sword, which is most carefully preserved by them; and there I learnt the truth of this assault. The attack upon Hennecourt lasted that day till vespers. Many of the assailants were killed and wounded, and Sir John of Hainault lost a knight from Holland, called Sir Herman, who bore for arms a fess componé gules, and in chief, three buckles azure. When the Flemings, Hainaulters, English, and Germans who were there, saw the courage of those within the town, and that, instead of gaining any advantage, they were beaten down and wounded, they retreated in the evening, carrying with them to their quarters the wounded and bruised. On the next morning the king departed from Mont St. Martin, and ordered, under pain of death, that no damage should be done to the abbey; which order was strictly observed.

The armies of France and England first met at Vironfosse. It was on Friday morning, and preparation was made for battle. Mass was heard, and many confessed themselves and took the sacrament. The English order of battle formed three battalions of infantry, the horse and baggage being placed in a small wood in the rear. There were about seventy-four banners, 230 pennons, in all 27,000 men under command of the King of England in person, the Lord of Kus, the Lord of Breda, the Duke of Gueldres, Sir John de Hainault, and many others, right good and valiant men. On the side of the French there were eleven score banners, four kings, six dukes, twenty-six earls, upwards of 5,000 knights, and more than 40,000 common men. It was a fine sight to see the banners and pennons flying, the barbed horses, the knights and squires richly armed; and it was matter of much wonder that two such fine armies could separate without fighting. But so it was. The French were of contrary opinions among themselves, some declining battle, and others desiring to engage; and at the close of the day, as they could come to no decision, the king gave permission to his officers to depart.

King Edward now assumed the arms and title of the King of France, and leaving in Flanders the Earls of

Salisbury and Suffolk, embarked with a numerous train at Antwerp, and sailed for London, where he arrived on St. Andrew's day, 1339, to the great joy of his subjects, who were most anxious for his return. But though King Philip had disbanded his army, he sent strong reinforcements to the navy, which he had under the command of Quiriel, Bahucet, and Barbenoire. These, frequently sailing near the coast of Sandwich, Rye, Winchelsea, and Dover, did great damage and caused much terror to the English. Among other things, they captured the ship Christopher on its way to Flanders, richly laden with money and wool.

The King of France was not satisfied: revenge was brooding in his breast, especially against Sir John of Hainault, whose territory he took every opportunity to ravage and burn. These aggressions of the French, however, were returned with equal violence and outrage on the part of the Hainaulters and Flemings, and a war of much injury to both parties was for some time maintained. Duke John of Normandy, the eldest son of the king, headed the French in these incursions. On one occasion, while the duke was at Cambray, he was informed that the Hainaulters had taken by assault the strong castle of Thin, which place the bishop and inhabitants of Cambray entreated him to endeavour to regain. The castle of Thin is upon the Scheld. Thither, then, the duke immediately advanced, and took up his position before it in those fine meadows oposite to Ostrevant. Day and night huge stones were thrown from his numerous engines against the castle walls, and sorely was this rough storming felt by those within. The captains of the castle were Sir Richard Limousin and two esquires of Hainault, John and Thierry, brothers to Sir Walter Manny; and most valiantly did the little garrison hold out against the besiegers, notwithstanding that dead horses and other carrion were thrown by the engines into the castle to poison them by their smell. At length, in the last extremity, a truce of fifteen days was proposed, in the hope that, before the expiration of that time, assistance would be rendered by the Earl of Hainault; and happily this truce was agreed to by the besiegers. Agreeably with the expectations of the garrison, the earl did arrive, and shortly after, Jacob Von Artaveld and 60,000 Flemings. When Sir Richard Limousin and his companions saw the wished for succour at hand, they were greatly rejoiced, and secretly leaving the castle, made the best of their way across the Scheld in boats, to join their friends on the opposite shore. The Earl of Hainault greatly desired to give the Duke of Normandy battle; but the Scheld was between the two armies, and the duke's policy was to vex and annoy the earl, and make him maintain an expensive army rather than come to any engagement with him. Report soon reached England respecting these encounters, and King Edward at once embarked for Flanders to assist his brother-in-law against the French. He and his army sailed from the Thames the day before the eve of St. John the Baptist, 1340, and made straight for Sluys. On his way he fell in with the French navy, of which we have been speaking, and though the numbers were four to one against him, resolved to give them battle. The French were equally desirous to engage, and as soon as they were within sight of the English, they filled the Christopher, the large ship which they had captured but a short time before, with trumpets and other warlike instruments, ordering her to begin the attack. The battle was fierce, murderous, and horrible. In the end the English came off victorious, the Christopher was recaptured by them, and all in her taken or killed. After the king had gained this victory he remained all that night on board his ship before Sluys, and on the morrow entered the port. As soon as he had landed he repaired to Ghent, where he met with a most cordial reception, and shortly after joined in conference with his allies at Vilvorde; here the three countries of Flanders, Brabant and Hainault entered into a solemn treaty to succour and assist each other in every possible way: they then formed an alliance, with covenants that if either of the three was attacked, the other two should immediately march to its assistance; and if at any future period two of them should quarrel, the third should settle the matters of difference between them. It was also determined that the King of England should put himself in motion about Magdalen-tide to lay siege to the city of Tournay, and all the lords present at the conference promised to be there to assist him.

King Philip, as may be supposed, was very angry at the defeat of his navy, nor was he less so when he heard of the compact entered into at Vilvorde, and the intended siege of Tournay: without delay he ordered off thither the flower of his chivalry, and gave instructions that the city should be provided in the best possible manner with ammunition, and everything a garrison could want. At the time appointed the King of England set out from Ghent, accompanied by seven earls from his own country, two prelates, twenty-eight bannerets, 200 knights, 4,000 men-at-arms, and 9,000 archers, without counting foot soldiers; these, with the fine cavalry of the Earl of Hainault, and the 40,000 Flemings of Jacob Von Artaveld, completely invested the city of Tournay. The siege lasted a long time, and many gallant actions were performed, for there is never discord so bitter as that between neighbours and friends.

The Flemings exerted themselves to the utmost to damage and destroy the place, and the besieged were as resolute in defending it. The King of France did all in his power to save Tournay, and even published a special summons throughout his empire for the mustering of forces, in order to drive the assailants away: Charles, King of Bohemia, the Duke of Lorrain, the Earl of Bar, and many others proffered their assistance. The exact length of the siege was eleven weeks all but three days, and during the time the surrounding country was much pillaged. At length the Lady John de Valois, sister to the King of France, and mother to the Earl of Hainault, prevailed with both parties to conclude a truce; a day was fixed for negotiation, when each side was to send five well qualified commissioners to treat upon the best means of bringing about a reconciliation. The meeting took place in the chapel, and three days were occupied in discussion. At last a truce for one year was agreed upon between the two kings and all the allies who were present, as well as between those who were carrying on the war in Scotland, Gascony, and elsewhere. The truce being settled, King Edward returned to Ghent, and with his queen and followers once more set out for England.

We must now go back to what was doing in Scotland during the siege of Tournay. While King Edward was beyond the sea, the King of France had sent forces into Scotland, and entreated the nobles of that country to carry on so bitter a war in England that they might compel

Edward to return. Moreover, he promised them every assistance in his power to regain several of their own towns, which were in possession of the English. Accordingly, under command of Sir William Douglas, the Earl of Moray and Earl Patrick of Dunbar, the Scots crossed the Tyne, entered Northumberland, and having destroyed and burnt the country as far as Durham, re-entered Scotland to endeavour to regain the remaining fortresses which the English held. On their way into England they had recovered several, but Stirling, Roxburgh, Berwick, and Edinburgh still resisted them. The governor of the castle of Edinburgh was a gallant English knight, called Sir Walter Limousin, the brother-german to him who had so nobly defended the castle of Thin against the French. A bold thought came into the mind of Sir William Douglas: the castle of Edinburgh appeared impregnable, but he resolved to take it by stratagem. For this purpose he collected about 200 lances of Highlanders, and having purchased oats, oatmeal, corn and straw, put to sea, and landed quietly at a port about three miles from the castle. Having armed himself and his little band, they issued forth in the night-time; ten or twelve men in whom the greatest confidence could be placed being selected, and dressed in old threadbare clothes, with torn hats, like poor tradesmen;—these Sir William sent forward on horseback, each with a sack filled with oats, meal and coal; the rest he placed in ambush, in an old ruined abbey close to the foot of the mountain on which the castle stood. At daybreak the merchants made the best of their way towards the castle, and when about half way up the hill Sir William Douglas and Sir Simon Fraser went first, and came to the porter's lodge. They told him that at much risk they had brought oats, meal, and other articles to the castle, which they should be glad to dispose of at a cheap rate. The porter replied that the garrison much wanted those necessaries, but it was so early that he dared not awake the governor or his steward; at the same time he desired them to come forward, and he would open the other gates. They all passed quietly through, and, as soon as they were in, two sacks of coal were flung down directly upon the sill of the gate, so that it was impossible to close it. The porter was seized and killed before he could utter a word. They then took the keys, opened all the gates, and Sir William gave a blast with his horn as a signal to his companions in ambush, who immediately sallied forth, and hastened to the castle. The noise of the horn aroused the castle guard, who, seeing armed men running up the hill, raised a cry of "Treason! Treason!" All rushed with arms to the gate, but Sir William and his gallant companions were there, and they could not close it. The garrison made a bold resistance: however, Sir William and his party prevailed; all the English were killed, except the governor and his six squires, and the Scots remained in quiet possession of the castle.

As soon as the truce made before Tournay had been agreed to, the Duke of Brittany, who had attended the King of France, was taken dangerously ill and died. The duke left no child, and at his death his territory was seized upon by the Earl of Montfort, his brother, to the prejudice of his niece, whom he had married to Lord Charles of Blois, and on whom, at her marriage, he had promised to confer the Duchy of Brittany after his own death. The Earl of Montfort, however, was prepared to make good his claim by force of arms; accordingly, he collected a large body of men, attacked and took the town and castle of Brest, the city of Rennes, and the town and castle of Hennebon; in short, he continued his conquests through the whole country, and was everywhere addressed as Duke of Brittany.

The castle of Hennebon was one of the best fortified and the strongest in all Brittany. It was situated near the sea, and a river runs round it in deep trenches. When Sir Henry de Spinefort was informed of the Earl of Montfort's intentions against this place, he began to be alarmed lest some mischance should befal his brother, who was governor of it; and, taking the earl aside, said to him, "Sir, I perceive that you mean to sit down before Hennebon, I think it therefore my duty to inform you that the town and castle are so strongly fortified that they will not easily be won; you may lie before Hennebon a whole year, and never conquer it by dint of force; but if you will put confidence in me I will point out a method by which it may be taken: give me 500 men-at-arms, I will advance to the castle with the banner of Brittany displayed; my brother, I am sure, will immediately open the gates, when

I will seize him, and deliver up the place, upon your promise that you will do my brother no bodily harm."—"No! by my head I will not," replied the earl; "but I shall love you more than ever if you can bring it about that I may be master of this place." Sir Henry and his 500 troops set out; and as soon as Sir Oliver de Spinefort knew of his brother's arrival he permitted him and his forces to enter the gates, and even went himself to meet him. Sir Henry saw his brother approach, and, stepping forward, took hold of him, and said, "Oliver, you are my prisoner." "How is this?" replied Sir Oliver; "I trusted in you, and thought you were come here to assist me in defending this town and castle." "Sweet sir," said Sir Henry, "things do not go on in that manner; I take possession of this place for the Earl of Montfort, who at this moment is Duke of Brittany; to whom I and the greater part of the country have sworn fealty and homage, and you will, I am sure, do the same." Oliver was so much entreated by his brother that he consented to this proposal, and the earl and his forces entered the town in triumph. To render his possession, however, the more secure, the Earl of Montfort resolved to repair to England, and to profess his readiness to hold the Duchy of Brittany of the English king, provided he would protect him against the King of France, or any others that should attempt to molest him in his rights. On his arrival King Edward gave him an interview at Windsor, and in the presence of Lord Robert d'Artois, the barons of England, and the earl's followers, promised that he would aid, defend, and preserve him as his liegeman against any one—the King of France or any other—to the utmost of his royal power. Upon this the earl embarked, and returned to Brittany. But Lord Charles of Blois, who, by right of his wife, looked upon himself as the lawful Duke of Brittany, was not inclined thus tamely to cede his claim, and summoned the earl before the Parliament of Paris. The earl obeyed the summons, but finding he had little hope of establishing his claim at the court of France, he quietly retired to Brittany before the Parliament had given its decision, which was, that the duchy belonged by right to Lord Charles de Blois. After this decision of the Parliament Lord Charles, aided by the King of France, entered Brittany with a large army, to assert his right.

He laid siege to Nantes, and it came to pass, as I have heard it related, that the burgesses, seeing their property destroyed, and their children and friends thrown into prison, resolved to give up the Earl of Montfort, provided they could secure themselves. Their proposal was accepted; the earl was delivered over to his enemies, and confined in the tower of the Louvre, at Paris, where he remained a long time, and at last died there.

It has before been mentioned how the Scottish lords had re-taken many towns and fortresses from the English which they possessed in Scotland; indeed, three only of any importance remained to them, Stirling, Roxburgh, and Berwick; and these the Scots so resolutely attacked that the King of England, on his return from Flanders, thought it advisable now for the third time to make an incursion into Scotland. The Scots sent messengers to their own King David, who had been absent in France seven years assisting King Philip, to inform him of this. As soon as King David heard the account of the messengers, he set out on his journey, and landed at the port of Moray, in Scotland; with as little delay as possible he repaired to Perth, and in the presence of his lords and much people declared that he would have ample revenge on the English, or lose his kingdom and life into the bargain. By the advice of his council he sent messengers to all his friends far and near, to beg they would aid him in his enterprise. The Earl of Orkney was the first who obeyed the summons; this earl was a great and powerful baron, and had married King David's sister, and with him came many men-at-arms. Many barons and knights came also from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark: some out of affection and friendship, and others for pay. Indeed, there were such numbers from all parts, that when they were arrived at Perth and its neighbourhood, on the day which King David had appointed, they amounted to 60,000 men on foot, and 3,000 others mounted on galloways.

As soon as all things were ready the Scots set out, intending to do as much mischief as possible to their neighbours in England, and eager to fight with the king who had so often destroyed their country. Leaving, therefore, the town of Perth, in regular order they came the first night to Dunfermline, where they lay. On the morrow they crossed a small arm of the sea hard by, pushed forward and went under Edinburgh castle, traversing Scotland near Roxburgh, where there was an English garrison, but without making an attack upon it, for fear of losing any men or injuring their artillery; not knowing what force they might have to encounter, as they proposed doing some gallant deeds before their return to Scotland. They then passed near to the town of Berwick, but, without assaulting it, entered the county of Northumberland, and came to the river Tyne, burning and destroying all the country through which they marched. Indeed, they continued to advance until they came before the town of Newcastle, where the whole army halted that night, in order to consider if they could not achieve something worthy of them. Towards daybreak, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood who were in the town, made a sally out of one of the gates, in a secret manner, with about 200 lances, to attack the Scots army. They fell upon that wing which was directly on the quarters of the Earl of Moray, who bore for his arms three pillows, gules on a field argent. The earl was in bed when they took him prisoner, and a great many Scots were killed before the army was awakened. The party, having made a very large booty, regained the town, and delivered up the Earl of Moray to the governor, the Lord John Neville. As soon, however, as the forces were up and armed, they ran like madmen towards the town, even to the barriers, where they made a fierce assault, which lasted a considerable time; still they gained no good by it, for the town was well provided with men-at-arms, who defended themselves valiantly, and obliged the assailants to retire with considerable loss.

King David and his council seeing that their stay before Newcastle was dangerous, and that they could neither gain profit nor honour, departed, and entered the bishopric of Durham, burning and destroying as they marched, till they came to the city of Durham, to which they laid siege, and upon which they made many attacks like men distracted, in revenge for the loss of the Earl of Moray. They also knew that very great wealth had been carried into this city by all the inhabitants of the country, who fled thither every day, therefore they were more earnest in their attacks, and the King of Scotland ordered engines to be made, that they might approach nearer the walls to assault them. When the Scots had marched from before Newcastle, the governor, Lord John Neville, having mounted a fleet courser, passed by them, for he was well acquainted with all the by-roads and passes of the country, and made such haste that in five days he came to Chertsey, where the King of England then was, and related to him all that the Scots were doing. The king immediately sent out his messengers, ordering all knights, squires, and others above the age of fifteen and under sixty years, that were able to assist him, without fail, upon hearing these orders, to set out directly towards the marshes of the north, to succour and defend the kingdom against the Scots, who were destroying it. Upon this, earls, barons, knights, and the commonalties from the provincial towns, made themselves ready, and hastened most cheerfully to obey the summons, and advance towards Berwick. The king himself, such was his impatience, set off directly, without waiting for any one; and he was followed by his subjects as fast as they could from all parts. During this time, the King of Scotland had made so many violent attacks upon the city of Durham, with the engines he had constructed, that those who were within could not prevent it from being taken, pillaged and burnt. Indeed, all the inhabitants were put to death, without mercy and without distinction of persons or ranks,—men, women, and children, monks, canons, and priests, no one was spared, neither was there house or church left standing. It was a pity thus to destroy the churches wherein God was served and honoured.

On their way back, after destroying Durham, the Scots besieged Wark castle, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury. The earl was still in France, a prisoner at the Châtelet in Paris; but the countess, one of the most beautiful and virtuous women of England, was residing in the castle. The Scots made several vigorous attacks upon the place; however, the troops within, encouraged by the amiable countess, resisted so valiantly, that they thought it prudent to withdraw, especially as report had reached them that King Edward was advancing with assistance; and so indeed it turned out, for the same day that the Scots decamped before the castle of Wark, the king with his army arrived. The moment the countess heard of the king's approach she went forth to meet him at the gates of the castle; made her reverence before him to the ground, and expressed her thankfulness that he had come to her assistance. She then conducted him into the castle to entertain him in the best possible manner. The king was much struck with her charms and beauty, and when left alone in his apartment, he retired to a window, and leaning on it fell into a profound reverie. When the banquet was ready, the countess came to invite him to the hall, and finding him sad and musing, said to him, "Dear sir, what are you musing on?" "Oh! dear lady," was the king's reply, "since I entered this castle, an idea has struck my mind that I was not aware of, and as I am uncertain what the event may be, I cannot withdraw my attention from it." The countess, supposing that the king was vexed at the injury he had received from the King of Scotland, replied, "Dear sir, you ought to be of good cheer, and feast with your friends, for God has been very bountiful to you in all your undertakings, and you are the most feared and renowned prince in Christendom. Come therefore into the hall with your knights, for dinner will soon be ready." "Oh! dear lady," said the king, "other things touch my heart, and lie there, than what you think of: for in truth the perfections and beauties which I have seen you possess have so deeply impressed my heart, that my happiness depends on meeting with a like return from you." "Sweet sir," replied the countess, "I cannot believe that so noble and gallant a prince as you are would ever think to dishonour me or my husband, who has so faithfully served you. Such a thought has never once entered my head, and I trust in God, it never will for any man living; and if I were so culpable, it is you who ought to blame me, and have my body punished through strict justice." The virtuous lady then quitted the apartment, and the king hastened to the hall to dinner. The next day King Edward left the castle with regret, in a sadly perplexed state of feeling; he followed the Scots as far as Berwick, and took up his quarters four leagues distant from the forest of Jedworth, where, and in the neighbouring wood, King David and his people lay; here he remained three days, to see if the Scots would venture out to fight with him; there was, however, no decided battle, although many skirmishes took place, and several were killed and made prisoners on both sides. About this time the Scottish king made interest with the King of France to set at liberty the Earl of Salisbury, in exchange for the Earl of Moray, who had been taken prisoner by the English.

CHAPTER II

Affairs of Brittany—The Countess of Montfort, her gallant conduct—Sir Walter Manny sent by Edward to assist her—Siege of Hennebon—bold action on the part of Sir Walter—the countess's admiration of his conduct—Edward leaves England for Brittany with a very large army—opposed by the Duke of Normandy—Pope Clement interferes to bring about a truce for three years—Edward on his return rebuilds Windsor Castle, and institutes the Order of the Garter—Truce broken in Brittany—Sir Agos de Bans—The castle of La Reole—Edward lands at Sluys—Death of Jacob Von Artaveld—Caen taken by the English—The battle of Cressy—King Edward and the English advance to Calais—Scots make an incursion into England—Battle of Neville Cross—King David made prisoner—Siege and capture of Calais—Death of King Philip of France—Coronation of his son John—Ravages of the English troops on their way to Poitiers—Battle of Poitiers—Success of the English—Lord James Audley and his four squires—Capture of King John of France—The Prince of Wales retires to Bordeaux—Conducts the French king and his principal prisoners to London.

YOU have heard of the successful attempt which Lord Charles de Blois, with other lords of France, made upon the duchy of Brittany—how the men of Nantes betrayed the Earl of Montfort into their hands, and Lord Charles became possessed of that city. But though the Earl of Montfort was a prisoner, the countess was at large, and being a most valiant woman, she resolved to resist the interest of France in Brittany. Accordingly, she sent Sir Amauri de Clisson to King Edward in England to entreat his assistance, upon condition that her young son should take for his wife one of the king's daughters, and give her the title of Duchess of Brittany. When Sir Amauri de Clisson arrived Edward was in London feasting the Earl of Salisbury, who had just returned from prison; however, he lost no time in giving him an audience, an then ordered Sir Walter Manny to collect an army, an make every possible haste to carry assistance to th countess, who was at Hennebon, besieged by the force of Lord Charles de Blois. For several days Lord Charle and his men had been encamped before the place, an were unable to make any effect upon it; the barriers resisted their utmost efforts. On every attack the countess, who had clothed herself in armour, and was mounted on a war-horse, galloped up and down the streets entreating and encouraging the inhabitants to make a brave resistance; at her orders the ladies and other women carried the paving stones of the streets to the ramparts, and threw them on the enemy. She also had pots of quicklime brought to her for the same purpose.

During the siege the countess performed a very gallant action; she had ascended a high tower to see how her people behaved, and having observed that all the lords and others of the enemy had quitted their tents, and were come to the assault, she immediately descended, mounted her horse, and having collected 300 horsemen about her, sallied out of Hennebon by a gate which was not attacked, and, galloping up to the tents, cut them down and set them on fire, without any loss to her own party. As soon as the French saw their camp on fire they left off assaulting the town, and hastened thither; but the countess and her little company made good their escape to Brest. Here she got together about five or six hundred men, all well armed and mounted, and leaving Brest at midnight, went straight to Hennebon, which she reached about sunrise; the gates of the castle opened to receive her, and she entered in triumph, amidst sounds of trumpets and other warlike instruments, to the great astonishment of the French, who knew nothing of her arrival, and who began arming themselves for another attack upon the town. This attack was very severe, and lasted till past noon. The French lost more than their opponents, and the Lord Charles, finding that much time was wasted, determined to leave Lord Lewis of Spain before Hennebon, whilst he went to besiege the castle of Aurai and other places. Lord Lewis kept up the siege vigorously, and made such progress by battering and destroying the walls with his engines, that the courage of those within began to falter; and all, with the exception of the countess, were wishing to surrender. Indeed, negotiations to that effect were actually going on, when the countess, looking out of a window towards the sea, exclaimed with joy, "I see the succour which I have so long expected." The town's-people ran to the ramparts, and saw a numerous fleet of great and small vessels, well trimmed, making all the sail they could towards Hennebon, which they imagined must be the fleet from England, so long detained by tempests and contrary winds; and they were right in their conjectures, for in a few hours the English came on shore. No sooner had they landed than Sir Walter began in right earnest to assist the countess against the French. He inquired of her the state of the town, and of the enemy's army, and while engaged in conversation he chanced to look out of the window, and seeing a large machine belonging to the enemy near the wall, vowed he would destroy it at once if any would second him. Two valiant knights were ready in a moment, and having armed themselves, they sallied quietly out of the city gates, taking with them 300 archers. These shot so true and well, that the machine was soon cleared of its defenders; the greater part of them were slain, and the large machine itself forthwith cut down and pulled to pieces. The gallant band then dashing in among the tents and huts, set fire to them, and killed and wounded many before the enemy was in motion. After this they made their retreat, but the French followed like madmen. Sir Walter, seeing them, exclaimed, "May I never be embraced by my mistress if I enter castle or fortress before I have unhorsed one of these gallopers," and so saying he turned, as did his companions—they spitted several coursers, and unhorsed many; after which they made good their escape to the castle, where the countess received them with a most cheerful countenance, and kissed Sir Walter and all his party, one after another, like a noble and valiant dame. The French now very soon withdrew from Hennebon, and made great preparations against the countess and her English allies; many brilliant actions were performed on both sides—there were towns taken and retaken, and captures and rescues in abundance. At length, the affairs of Brittany continuing so unsettled, the King of England determined, by the advice of parliament, to set everything else aside, and to send to the countess far more efficient aid than he had hitherto done. He entreated his dear cousin, Lord Robert d'Artois, to head an expedition. Lord Robert's assistance, however, was of short duration, for being wounded at the siege of Vannes, almost immediately after he had landed, he was advised to return to England, where he survived but a short time, and was buried in solemn state in the church of St. Paul, in London. His loss was much lamented, and the king swore he would never rest till he had revenged it; he would go himself to Brittany, and reduce the country to such a situation, that it should not recover itself for forty years; accordingly, at the end of a month he put to sea, and anchored near Vannes at the same place where Lord Robert had landed his army. The Duke of Normandy was sent from France to oppose him.

Edward on his arrival laid siege successively to Vannes, Nantes, and Dinant; the latter he succeeded in taking, but the former were so well defended, and so strong in themselves, that they resisted his efforts; moreover he plundered and laid waste the country far and wide. Pope Clement VI., seeing the destructive nature of the war, was anxious to reconcile the contending parties; and through the exertions of the cardinal of Preneste, and the cardinal of Clermont, a truce for three years was agreed to, which the King of England and the duke swore, as is customary, not to infringe during that time.

Edward, on his return to England, resolved to rebuild and embellish the great castle of Windsor, which King Alfred had founded, and where he had established that round table whence so many knights had issued forth, and displayed their prowess over the whole world. He further desired to institute an order of knighthood, to be denominated "Knights of the Blue Garter;" the knights were to be forty in number, and according to report and estimation, the bravest men in Christendom; at this time also he founded Windsor Chapel, and appointed canons there to serve God. The feast of the order of Knights of the Blue Garter was to be celebrated at Windsor every year, on St. George's day. The first celebration took place 1344, at which the queen was present, attended by 300 ladies, all of them of high birth, and richly dressed in similar robes.

The truce between France and England was not destined to last long. The Lord de Clisson and several others, lords of Brittany and Normandy, were arrested by the King of France on a charge of treason, and beheaded; and when this was reported to Edward, he immediately sent a message to the French court by one Sir Harvé de Leon, to the intent that he considered the truce to be broken, and from that moment bade the King of France defiance. The country of Gascony, moreover, at the same time sent ambassadors to England to request King

Edward's aid against the French. Upon these grounds the king determined to send an expedition to Gascony, and entrusted the command of it to his cousin, the Earl of Derby. He also sent Sir Thomas Dagworth into Brittany to reinforce the Countess of Montfort, and assist her in preserving that country.

Bergerac, and many other towns and fortresses in Upper Gascony, soon yielded to the forces of the Earl of Derby, and the brave Sir Walter Manny, who accompanied him. La Reole made a bold resistance; the earl and his forces lay before it for nine weeks, and the town's-people suffered greatly. These, at length, professed their readiness to give up the place, and the earl being informed of it, sent to them two knights to negotiate the surrender. Sir Agos de Bans and his fellow-soldiers, on the other hand, determined to hold out, and with this view retired into the castle, which they well stocked with a quantity of wine and other provisions. The earl, seeing this determination on the part of the soldiers, desired his knights to receive the submission of the town's-people, feeling sure that by means of the city he could soon gain possession of the castle. But he found the task not so easy as he imagined, for the castle had been erected a long time since by the Saracens, who laid the foundation so strong, and with such curious workmanship, that the engines had but little effect. He resolved, therefore, to spring a mine and pass under. Now when the garrison perceived that they were being undermined, they were in the greatest alarm, and desired the governor to surrender, upon condition that the earl would spare their lives and fortunes. Sir Agos, therefore, from one of the windows of the tower, communicated the wishes of the garrison to the earl. But the earl replied, "Sir Agos, Sir Agos, you will not get off so. We know your distress, and will receive only an unconditional surrender." Sir Agos handsomely replied that he was willing to trust to the honour of the English; and the earl, commending his gallantry, suffered him and his companions safely to retreat. Thus the English became possessed of the castle of La Reole; several other places also of equal importance shortly after yielded to the earl.

Jacob Von Artaveld, the citizen of Ghent, had now for some years maintained despotic power over all Flanders; and such was his strong attachment to King Edward, that he proposed to give him the inheritance of that country, and to settle it upon his son, the Prince of Wales.

About St. John the Baptist's day, 1345, Edward came to Sluys to gain the consent of the Flemings to this arrangement; but Von Artaveld's plan was not acceptable to the people, though they did not dare openly to tell him so. However, on account of it they grew dissatisfied, and sought to get rid of him. A report was raised that for nine years or more he had collected all the revenues of Flanders, and given no account of them; by which means the indignation of the populace of Ghent was so excited against him, that they surrounded his house, and were forcing an entrance. When Jacob Von Artaveld saw this, he came to the window, and endeavoured by humble language to appease them. "Good people," he said, "what ails you? Why are you so enraged with me? Tell me by what means I have incurred your displeasure?" Those who heard him made answer with one voice, "We want to have an account of the great treasures you have made away with." Artaveld in a soft tone replied, "Gentlemen, be assured that I have never taken anything from the treasures of Flanders; and if you will return quietly to your homes, I will provide an account of them with which you must be satisfied." But they cried out, "No, no, we must have it directly; we know that you have emptied our treasury, and sent the money to England without our knowledge." Upon hearing this, he clasped his hands together, began to weep bitterly, and said, "Gentlemen, such as I am, you have made me—formerly you swore you would protect me against the world, and now you seek to murder me; think better of it, for the love of God, recollect former times, and consider the benefits I have conferred upon you." The people, however, were not to be quieted; they broke into the house, seized their victim, and slew him without mercy; the death stroke being given by one Denys, a saddler.

King Edward was at first greatly angry when he heard of the death of his staunch friend; but the principal towns in Flanders sent deputies to him to protest solemnly that they were innocent, and to endeavour to bring about an alliance between the young Earl Lewis of Flanders and the Lady Isabella, King Edward's daughter; as, they argued, "the country will in the end be possessed by one of your children." These fair speeches softened much the anger and ill-will of Edward, and by degrees Jacob Von Artaveld's death was forgotten.

About this time William Earl of Hainault was slain in Friezland, and Sir John, the hitherto firm friend to England, was by shameful means won over to embrace the interests of France. The conquests which the Earl of Derby had made in Gascony were sorely galling to King Philip, who sent the Duke of Normandy with a large army to oppose him. There was much hard fighting, and the English endured great suffering, especially at the castle of Aiguillon, which was besieged by the duke. The duke's forces before Aiguillon are said to have amounted to 100,000 men, including cavalry and infantry; and against these the besieged were obliged to defend themselves two or three times a day, most commonly from morn till evening without ceasing. The castle of Aiguillon stands on the banks of the Garonne, and over this river the French prepared to build a bridge, which after much resistance they completed. By means of this bridge, their army passed over and kept up a continued attack upon the castle for six successive days; they also brought up twelve large engines to the walls, which day and night cast stones against the fortress; but those within showed such skill and bravery, that the engines were broken and the troops beaten back. During the siege, Sir Walter Manny, with about six score companions, made frequent excursions beyond the river to forage, and often returned with much booty. One day he fell in with the Lord Charles of Montmorency, who was in the duke's army, and who had himself been out on a foraging party with about five or six hundred men; an engagement immediately took place, and many were killed and wounded. When news of this encounter was brought to Aiguillon, many of the garrison sallied forth to render assistance, the Earl of Pembroke with the foremost. They dashed into the midst of Lord Charles's men, where they found Sir Walter unhorsed and surrounded, but fighting most valiantly. By their timely aid he was rescued, and Lord Charles with difficulty escaped quite discomfited; the English returned to the castle: scarcely a day passed without some fierce engagement, and the troops in the garrison were much wearied, though they would not give in. When the King of England heard how much his people were pressed in Normandy, he collected a formidable army, and taking with him the Prince of Wales, and Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, with many lords, earls, and barons, landed at La Hogue to assist them. The first important battle after landing took place at Caen, which town made an obstinate resistance, and upwards of 500 English were killed in the narrow streets by the stones and benches which were thrown upon them from the tops of the houses. The king was so much enraged at his loss, that he gave orders that all the inhabitants should be put to the sword and the town burnt; but Sir Godfrey de Harcourt prevailed with him to reverse this order, and with the inhabitants to submit to a quiet surrender. Much wealth and many prisoners were taken and sent over to England under charge of the Earl of Huntingdon, with 200 men-at-arms and 400 archers.

After the taking of Caen the English committed serious ravages in Normandy; Sir John Chandos and Sir Reginald Cobham became greatly distinguished for their bravery, and also for their humane treatment of the sufferers. For a time the King of England avoided as much as he could any open engagement with the army of France, and contented himself with plundering the country through which he passed. The two armies, however, now arrived near to Cressy, and it was told Edward that the King of France desired to give him battle. "Let us post ourselves here," said King Edward to his people, "I have good reason to wait for the enemy on this spot; I am now on the lawful inheritance of my lady-mother, which was given her as her marriage portion, and I am resolved to defend it against Philip of Valois." As Edward had not more than an eighth part of the forces which the King of France had, he was of course anxious to fix on the most advantageous position; and after he had carefully disposed his forces, he lost no time in sending scouts towards Abbeville to learn if the King of France meant to take the field that day; these, however, soon returned, saying, that they saw no appearance of it; upon which the king dismissed his men to their quarters with orders to be in readiness betimes in the morning, and to assemble at the same place. The King of France remained all Friday at Abbeville, waiting for more troops; during the day he sent his marshals, the Lord of St. Venant and Lord Charles of Montmorency, out of the town to examine the country and get some certain intelligence respecting the English. They returned about vespers with information that the English were encamped on the plain.

That night the King of France entertained at supper, in Abbeville, all the princes and chief lords of his army. There was much conversation relative to the war; and after supper the king entreated them always to remain in friendship with each other; "to be friends without jealousy, and courteous without pride." All the French forces had not yet arrived, for the king was still expecting the Earl of Savoy, who ought to have been there with a thousand lances, as he had well paid for them at Troyes in Champaign, three months in advance. That same evening the King of England also gave a supper to his earls and barons, and when it was over he withdrew into his oratory, where falling on his knees before the altar, he prayed to God that if he should combat his enemies on the morrow, he might come off with honour. About midnight he retired to rest, and rising early the next day, he and the Prince of Wales heard mass and communicated. The greater part of his army did the same. After mass the king ordered his men to arm themselves and assemble on the ground which he had before fixed upon.

There was a large park near a wood, on the rear of the army, which King Edward enclosed, and in it placed all his baggage, waggons and horses; for his men-at-arms and archers were to fight on foot. He afterwards ordered, through his constable and his two marshals, that the army should be divided into three battalions. In the first, he placed the young Prince of Wales, and with him the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, the Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Thomas Holland, Lord Stafford, Lord Mauley, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Lord Bartholomew Burghersh, Lord Robert Neville, Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bouchier, the Lord Latimer, and many other knights and squires whom I cannot name. There might be, in this first division, about 800 men-at-arms, 2,000 archers, and 1,000 Welshmen; all of whom advanced in regular order to their ground, each lord under his banner and pennon, and in the centre of his men. In the second battalion were the

Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lords Ross, Willoughby, Basset, Saint Albans, Sir Lewis Tufton, Lord Multon, the Lord Lascels, and many others, amounting in the whole to about 800 men-at-arms, and 1,200 archers. The third battalion was commanded by the king in person, and was composed of about 700 men-at-arms, and 2,000 archers. The king was mounted on a small palfrey, having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals. In this manner he rode at a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging the army and entreating that they would guard his honour and defend his right; so sweetly and with such a cheerful countenance did he speak, that all who had been before dispirited, were directly comforted by hearing him. By the time he had thus visited all the battalions it was nearly ten o'clock: he then retired to his own division, having ordered the men to regale themselves, after which all returned to their own battalions, according to the marshal's orders, and seated themselves on the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, in order that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

That same Saturday the King of France also rose betimes, heard mass in the monastery of St. Peter's in Abbeville, where he lodged; and having ordered his army to do the same, left that town after sunrise. When he had marched about two leagues from Abbeville and was approaching the enemy, he was advised to form his army in order of battle, and to let those on foot march forward that they might not be trampled on by the horses. This being done, he sent off four knights, the Lord Moyne, of Bastleberg, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord of Aubigny, who rode so near to the English, that they could clearly distinguish their position. The English plainly perceived that these knights came to reconnoitre; however, they took no notice of it, but suffered them to return unmolested.

When the King of France saw them coming back, he halted his army, and the knights pushing through the crowds came near to the king, who said to them, "My lords, what news?" Neither chose to speak first—at last the king addressed himself personally to the Lord Moyne, who said, "Sir, I will speak since it pleases you to order me, but under correction of my companions. We have advanced far enough to reconnoitre your enemies. Know, then, that they are drawn up in three battalions, and are waiting for you. I would advise for my part (submitting, however, to your better counsel) that you halt your army here and quarter them for the night; for before the rear shall come up, and the army be properly drawn up, it will be very late, and your men will be tired and in disorder, whilst they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed. On the morrow you may draw up your army more at your ease, and may at leisure reconnoitre on what part it will be most advantageous to begin the attack, for be assured they will wait for you." The king commanded that it should so be done; and the two marshals rode, one to the front and the other to the rear, crying out, "Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis." Those that were in front, halted; but those that were behind, said, they would not halt until they were as forward as the front. When the front perceived the rear pressing on, they pushed forward; and as neither the king nor the marshals could stop them, they marched on without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw the English they fell back at once in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting. All the roads between Abbeville and Cressy, were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their swords, bawling out, "Kill, kill;" and with them were many lords eager to make a show of their courage.

There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine or describe truly the confusion of that day, especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, and from those attached to Sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of the King of France. The English, who, as I have said, were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose up undauntedly and fell into their ranks. The prince's battalion, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, and the men-at-arms in the rear, was the first to do so. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, posted themselves in good order on the prince's wing to assist him if necessary.

You must know that the French troops did not advance in any regular order, and that as soon as their king came in sight of the English his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis." There were about 15,000 Genoese crossbow men; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed and carrying their crossbows, and accordingly they told the constable they were not in a condition to do any great thing in battle. The Earl of Alençon hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and, before this rain, a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all the battalions, making a loud noise; shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the French had it in their faces, and the English on their backs. When the Genoese were somewhat in order they approached the English and set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but the English remained quite quiet and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; the English never moved. Still they hooted a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them to the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited.

The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback to support the Genoese, and the king, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, "Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason." The English continued shooting, and some of their arrows falling among the horsemen, drove them upon the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion, they could never rally again.

In the English army there were some Cornish and

Welsh men on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew many, at which the King of England was exasperated. The valiant King of Bohemia was slain there; he was called Charles of Luxembourg, for he was the son of the gallant king and emperor, Henry of Luxembourg, and, having heard the order for the battle, he inquired where his son the Lord Charles was; his attendants answered that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. Upon this, he said to them, "Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends, and brethren at arms this day; therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword." The knights consented, and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, fastened all the reins of their horses together, placing the king at their head that he might gratify his wish, and in this manner advanced towards the enemy. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as King of Germany, and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French he departed. The king, his father, rode in among the enemy, and he and his companions fought most valiantly; however, they advanced so far that they were all slain, and on the morrow they were found on the ground with all their horses tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them, as did the Earl of Flanders in another part. These two lords with their detachments, coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The King of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him: he had that day made a present of a handsome black horse to Sir John of Hainault, who had mounted on it a knight of his, called Sir John de Fusselles, who bore his banner; the horse ran off with the knight and forced his way through the English army, and when about to return, stumbled and fell into a ditch and severely wounded him; he did not, however, experience any other inconvenience than from his horse, for the English did not quit their ranks that day to make prisoners: his page alighted and raised him up, but the French knight did not return the way he came, as he would have found it difficult from the crowd. This battle, which was fought on Saturday, between La Broyes and Cressy, was murderous and cruel; and many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known: towards evening, many knights and squires of the French had lost their masters, and wandering up and down the plain, attacked the English in small parties; but they were soon destroyed, for the English had determined that day to give no quarter, nor hear of ransom from any one.

Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon this the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time they did so, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight off in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival he said, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son, are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you will come to their assistance with your battalion, for if numbers should increase against him, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered, "Now, Sir Thomas, return to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, nor expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The knight returned to his lords and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

It is a certain fact, that Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, who was in the prince's battalion, having been told by some of the English that they had seen the banner of his brother engaged in the battle against him, was exceedingly anxious to save him; but he was too late, for he was left dead on the field, and so was the Earl of Aumarle, his nephew. On the other hand, the Earls of Alençon and Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners with their own people; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires, who were attending on, or accompanying them.

The Earl of Blois, nephew to the King of France, and the Duke of Lorraine, his brother-in-law, with their troops, made a gallant defence; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess. The Earl of St. Pol, and the Earl of Auxerre, were also killed, as well as many others. Late after vespers, the King of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the king, for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow: and seeing the state he was in, he said, "Sir, retreat whilst you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply; if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror." After he had said this he took the bridle of the king's horse and led him off by force, for he had before entreated him to retire. The king rode on until he came to the castle of La Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark: he ordered the governor of it to be summoned, who, after some delay, came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour. The king answered, "Open, open, governor, it is the fortune of France." The governor hearing the king's voice immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge; the king and his company entered the castle, but he had with him only five barons: Sir John of Hainault, the Lord Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord of Aubigny, and the Lord of Montfort. It was not his intention, however, to bury himself in such a place as this, but having taken some refreshments, he set out again with his attendants about midnight, and rode on under the direction of guides, who were well acquainted with the country, until about daybreak he came to Amiens, where he halted. This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the field guarding their position and defending themselves against all who attacked them. The battle ended at the hour of vespers, when the King of England embraced his son and said to him, "Sweet son, God give you perseverance: you are my son; for most loyally have you acquitted yourself; you are worthy to be a sovereign." The prince bowed very low, giving all honour to the king, his father. The English during the night made frequent thanksgivings to the Lord for the happy issue of the day; and with them there was no rioting, for the king had expressly forbidden all riot or noise.

On the following day, which was Sunday, there were a few encounters with the French troops; however, they could not withstand the English, and soon either retreated or were put to the sword. When Edward was assured that there was no appearance of the French collecting another army, he sent to have the number and rank of the dead examined. This business was entrusted to Lord Reginald Cobham and Lord Stafford, assisted by three heralds to examine the arms, and two secretaries to write down the names. They passed the whole day upon the field of battle, and made a very circumstantial account of all they saw: according to their report it appeared that 80 banners, the bodies of 11 princes, 1,200 knights, and about 30,000 common men were found dead on the field. After this very successful engagement, Edward marched with his victorious army to Wisant, and having halted there one whole day, arrived on the following Thursday before the strong town of Calais, which he had determined to besiege. When the governor of Calais saw the preparations of the King of England, he collected together all the poorer inhabitants and sent them out of the town in order that the provisions of the place might last the longer; he resolved moreover to defend the town to the last.

We must now leave King Edward and his army before Calais, and turn our attention to what was being done in Scotland. King David had summoned his parliament at Perth, and finding that England was very much drained of its forces by foreign service, determined upon an invasion. He made his preparations, but not so secretly as to prevent the news coming to the Queen of England, who, in her husband's absence, bravely undertook to defend the kingdom. She got together all the forces she was able, and marching to Newcastle, gave the Scots battle at a place called Neville's Cross, where she took King David prisoner. The capture of the king gave to the Queen of England a decided superiority over her enemies; they retired, and when she had sufficiently provided for the defence of the cities of York and Durham, as well as for the borders generally, she herself set out for London; and shortly after, having confined her royal prisoner in the Tower, joined the king, her husband, at Calais.

The siege of Calais lasted a long time, during which many noble feats of arms and adventures happened. On several occasions the King of France attempted to raise the siege, but Edward had so guarded the passes that he could not possibly approach the town. His fleet defended the shore, and the Earl of Derby with a sufficient force of men-at-arms and archers kept watch at the bridge of Nieullet, by which alone the French army could enter so as to come near the town. The people of Calais all this time suffered very greatly from want of food; and when they found that there were no hopes of succour, they entreated the governor to surrender the place, upon condition that their lives were spared. Edward, at first, was unwilling to accept anything but an unconditional surrender of all the inhabitants to his will; at the remonstrance of Sir Walter Manny, however, he agreed to have placed at his absolute disposal six only of the principal citizens, who were to come out to him with their heads and feet bare, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands; upon this being complied with, the rest were to receive his pardon. After some hesitation six citizens were found ready to purchase the freedom of their fellow-sufferers upon these hard terms. They left the town in the way appointed by the king, who received them with angry looks, and ordered their heads to be struck off without delay: all who were present entreated him to have mercy, but he replied that the Calesians had done him so much damage and put him to so much expense, that it was proper they should suffer for it; and without doubt these six citizens would have been beheaded had not the queen, on her knees and with tears in her eyes, entreated him to spare them. "Ah, gentle sir," she said, "since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked one favour; now I most humbly ask as a gift, for the sake of the Son of the blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else but here; you have entreated me in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartments, and had the halters taken from round their necks, after which she newly clothed them and served them with a plentiful dinner; she then presented each with six nobles, and had them escorted out of the camp in safety.

Calais, from its situation, was a town of great importance, and on this account Edward resolved to repair its fortifications and re-people it with English subjects. Sir Aymery de Pavie, a native of Lombardy, was appointed governor; and the king gave very handsome houses in Calais to Sir Walter Manny, Lord Stafford, Lord Warwick, Sir Bartholomew Burghersh, and many other knights. Here at this time the queen gave birth to a daughter called Margaret, and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, returned with the king and her child to England. Sir Aymery proved himself unworthy of the trust reposed in him, for he attempted to sell the town to Sir Geoffry de Chargny, and Edward found himself compelled again to cross the water and take other means to secure possession of this important place. He embarked at Dover, and came so secretly to Calais that no one knew of his being there; his men he placed in ambuscade in the rooms and towers of the castle, and then, addressing Sir Walter Manny, said, "Sir Walter, I will that you be chief in this enterprise, and I and my son will fight under your banner." Sir Geoffry was to take possession of the castle on a certain day, and when it arrived he drew up his forces near to Calais, and sent forward Sir Odoart de Renty, with 20,000 crowns, which were to be given to Sir Aymery as the price of the surrender.

At his approach Sir Aymery let down the drawbridge of the castle, and opened one of the gates, through which Sir Odoart and a small party of men who attended him passed unmolested. He delivered the crowns in a bag to

Sir Aymery, who, on receiving them, said, "he supposed they were all there, as there was no time now to count them;" and flinging the bag into a room he locked the door, and bade Sir Odoart follow him to the great tower, that he might at once become master of the castle; on saying this he went forward, and pushing back the bolt, the door flew open. Now in this tower was the King of England with 200 men, who immediately sallied forth, with swords and battle-axes in their hands, at the same time crying out, "Manny, Manny, to the rescue! what! do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men!" Sir Odoart and his party saw that no defence could save them, so they surrendered without resistance, and some English troops well mounted then quitted the castle, and made towards Sir Geoffry de Chargny, keeping up the cry of "Manny, to the rescue!" When Sir Geoffry heard this, he suspected they had been betrayed, and addressing those around him, said, "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all: it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly, that the day may be ours." "By St. George," said some of the English, who were near enough to hear him, "you speak the truth: evil befal him who thinks of flying;" and, so saying, they rushed to the combat. Fierce and bloody was the battle, but it did not last long; the result of it was that the French were quite discomfited, and driven to retire. The King of England, who was then incognito under the banner of Sir Walter, fought most nobly: he singled out Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, a strong and valiant knight, who twice struck the king down on his knees, but who was at last himself overpowered, and gave up his sword to King Edward, saying, "Sir Knight, I surrender myself your prisoner, for the honour of the day must fall to the English." This business was finished under the walls of Calais, the last day of December, towards morning, in the year of grace 1348.

When the engagement was over, the king returned to the castle, and had his prisoners brought before him. It being the eve of the new year, he agreed to entertain them all at supper. This he did most sumptuously, and when supper was ended he still remained in the hall, among the French and English knights, bare-headed, except that he had on a chaplet of fine pearls. He conversed freely with all present, and after reproving Sir Geoffry de Chargny for his attempt to steal from him a castle which had given him so much trouble, and cost him such sums of money to acquire, he came to Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, and said with a smile, "Sir Eustace, you are the most valiant knight in Christendom; I never yet found any one in battle who, body to body, has given me so much to do as you have this day; I adjudge to you the prize of valour." He then took off the chaplet from his own head, and placing it on the head of Sir Eustace, said, "I present you with this chaplet, as being the best combatant this day, and I beg of you to wear it all this year for love of me. I know that you are lively, and love the society of ladies and damsels; therefore tell it wherever you go, that King Edward gave this to you. You also have your liberty, free of ransom, and may set out to-morrow, if you please, to go whither you like."

You have heard it related how the young Earl Lewis of Flanders had been betrothed to the Lady Isabella of England. I must now tell you that to escape from the disturbances of his country, the Earl Lewis fled to France, where he was joyfully received; and, as was to be expected, all thought of his marriage with Isabella was at an end. This gave no small pleasure to Duke John of Brabant, who was anxious to gain the earl's hand for one of his own daughters; and the latter alliance appeared to the King of France so favourable from political motives, that he did all in his power to promote it. Edward, on the other hand, was sorely vexed with all parties because of this marriage—with the Duke of Brabant, for having carried off from his daughter the heir of Flanders, to whom she had been betrothed, and with the earl for having broken his engagement with her.

About the time of the celebration of this marriage, there was much ill will between the King of England and the Spaniards, on account of their repeated pillages at sea. It happened that a Spanish fleet had been to Flanders with merchandise, and was about returning, when Edward, who hated the Spaniards greatly on account of the injuries they had done to him, thus addressed his lords: "We have for a long time spared these people, but they do not amend their conduct; on the contrary, they grow more arrogant; for which reason they must be chastised as they repass our coasts." His lords readily assented to this proposal, and a fleet was prepared to meet the Spaniards on their return. The Spaniards had intelligence given them of the King of England's intention; however, they were quite indifferent about it, for they were very good sailors, and had well provided themselves with all sorts of warlike ammunition, such as bolts for crossbows, cannon, bars of forged iron, and large stones. When they weighed anchor, the wind was favourable, and it was a fine sight to see their forty vessels of such a size, and so beautifully under sail. The English fleet, which was well prepared, under the command of the king himself and Lord Robert de Namur, met the Spaniards off Calais. The Spaniards had the wind in their favour, and might easily have declined the battle, if they had so preferred; but they disdained to sail by, and as soon as they saw the English, bore down upon them, and commenced the fight: well and bravely it was fought on both sides till nightfall—many were cut to pieces, and many drowned; however, victory declared for the English. The Spaniards lost fourteen ships, and the others saved themselves by flight.

On the 22nd of August, in the year 1350, King Philip of France departed this life at Nogent-le-roi, and was thence carried to Notre Dame, in Paris. On the following Thursday his body was buried at St. Denis, on the left side of the great altar, his bowels were interred at the Jacobins, at Paris, and his heart at the convent of the Carthusians, at Bourgfontaines, in Valois. About a month after his death, John, his eldest son, was crowned king, at Rheims, and his wife Jane, queen. On this occasion, many knights were made, and there were great feastings at Paris, which lasted a whole week. The affairs of the kingdom, however, were in a very unsatisfactory state. The English were in possession of many places, especially of Calais, which caused the French considerable annoyance; moreover, their treasury was well nigh exhausted. Parliament met on St. Andrew's day, and the king, having summoned all the prelates, chapters, barons, and citizens of the principal towns to Paris, laid before them a statement of the war, and requested them to consult about what aids they could grant, in order to enable him to carry it on. All present professed their readiness to live or die for the king, and offered him the disposal of their lives and fortunes; after some deliberation it was agreed that an army of 30,000 men should be granted, and that the three estates of the kingdom should be taxed for its maintenance. At this time the Prince of Wales was in Berry, overrunning that province. Berry was a most fertile district, and when the ravages of the prince were reported to King John, he swore with an oath that he would immediately set out after him, and give him battle wherever he should be found. Some troops were ordered off at once towards Romorantin, who, hearing that the English were to march that way, lay quietly in ambush at a short distance from the town to surprise them. After a time the English came up and were suffered by the French to pass the defile without molestation; but the moment they were clear of it the French mounted their horses, and at full speed rode forward to overtake them. The English, hearing the sound of horses' feet, turned, and finding it was the enemy, immediately halted to wait for them, and the French advanced at a gallop, with their lances in their rests; so great, indeed, was their speed, that as soon as they came up the English opened their ranks, and the French were carried through on their horses without much damage. The English troops then closed, and attacked the French rear—a sharp engagement ensued; many knights and squires were unhorsed on both sides, and many killed. The French made good their way to Romorantin, but they were soon dislodged, and the town and castle yielded to the English. The prince and his army did not stay long in the town, but marched forward, burning and destroying the country in their approach to Anjou and Touraine. The French troops had taken up their quarters in a plain before the city of Poitiers, and it was reported to Edward by a detachment of his own men, that they were in immense numbers. "God help us," said Edward, "we must now consider which will be the best manner to fight them most advantageously." This night the English quartered in a very strong position, not far from the enemy, among vineyards and hedges.

The next day was Sunday, and early in the morning after he had heard mass and received the communion, the King of France, who was very impatient for battle, ordered his whole army to prepare. Upon this the trumpet sounded, and every one mounted his horse, and made for that part of the plain where the king's banner was planted. There were to be seen all the nobility of France richly dressed in brilliant armour, with banners and pennons gaily displayed; for no knight or squire, for fear of dishonour, dared to remain behind. The army was divided into three battalions, each consisting of 16,000 men; the first was commanded by the Duke of Orleans, the second by the Duke of Normandy and his two brothers, the Lord Lewis and Lord John, and the third by the king himself. The king was armed in royal armour, and to prevent discovery nineteen others were armed like him. The battle that day was stopped by the Cardinal de Perigord, who earnestly endeavoured to bring about a peace, but in vain, for neither party desired it: whilst the cardinal was riding from one army to the other upon this subject, some knights went forth from each side, skirting their enemy's army, to examine its disposition.

It chanced on that day that Sir John Chandos had ridden out near one of the wings of the French army, and Lord John de Clermont, one of the French king's marshals, had done the same to view the English; as each knight was returning to his quarters, they met; both had the same device upon the surcoats which they wore over their clothes. On seeing this Lord Clermont said, "Chandos, how long is it since you have taken upon you to wear my arms?" "It is you who have mine," replied Chandos, "for the arms are as much mine as yours." "I deny that," said the Lord Clermont, "and were it not for the truce between us, I would soon show that you have no right to wear them." "Ha!" answered Chandos, "you will find me to-morrow in the field, ready prepared to defend, and to prove by force of arms what I have said." The Lord Clermont replied, "These are the boastings of you English, who can invent nothing new, but take for your own whatever you see handsome belonging to others;" with that they parted, and each returned to his army. As soon as the cardinal's negotiations were ended, the Prince of Wales thus addressed his army: "Now, my gallant fellows, what though we be a small number compared with our enemies, do not be cast down; victory does not always follow numbers; it is the Almighty who bestows it. I entreat you to exert yourselves, and to combat manfully, for if it please God and St. George you shall see me this day act like a true knight." The whole army of the prince, including every one, did not amount to 8,000; while the French, counting all sorts of persons, were upwards of 60,000 combatants, among whom were more than 3,000 knights; however, the English were in high spirits; Sir John Chandos placed himself near the prince to guard him, and never during that day would he on any account quit his post. The Lord James Audley also remained near him a considerable time, but when he saw that they must certainly engage, he said to the prince, "Sir, I have ever most loyally served my lord your father, and yourself, and shall continue to do so as long as I have life. Dear sir, I must now acquaint you that formerly I made a vow that if ever I should be engaged in any battle where the king your father, or any of his sons were, I would be the foremost in the attack, and the best combatant on his side, or die in the attempt; I beg, therefore, most earnestly, as a reward for any services I may have done, that you will grant me permission honourably to quit you, that I may post myself in such wise to accomplish my vow." The prince granted this request, and holding out his hand to him, said, "Sir James, God grant that this day you may shine in valour above all other knights." The knight then set off and posted himself at the front of the battalion, with only four squires, whom he had detained with him to guard his person. This Lord James was a prudent and valiant man, and by his advice the army had been drawn up in order of battle. As soon as he left the prince Lord James began to advance, in order to engage the marshals, whom the Germans attached to the French interest were drawn up in one battalion on horseback to assist. Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, being mounted, placed his lance in its rest, and fixing his shield, stuck spurs to his horse, and galloped up to the battalion. A German knight, called Lord Louis Von Concibras—who bore for arms five roses, gules, on a shield argent, while those of Sir Eustace were ermine, three humets in pale gules—perceiving Sir Eustace quit his army, left his battalion that was under the command of Earl John of Nassau, and made up to him; the shock of their meeting was so violent that both fell to the ground. The German was wounded in the shoulder, and was not able to rise again so nimbly as Sir Eustace, who, when he had taken breath, was hastening to the knight as he lay on the ground; but five German men-at-arms came upon him, struck him down, and made him prisoner. They led him to those attached to the Earl of Nassau, who did not pay much attention to him, nor do I know if they made him swear himself their prisoner, but they tied him to a car with some of their harness. The engagement now began on both sides; and the battalion of the marshals was advancing before those who were intended to break the battalion of the archers, and had entered the lane, where the hedges on both sides were lined by the archers, who, as soon as they saw them fairly entered, began shooting in such excellent manner from each side of the hedge, that the horses smarting under the pain of the wounds made by their bearded arrows would not advance, but turned about, and by their unruliness threw their riders, and caused the greatest confusion, so that the battalion of the marshals could never approach that of the prince; however, there were some knights and squires so well mounted, that by the strength of their horses they passed through and broke the hedge; but even these, in spite of their efforts, could not get up to the prince's battalion, in front of which the Lord James Audley, attended by his four squires, had placed himself sword in hand. Through his eagerness Lord James had advanced so far that he engaged the Lord Arnold d'Andreghen, marshal of France, under his banner, where they fought a considerable time, and the Lord Arnold was very roughly treated.

The battalion of the marshals was soon after put to the rout by the arrows of the archers, and the assistance of the men-at-arms, who rushed among them as they were struck down, and seized and slew them at their pleasure. The Lord d'Andreghen was then made prisoner, but not by the Lord James Audley or his four squires, for that knight and his attendants never stopped to make any one prisoner that day, but were employed the whole time in fighting and following the enemy. In another part the Lord Clermont fought under his banner as long as he was able; but being struck down he could neither get up again, nor procure his ransom, so he was killed on the spot; some say this treatment was owing to his altercation on the preceding day with Sir John Chandos. In a short time the battalion of the marshals was totally discomfited, for they fell back so much on each other that the army could not advance, and those who were in the rear, not being able to get forward, fell back upon the battalion commanded by the Duke of Normandy, which was very thick in the front, though it was soon thin enough in the rear; for when they learnt that the marshals had been defeated, they mounted their horses and set off.

At this time a body of English came down from the hill, and passing along the battalions on horseback, accompanied by a large body of archers, fell upon one of the wings of the Duke of Normandy's division. To say the truth the English archers were of infinite service to their army, for they shot so thickly and so well, that the French did not know which way to turn themselves to avoid their arrows. When the men-at-arms perceived that the first battalion was beaten, and that the one under the Duke of Normandy was in disorder, and beginning to open, they hastened to mount their horses, which they had close at hand. As soon as they were all mounted they gave a shout of "St. George for Guienne!" and Sir John Chandos said to the prince, "Sir, sir, now push forward, for the day is ours; God will this day put it in your hand. Let us make for our adversary the King of France, for where he is will lie the main stress of the business; I well know that his valour will not let him fly, but he must be well fought with, and you have before said that you would show yourself this day a good knight." The prince replied, "John, get forward, you shall not see me turn my back to-day; I will always be among the foremost." He then said to Sir Walter Woodland, his banner-bearer, "Banner, advance in the name of God and St. George!" The knight obeyed the commands of the prince. In that part the battle was very hot, and greatly crowded; many a one was unhorsed, and you must know that whenever any one fell, he had but little chance of getting up again. As the prince was thus advancing upon his enemies, followed by his division, and upon the point of charging them, he perceived the Lord Robert de Duras lying dead near a small bush on his right hand, with his banner beside him, and ten or twelve of his people, upon which he ordered two of his squires and three archers to place the body upon a shield, and carry it to Poitiers, and present it from him to the Cardinal of Perigord, saying, "I salute him by that token." This was done, because he had been informed how the suite of the cardinal had remained on the field of battle in arms against him, which was not very becoming, nor a fit deed for churchmen; as they, under pretext of doing good, and establishing peace, pass from one army to the other, they ought not therefore to take up arms on either side. After this the prince charged the division of the Duke of Athens, and very sharp the engagement was: the French, who fought in large bodies, cried out, "Montjoye St. Denis!" and the English answered them with, "St. George for Guienne!" The prince next met the battalion of Germans under the command of the Earl of Saltzburg, the Earl of Nassau, and the Earl of Neydo; but they were soon overthrown and put to flight. The English archers shot so well that none dared to come within reach of their arrows, and they put to death many who could not ransom themslves.

The three earls above-named were slain there, as well as many other knights and squires attached to them. In the confusion Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt was rescued by his own men, who remounted him; he afterwards performed many gallant deeds of arms, and made several captures that day. When the battalion of the Duke of Normandy saw the prince advancing so rapidly upon them they bethought themselves how to escape. The duke himself and his brothers, the Earl of Poitiers and the Earl of Touraine, who were very young, according to the advice given by those about them, galloped away with upwards of 800 lances who had never been near the enemy, and took the road to Chauvigny; however the Lord Guiscard d'Angle, and Sir John de Saintré, who were near the Earl of Poitiers, would not fly, but rushed into the thickest of the combat. When the Lord John de Landas, and the Lord Theobald de Bodenay, who, with the Lord de St. Venant, were the guardians of the Duke of Normandy, had fled with him a good league, they took leave of him and besought the Lord de St. Venant not to quit him till they were all arrived at a place of safety, for by doing thus he would acquire more honour than if he were to remain on the field of battle. On their return they met the division of the Duke of Orleans, (which had fled from the rear of the king's battalion,) quite whole and unhurt. True it is, that there were many good knights and squires among them, who, notwithstanding the flight of their leaders, had much rather have suffered death than incur the slightest reproach. The king's battalion advanced in good order, and with their swords and battle-axes gave many hard blows to the English. The king himself, with his youngest son, the Lord Philip, attacked the division of the Earls of Warwick and Suffolk, with whom were also the Captal de Buch, the Lord of Pumiers, and others. The Lord John de Landas, with the Lord Theobald de Bodenay, returning in good time, dismounted and joined the king's battalion. On one side the Duke of Athens, constable of France, was engaged with his division, and a little higher up the Duke of Bourbon, surrounded by good knights from the Bourbonnois and Picardy; near to them were the men of Poitou, the Lord de Pons, the Lord de Partenay, and many more. In another part were the Earls of Vantadour and Montpensier, the Lord James de Bourbon, the Lord John d'Artois, and Lord James his brother. There were many knights and barons from Auvergne, from Limousin, and Picardy; the Lord Douglas from Scotland was also in the king's battalion, and for some time fought most valiantly; but when he perceived that the discomfiture on the side of the French was complete, he saved himself as fast as he could, for he dreaded being taken by the English even more than death. The Lord James Audley, attended by his four squires, was always engaged in the heat of the battle; he was severely wounded, but as long as his strength and breath permitted him, he maintained the fight, and continued to advance. At length, when quite exhausted, his four squires, who were his body guard, led him out of the engagement towards a hedge, that he might cool himself, and take breath; they disarmed him as gently as they could, in order to examine his wounds, dress them, and sew up the most dangerous.

King John, on his part, proved himself a good knight; indeed, if the fourth of his people had behaved as well, the day would have been his own. Those also who were more immediately about him, acquitted themselves to the best of their power, and were either slain or taken prisoners. Scarcely any attempted to escape. Among the slain were the Duke Peter de Bourbon, the Duke of Athens, constable of France, the Bishop of Chalons in Champagne, the Lord Guiscard de Beaujeu, and the Lord of Landas. The archpriest, Sir Theobald de Bodenay, and the Lord of Pompadour, were made prisoners, and in another part of the field of battle the Earls of Vaudemont, Grenville, and Vendôme. Not far from the same spot were slain the Lord William de Nesle, and the Lord Eustace de Ribeaumont, the Lord de la Tour, and the Lord William de Montagu. The Lord Lewis de Melval, the Lord Pierre de Buffiere, and the Lord de Senerach, were taken prisoners.

In this engagement upwards of 200 knights or squires were killed or captured. Among the battles, skirmishes, flights, and pursuits which happened in the course of this day, an adventure befel Sir Edward de Roucy, which I cannot omit relating in this place: he had left the field of battle, as he perceived the day was irrevocably lost, and not wishing to fall into the hands of the English, had gone about a league off, when he was pursued by an English knight with his lance in his rest, who cried to him, " Sir Knight, turn about, you ought to be ashamed thus to fly!" upon which Sir Edward halted, and the Englishman attacked him, thinking to fix his lance in his target; but he failed, for Sir Edward turned the stroke aside, and with his spear hit his enemy so violent a blow on the helmet that he was stunned, and fell to the ground, where he remained senseless. Sir Edward dismounted, and placing his lance on his breast, told him that he would certainly kill him, if he did not surrender himself his prisoner. The Englishman surrendered, and went with Sir Edward, who afterwards ransomed him.

It happened in the midst of the general pursuit, that a squire from Picardy, named John de Helennes, had quitted the king's division, and meeting his page with a fresh horse, had mounted, and made off as fast as he could; there was near to him at the time the Lord of Berkeley, a young knight who had that day for the first time displayed his banner, and he immediately set off in pursuit of him. When the Lord of Berkeley had followed for some time John de Helennes turned about, put his sword under his arm in the manner of a lance, and thus advanced upon his adversary, who, taking his sword by the handle, flourished it, and lifted up his arm in order to strike the squire as he passed. John de Helennes, seeing the intended stroke, avoided it, but did not miss his own; for as they passed each other, by a blow on the arm, he made Lord Berkeley's sword fall to the ground. When the knight found that he had lost his sword, and that the squire retained his own, he dismounted, and made for the place where his sword lay; but before he could get there the squire gave him a violent thrust, which passed through both his thighs, so that he fell to the ground. John, upon this, dismounted, and seizing the sword of the knight, advanced to him, and asked if he were willing to surrender. The knight required his name. "I am John de Helennes," said he; "what is your name?" "In truth, companion," replied the knight, "my name is Thomas, and I am Lord of Berkeley, a very handsome castle situated on the river Severn, on the borders of Wales." "Lord of Berkeley," said the squire, "you shall be my prisoner; I will place you in safety, and take care that you are well treated, for you appear to me to be badly wounded." The knight answered, "I surrender myself willingly, for you have loyally conquered me." Accordingly he gave him his word in token that he would be his prisoner, rescued or not. John then drew his sword out of the knight's thighs, bound the wounds up tightly, and placing him on his horse, led him at a foot-pace to Châtelherault, where he continued with him, out of friendship, fifteen days, and had medicines administered to him. As soon as the knight was a little recovered the squire caused him to be placed on a litter, and conducted safely to his house in Picardy; here he remained more than a year before he was quite well; and when he departed he paid for his ransom 6,000 nobles, so that this squire became a knight by the large sum which he got from the Lord of Berkeley.

The English continued the pursuit of the enemy even to the city of Poitiers, where there was great slaughter, both of men and horses, for the inhabitants had shut the gates, and would suffer none to enter. The Lord of Pons, a powerful baron of Poitou, was there slain. During the whole engagement the Lord de Chargny, who was near the king, and carried the royal banner, fought most bravely; the English and Gascons, however, poured so fast upon the king's division, that they broke through the ranks by force, and in the confusion the Lord de Chargny was slain, with the banner of France in his hand. There was now much eagerness manifested to take the king; and those who were nearest to him, and knew him, cried out, "Surrender yourself, surrender yourself, or you are a dead man." In this part of the field was a young knight from St. Omer, engaged in the service of the King of England, whose name was Denys de Morbeque; for three years he had attached himself to the English, on account of having been banished from France in his younger days for a murder committed during an affray at St. Omer. Now it fortunately happened for this knight, that he was at the time near to the King of France, to whom he said in good French, "Sire, sire, surrender yourself." The king, who found himself very disagreeably situated, turning to him asked, "To whom shall I surrender myself? Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales? if I could see him I would speak to him." "Sire," replied Sir Denys, "he is not here; but surrender yourself to me, and I will lead you to him." "Who are you?" said the king. "Sire, I am Denys de Morbeque, a knight from Artois; but I serve the King of England because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I possessed there." The king then gave him his right-hand glove, and said, "I surrender myself to you."

The Prince of Wales, who was as courageous as a lion, took great delight that day in combating his enemies. Sir John Chandos, who was near his person, and indeed had never quitted it during the whole of the engagement, nor stopped to make any prisoners, said to him towards the end of the battle, "Sir, it will be proper for you to halt here, and plant your banner on the top of this bush, which will serve to rally your forces, as they seem very much scattered; for I do not see any banners or pennons of the French, or any considerable bodies able to rally against us, and you must refresh yourself a little, for I perceive you are very much heated." Upon this the banner of the prince was placed on a high bush, the minstrels began to play, and the trumpets and clarions to do their duty. The prince took off his helmet, and the knights attendant on his person were soon ready, and pitched a small pavilion of crimson colour, which he entered. As soon as the prince's marshals were come back, he asked them if they knew anything of the King of France. They replied, "No, sir, nothing for a certainty, but we believe he must be either killed or made prisoner, since he has never quitted his battalion." The prince, then addressing the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cobham, said, "I beg of you to mount your horses and ride over the field, so that on your return you may bring me some certain intelligence respecting him." The two barons immediately mounting their horses left the prince, and made for a small hillock that they might look about them; from this position they perceived a crowd of men-at-arms on foot, advancing very slowly. The King of France was in the midst of them, and in great danger, for the English and Gascons had taken him from Sir Denys de Morbeque, and were disputing who should have him; some bawling out, "It is I that have got him;" "No, no," replied others, "we have him." The king, to escape from this perilous situation, said, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, I pray you to conduct me and my son, in a courteous manner, to my cousin the prince, and do not make so great a riot about my capture, for I am a great lord, and I can make all sufficiently rich." These words, and others which fell from the king, appeased them a little; but the disputes were always beginning again, and the men did not move a step without rioting. When the two barons saw this troop of people they descended from the hillock, and sticking spurs into their horses, made up to them. On their arrival they asked what was the matter, and were informed that the King of France had been made prisoner, and that upwards of ten knights and squires challenged him at the same time as belonging to each of them. The two barons then pushed through the crowd by main force, and ordered all to draw aside. They commanded in the name of the prince, and under pain of instant death, that every one should keep his distance, and none approach unless ordered so to do. All then retreated behind the king, and the two barons, dismounting, advanced to the royal prisoner with profound reverence, and conducted him in a peaceable manner to the Prince of Wales.

Very soon after the Earl of Warwick and Lord Reginald Cobham had left the prince as has been above stated, he inquired of those knights who were about him respecting Lord James Audley, and asked if any one knew what was become of him. "Yes, sir," replied some of the company, "he is very badly wounded, and is lying on a litter hard by." "By my troth," replied the prince, "I am sore vexed that he is so wounded. See, I beg of you, if he be able to bear being carried hither, otherwise I will go and visit him." Two knights directly left the prince, and coming to Lord James, told him how desirous the prince was of seeing him. "A thousand thanks to the prince," answered Lord James, "for condescending to remember so poor a knight as myself." He then called eight of his servants, and had himself borne on his litter to where the prince was.

When he was come into his presence, the prince bent down over him and embraced him, saying, "My Lord James, I am bound to honour you very much; for by your valour this day, you have acquired glory and renown above us all, and your prowess has proved you the bravest knight." Lord James replied, "My lord, you have a right to say whatever you please, but I wish it were as you have said. If I have this day been forward to serve you, it has been to accomplish a vow that I had made, and it ought not to be thought so much of." "Sir James," answered the prince, "I, and all the rest of us, deem you the bravest knight on our side in this battle; and to increase your renown, and in order to provide you wherewith to pursue your career of glory in war, I retain you henceforward, for ever, as my knight with 500 marcs of yearly revenue, which I will secure to you from my estates in England." "Sir," said Lord James, "God make me deserving of the good fortune you bestow upon me." At these words he took leave of the prince, as he was very weak, and his servants carried him back to his tent; but here he did not remain long before he sent for four knights, who were his near relations, and also for the four squires who had attended him that day; and addressing the knights, said, "Gentlemen, it has pleased my lord, the prince, to give me 500 marcs as a yearly inheritance: for which gift I have, in truth, done him very trifling bodily service. You see here these four squires, who have always served me most nobly, and especially so in this day's engagement. Whatever glory I may have gained, has been through their means, and by their valour, on which account I wish to reward them. I therefore give and resign into their hands the 500 marcs, which gift my lord, the prince, has been pleased to bestow upon me; and in the same form and manner in which I have received it, I disinherit myself of it, and give to them without the possibility of revoking it." The knights present said, "It is becoming the noble mind of Lord James to make such a gift;" and then unanimously added, "May the Lord God remember you for it. We will bear witness of this gift to them, wheresoever and whensoever they may call on us."

Lord James Audley had not long left the prince's presence, when the Earl of Warwick and Lord Reginald Cobham entered the pavilion and presented the King of France to him. The prince made a very low obeisance to the king, and gave him all the comfort as he was able. He ordered wine and spices to be brought, which, as a mark of his great affection, he presented to the king himself.

Thus was this battle won, as you have heard related, on the plains of Maupertuis, two leagues from the city of Poitiers, on the 19th day of September, 1356. The victory brought much wealth to the English, for there were large quantities of gold and silver plate, and rich jewels in the French camp. Indeed, the loss on the part of the French was very great; besides the king, his son Lord Philip, seventeen earls, and others who were taken prisoners, it is reported that five or six thousand were left dead on the field. When evening came the Prince of Wales entertained his royal prisoner at supper with marked attention. The next day the English left Poitiers and advanced to Bordeaux, where they passed the winter in feasting and merriment. In England, when the news arrived of the battle of Poitiers, and of the defeat of the French, there were great rejoicings, solemn thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches, and bonfires made in every town and village.

If, however, the kingdom of England and its allies were much delighted at the success of their armies, and the capture of the King of France, that realm was sorely troubled and vexed, and, indeed, it had good cause to be so; all the flower of its chivalry was gone, and the three sons of the king who escaped the battle were so young and inexperienced that they were quite unfit to govern. Many conferences were held respecting the state of public affairs, and much distress and discontent were manifested. At length the three estates resolved to choose each twelve counsellors, who should confer together for the better government of the kingdom, and send out men-at-arms, to stop, if possible, the ravages of the English. In an encounter with these troops the brave Sir Godfrey de Harcourt met his death. When winter was over and the season was sufficiently advanced for travelling, the prince made preparations for quitting Bordeaux, and for conducting the French king and his principal prisoners to England, leaving behind him several of his own knights to guard the cities and towns which he had taken. After a long and tedious voyage he and his retinue, together with the captured monarch, arrived at Sandwich, disembarked, and proceeded to Canterbury. When the King of England was informed of this, he gave orders to the citizens of London to make such preparations as were suitable for the reception of so mighty a person as the King of France.

The prince and his royal charge remained one day at Canterbury, where they made their offerings to the shrine of St. Thomas, and the next morning proceeded to Rochester, the third day to Dartford, and the fourth to London, where they were received with much honour and distinction. The King of France, as he rode through London, was mounted on a white steed, with very rich furniture, and the Prince of Wales on a little black hackney by his side. The palace of the Savoy was first appropriated to the French king's use; but soon after his arrival he was removed to Windsor Castle, where he was treated with the greatest possible attention, and hunting, hawking, and other amusements were provided for him.

CHAPTER III

King David of Scotland liberated—Origin and object of the free companies of France—Charles King of Navarre—Articles of peace drawn up in England, rejected by the French—English expedition into France—Progress of the English army—Certain commissioners endeavour to negotiate a truce—Severe hail-storm—Terms of the charter of peace of Bretigny—Edward and his suite return to England—Return of King John to France—Disturbance arising from the free companies—Pope Innocent's crusade against them—Death of Innocent, and succession of Urban V. to the Popedom—The Duchy of Aquitaine given to the Prince of Wales—The King of Cyprus endeavours to set on foot a crusade—King John voluntarily comes back again into England—His sickness and death—The Duke of Normandy succeeds to the throne—Sir Bertrand du Gueschin and the Lord de Bouçicaut join forces against the King of Navarre—Town of Mantes surprised—Encounter of Sir Beaumont de Laval and Sir Guy de Graville—Affairs of Brittany.

YOU have before heard how King David of Scotland had been made prisoner; I must now tell you that he remained in confinement in England nine years, and obtained his liberty shortly after the French king's arrival, upon entering into a treaty to maintain a firm and lasting peace with the King of England, and to pay 500,000 nobles within ten years. During the time that the three estates attempted to govern France, all sorts of people united themselves together under the name of free companies, whose object was to make war upon every one that was worth robbing. Charles, King of Navarre, who, shortly before the battle of Poitiers, had been arrested by King Philip, on a charge of having caused Lord Charles of Spain to be murdered, and who was confined in the castle of Alleres, found means to escape during these disturbances, and having collected an army declared war against France. He sent his challenges to the Duke of Normandy, to the Parisians, and indeed to the whole realm; and in this he was assisted by his brother, Lord Philip. Little more, however, was effected by them than a continuance of the same disturbances by which the kingdom of France had been so long harassed. About this time, the King of England and the Prince of Wales had a meeting with the King of France and Lord James de Bourbon at Westminster, respecting the settlement of a peace. Articles were agreed upon, and certain conditions arranged, which were all written down and sent over to the Duke of Normandy, but the French were unwilling to ratify the treaty, and Edward, on receiving their answer, resolved that he would enter France with a more powerful army than ever, and remain there until the war should be honourably and satisfactorily ended. He made accordingly such great preparations, that the like were never seen before: large numbers of Germans, Bohemians, Brabanters, Flemings, Hainaulters, rich as well as poor, flocked to Calais to assist him; and Edward on landing at Calais lost no time in arranging this immense army, and in marching through Picardy and Rheims. It was now the depth of winter. The weather also was bad and rainy; and on arriving before Rheims, the English found no very comfortable quarters. The men were miserably housed, and their horses hardly treated and ill fed: the last two or three years' war had so destroyed the country that the ground had remained untilled; and so great was the scarcity of corn of all sorts, that parties were sent to forage as much as ten or twelve miles off. The King of England remained before Rheims upwards of seven weeks, but as he found it quite useless to assault the place, he broke up his camp, and marched off towards Chalons in Champagne.

While the English were before Rheims, many of their earls and barons were quartered in the neighbourhood to prevent provision being carried into the city. Among these was Sir Bartholomew Burghersh, a great baron of England, who employed his men in laying siege to the town and castle of Cormicy, which was situated near where they lay. Sir Bartholomew surrounded the castle, and by well reconnoitring its strength, found that it would be impossible to reduce it by assault; he ordered, therefore, a number of miners to be employed in undermining the fortress. These, as they pushed onwards, propped up the work, so that those within knew nothing of what was being done.

When the miners had made sufficient progress, they came to Sir Bartholomew and said, "Sir, we have carried our work so far, that this tower shall be thrown down whenever you please." "It is well," replied Sir Bartholomew, and mounting his horse, he advanced towards the castle to request a parley. The governor, Sir Henry de Vaulx, came forward and demanded what he wanted. "I want you to surrender," said Sir Bartholomew. "By what means?" replied the French knight, with a smile; "we are perfectly well provided with everything, and we shall not surrender to-day." "If you knew your situation," said the English baron, "you would surrender, and that immediately." "How so?" demanded Sir Henry—upon which, under an assurance of safety, Sir Henry was requested to come out and see. Sir Bartholomew led him to the mine; and when he saw that the great tower was supported only by props of wood, Sir Henry at once expressed himself willing to surrender. From Rheims Edward marched with his immense army towards Paris: on the way, his marshals and light troops scoured the country round, burning and destroying it, and frequently bringing fresh provisions to the army.

I must inform you, that the King of England and his rich lords were followed by carts laden with tents, pavilions, mills to grind their corn, and forges to make shoes for their horses. These carts were six thousand in number, each drawn by four good and strong horses which had been transported from England. Upon the carts also were carried several small boats, skilfully made of boiled leather, and large enough to contain three men, so as to enable them to fish any lake or pond whatever might be its size. During Lent these boats were of great service to the lords and barons in supplying them with fish. The commonalty, however, were compelled to use whatever provisions they could get. The king had besides thirty falconers on horseback with their hawks, sixty couple of hounds, and as many greyhounds: so that every day he took the pleasure either of hunting or fishing. The army at all times preserved its order, being arranged in three divisions, and each person keeping to his own; there was also a van-guard to each division, and their quarters were one league apart, the king being with the third and largest.

When Edward arrived at Paris, he was equally surprised and enraged that his enemies would not venture out to meet him; and leaving a small band in ambuscade in order to intercept any who might attempt to quit the city, he proceeded with the rest of the troops to Chartres. The Duke of Normandy and the other nobles of France, were sadly distressed at seeing how the whole kingdom was being pillaged and impoverished, and they earnestly desired to make peace. At this time, Sir William de Montagu, Bishop of Therouenne, a very wise and prudent man, was Chancellor of France, and attached to him were two clerks of great wisdom—one the Abbot of Clugny, the other friar

Symon de Langres. By advice of the chancellor, these two clerks were entrusted with certain articles of peace, and instructed to negotiate with the King of England. But Edward felt resolved to make good the intention with which he left England, of being King of France. He therefore rejected the negotiation of the prelates, and kept advancing into the country, seeking those parts where the greatest abundance prevailed. The commissioners, like wise men, never quitted him, nor suffered their proposal to drop. They made great offers; but the king was very hard to treat with, and if his cousin, the Duke of Lancaster, whom he much loved, had not persuaded him, he never would have listened to any terms. It happened, moreover, that during the time the French commissioners were passing backwards and forwards to the king, and in vain endeavouring to obtain from him a favourable answer, such a violent storm of thunder and hail fell upon the English army, that it seemed as if the world were come to an end. The hailstones killed both man and beast, and the boldest were frightened by the storm. The king himself was quite overcome by it, and turning towards the Church of our Lady at Chartres, he vowed to the Virgin, that he would conclude a peace. Accordingly, a paper called the charter of peace of Bretigny was drawn up by his counsellors and lawyers, submitted to the French commissioners, and forthwith agreed to. In this paper it was set forth, that the King of France and his sons are held, and have promised to give up and surrender to the King of England, his heirs and successors for ever, the countries, cities, towns, castles, fortresses, lands, islands, rents, revenues, &c., &c., in Guienne and Gascony; the viscounty of Montreuil-sur-Mer, the county of Ponthieu under certain limitations, the castle and town of Calais, and several neighbouring places. Also that the King of England should possess the castle, town, and whole country of Guines, and all islands adjoining to the lands or places above mentioned, together with all other islands in possession of the English at the time of this treaty. The articles in like manner set forth also, that the King of England and his son should renounce all claim to those things which were not given up to them by this treaty; especially the name of King of France, and all right and title to that kingdom, and to the sovereignty of the duchy of Normandy, the country of Touraine, also to the countries of Anjou, Maine, and Flanders; a reservation being made with respect to the duchy of Brittany, so far as the right of the Count de Montfort was concerned. The paper, moreover, entered at some length into matters of detail affecting the quiet and welfare of the two kingdoms. The King of France, of course, was to be set at liberty, and it was agreed that a sum of 600,000 francs should be paid for his redemption. When everything relative to the peace was concluded, the King of France left England for Calais. Here he was met by King Edward, who entertained him at a most magnificent supper in the castle; all was well arranged, and the children of the King of England, together with the Duke of Lancaster, and the most noble English barons, waited bareheaded. After supper the two kings took a final leave of each other in a most gracious and affectionate manner.

On the vigil of All-Saints, 1360, Edward and his suite returned to England. From Calais, King John went to Boulogne, and thence continued his journey till he came to Amiens. Wherever he passed the reception he experienced was most honourable and magnificent. At Amiens, he stayed until Christmas was over, and then set out for Paris, where he was solemnly and reverently met by the clergy and others, and conducted by them to his palace; a most sumptuous banquet was prepared, and great rejoicings were made; but, whatever I may say upon the subject, I never can tell how warmly the King of France was received on return to his kingdom, by all sorts of people. They made him rich gifts and presents, and the prelates and barons of the realm feasted and entertained him as became his condition.

Soon after King John was returned Edward sent commissioners across to France, to take account of all the lands and places ceded to him according to the articles of the treaty. The King of France also, for his part, appointed commissions to see that the different castles and forts which belonged to him were cleared of the English who might occupy them. This was no easy matter for either party, and the commissioners met with much resistance. Edward, moreover, appointed Sir John Chandos his regent and lieutenant, to hold all the lands aforesaid, and to receive the faith, fidelity, and homage of the counts, viscounts, barons, knights, towns, and castles. Sir John also instituted seneschals, bailiffs, and officers, according to his will, and fixed his residence at Niort, where he kept a great and noble establishment; and indeed he had the means of doing it, for the King of England, who loved him much, provided him with an ample income. Most worthy was he also of this high distinction; for he was a sweet-tempered knight, courteous, benign, amiable, liberal, courageous, prudent, and loyal and valiant, in all affairs; there was none more beloved and esteemed than he was by the knights and ladies of his time.

Many of those who were dislodged by the commissioners from the different towns and castles, having long been accustomed to pillage, were unwilling to give up their desultory mode of life: accordingly, they banded together, chose leaders for themselves, and one party following another, they at length collected in several companies, and made their stand in Burgundy and Champagne. They took the fort of Joinville, and in it found great wealth, which the country round had brought thither, confiding in the strength of the place. The riches of Joinville were estimated at 100,000 francs, and these were divided among the plunderers; other parts of the country of Champagne were also scoured and pillaged. They then entered Burgundy, and their numbers increased so rapidly, that by Lent they amounted to at least 16,000 men. When the King of France was informed in what manner these freebooting troops were overrunning his country, he was greatly enraged. It appeared certain that unless these bands were repressed they would so multiply, and do such michief, that the kingdom would suffer quite as much as during the war with the English: the council, therefore, advised the king to send a sufficient force to subdue them. The king, in consequence, wrote to his cousin, the Lord James de Bourbon, ordering him to put himself at the head of a sufficient number of men, and to give them battle. When the Lord James received these orders he set out immediately for Agen, and sent letters and messengers to many noble knights and squires, requiring, in the king's name, their instant attendance. Every one most willingly obeyed the summons, and hastened to join the Lord James at Lyons.

The free companies, upon hearing that an army had been sent against them, resolved to hazard a battle; they accordingly marched into the country of Foretz, where the Lord James and his forces were. On their way they took many smaller forts, and did much damage. I must now mention a grand trick which these free companies played; they encamped upon a high mountain, on the summit of which was a plain not easily to be noticed—in this plain they posted the greater part of their army, and permitted the French scouts to come so near that they could command a good view of those upon the mountain, without detecting the main body of their men, which was on the plain. The scouts, on their return, informed the Lord James that they had seen the companies, and having attentively considered them, they felt sure there could not be more than 5,000 or 6,000 men, and that they seemed marvellously ill-armed. Lord James de Bourbon expressed his surprise, as they had been reported to him to be upwards of 16,000 in number; "However," said he, "we will go and fight them." He formed his battalions forthwith, and ordered the archpriest, Arnaut de Cervole, who was an expert and hardy knight, to command the first, consisting of about 1,600 men. The freebooters, from their situation, saw but too clearly all these preparations, though they were themselves unobserved. I must mention, that the only way in which the French could approach their enemies was by ascending the hill sideways; when, however, they attempted this, those who were on the hill began to throw down stones and flints, many cart loads of which they had prepared for the purpose; and having full time to aim well, they wounded and killed so many, that the rest were afraid to advance—indeed the first battalion was so severely treated that it was of no use afterwards. The others came on in turn, but only to be destroyed—so that it was a pity they had not followed the wiser counsel of the archpriest, who had told them that they were going to fight at a disadvantage, and with certain loss, considering the situation the enemy had chosen. Indeed, while the battalions were attempting to ascend the hill, the freebooters sent down by a secret road the forces which were concealed on the plain, and these attacked the French army with such vigour that they were forced to retreat. That good and valiant knight, the archpriest, fought admirably, but he was overpowered by numbers, grievously wounded, and taken prisoner. But why should I make long of this affair? The French were totally defeated that day, and Lord James de Bourbon, and his son Lord Peter, who were very severely wounded, with difficulty got back to Lyons, where they soon died from the effects of their wounds.

At the news of this discomfiture of the French army all the bordering countries were thrown into the greatest confusion; there was no one so bold as not to tremble for the result, and no castle so strong as not to fear an attack. The freebooters, on the other hand, were, of course, much rejoiced at the issue of the battle. They had been great gainers—as well by what they seized on the spot, as by the ransoms of their wealthy prisoners; they resolved, therefore, to continue their ravages, and as their numbers were greatly increased, to divide themselves into two parties—one under command of Sir Seguin de Bastefol—the other under Nandoz de Baugerant. Each party marked out for itself the most wealthy districts of the country, where, for a time, they committed acts of violence and plunder too numerous and varied to be related. At length, however, so great were the extravagance and excesses of these plunderers, that Pope Innocent VI. and the Roman college became alarmed, and a croisade was published against such wicked people—who, like the Vandals of old, were doing everything in their power to destroy Christianity, by ruining all the countries wherever they came—by robbing whatever they could find—by violating women, and by killing men, women, and children, without mercy, and without shame. The croisade, however, did not answer, and the Pope was obliged to have recourse to other means to rid his dominions of these troublesome bands. It happened that the Marquis de Montferrat, a very accomplished knight, and good warrior, was at the time engaged in war against the Lords of Milan: to him, then, the Pope determined to apply, and by the offer of a considerable sum of money the marquis agreed to rid the neighbourhood of these freebooting companies, and to lead them with him into Lombardy.

As soon as all this was arranged satisfactorily with the Pope, the marquis opened a negotiation with the captains of the companies, and managed so well, that by the means of 60,000 florins, which he divided among them, and the high pay he promised, they consented to follow him. King John and his whole kingdom were not a little rejoiced when these people were gone, and France was, in most places, more at peace than it had been for a long time.

In England, at this period, died Henry, the good Duke of Lancaster. The king and all his barons were deeply affected at his death, for he was much beloved by them. He left two daughters—the Lady Maude and the Lady Blanche; the eldest married to the Earl of Hainault, and the younger to Lord John, Earl of Richmond, son of the King of England. On the death of his father-in-law, Lord John succeeded to the dukedom of Lancaster, in right of his wife. Nearly at the same time died the young Duke Philip of Burgundy, whose death became the cause of new dissensions between the Kings of France and Navarre. About Christmas, Pope Innocent also departed this life, and the cardinals were in great discord about the election of another; each one desired the honour for himself, more particularly the cardinals of Boulogne and Perigord, who were the greatest in the college; as the conclave was much divided, it was at last resolved that none of the cardinals should be preferred to the papacy; but that the Abbot de St. Victor of Marseilles should be elected, who was a holy and learned man, of good morals, and who had laboured much for the church in Lombardy and other places. The abbot repaired to Avignon, and received his honour with great joy. The title of Urban V. was given to him, and his reign was one of much benefit to the church, as also to the city of Rome.

During this winter there was a full parliament holden in England respecting regulations for the country: but more especially to provide establishments for the king's sons. At this parliament it was settled that the Prince of Wales, whose inheritance was the duchy of Aquitaine, should go and reside among his people. It was also settled that Lionel, the king's second son, should bear the title of Duke of Clarence; that the Lord John should be created Duke of Lancaster; and at the same council it was proposed that the Lord Edmund should be united in marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Flanders, at that time a widow. This matter, however, though proposed, was not fully entered upon, as it was one of great delicacy, and required much caution. Soon after the above resolutions of parliament, the Prince of Wales left England and arrived at La Rochelle. Here and at Poitiers he passed a short time, and after riding from city to city and from town to town, receiving due homage and fealty, he came to Bordeaux, where he resided for a considerable time with the princess, his wife.

About Candlemas, 1362, the King of Cyprus came to Avignon, where he met with Pope Urban and the King of France. The object of his visit was to set on foot a croisade against the enemies of the true faith. The King of France, for many reasons, professed his readiness to join in such an enterprise, and on Holy Friday, when the Pope preached in his chapel upon the subject, the King of France, through his great devotion put on the cross, and with much sweetness requested the Pope to confirm it to him, with which request his holiness at once complied. Several noble lords who were present also did the same; at this the King of Cyprus was highly pleased and returned fervent thanks to God, who had so inspired their hearts. Soon after Easter the King of Cyprus left Avignon, and travelling through Germany, Brabant, and Flanders, exhorted all whom he met to join in this holy expedition. He visited the King of Navarre also on the same errand, and with a view to make peace between him and the King of France; he next crossed the Straits and arrived at Dover, on a similar visit to Edward. It would take me a day were I to attempt relating to you the grand dinners, suppers, and other feasts and entertainments, and the magnificent presents and jewels that were given in England, especially by Queen Philippa, to the accomplished King of Cyprus. In truth he was deserving of them, for he had come a long way, and at a great expense, to exhort the king to put on the red cross, and assist in regaining countries, now occupied by the enemies of God. But the King of England politely and wisely excused himself, by saying that he was growing old, and must leave such matters to his children. "I make no doubt," he added, "that when the croisade has begun, you will not be left alone; but will be followed most willingly by my knights and squires." Nothing more than this could the King of Cyprus obtain from Edward with respect to the croisade; but as long as he remained at his court he was entertained most honourably. It happened about this time, that King David of Scotland had some affairs to transact with King Edward, which made it necessary for him to come to England. The King of Cyprus had not left London when David arrived, and the two kings were much rejoiced at meeting. The King of Cyprus on quitting England, crossed the sea to Boulogne, and join the King of France at Amiens. Here he passed some time, and then said, that if it pleased God, he must go and see the Prince of Wales, as well as the barons of Poitou and Aquitaine, before he returned home. Accordingly leaving Amiens he took the road to Beauvais, and continued his route to Poitiers. The Prince of Wales was at this time at Angoulême, where there were to be shortly grand entertainments and justs by forty knights, and as many squires, in honour of the princess, who had just given birth to a son, called Edward, after the name of his father. As soon as the arrival of the King of Cyprus was reported, the prince sent Sir John Chandos, attended by many knights and squires of his household, to meet him and conduct him to his presence.

We must now leave the King of Cyprus for a time, and relate for what reason the King of France had come to Amiens. I was informed, and indeed truly, that King John had a wish to go to England, to visit his brother, King Edward, and the queen, his sister, and that for this purpose he summoned his council at Amiens. The prelates and barons of France endeavoured to persuade the king that he would do a very foolish thing if he put himself in the power of Edward; but he replied that he had full confidence in the loyalty and honour of the king and the English court, and that he did not doubt that they would be courteous and polite to him. On hearing the king so determined, not one of the council had a word more to say. King John appointed his son, the Duke of Normandy, regent of France in his absence, and promised to his younger son, the Lord Philip, that on his return he would make him Duke of Burgundy. After which, accompanied by a few nobles, he set sail for England, and arrived at Dover. Edward was at Eltham with his queen, when the report came of the French king's arrival, and he immediately ordered several of the knights of his household to go to Dover and to conduct his royal visitor to the palace, where he and his queen waited to give him an honourable reception. John stayed at Eltham but a few days, and on leaving proceeded to London. As he came near the city, he was met by the various companies, who greeted him with much reverence, and attended him with large bands of minstrels unto the palace of the Savoy which had been prepared for his reception. Here he found the princes of the blood royal, who had remained as his hostages in England for the payment of the ransom, when he himself was set at liberty under the terms of the late peace.

The winter passed very gaily, for King Edward and his children often visited the King of France. There were several times great feastings between them in dinners, suppers, and other entertainments at this hôtel of the Savoy, and at the palace of Westminster which was not far off. King John, however, had not been many months in England, before he was seized with sickness, of which he daily grew worse, to the great concern of all around him, as the most learned physicians had declared him to be in much danger. Indeed, from the first there was but little hope of his recovery, and death soon removed him from this world of care. The news of the king's sickness and subsequent death produced great effect upon the continent. The King of Navarre had hope from it, that he would be enabled to carry on the war against France with greater success; while the Duke of Normandy was sadly affected, as indeed he had much reason to be, at the loss of so excellent a king and father. However, considering that everything which is created must in the course of nature have an end, the duke bore his loss as patiently as he was able; and as he himself was successor to the inheritance of the kingdom of France, and had been well informed of the designs of the King of Navarre, he resolved to provide himself with an able council, and to oppose his intention by every means in his power.

At this period, there was a knight of Brittany, called Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, who had always borne arms in favour of France, and who was in much favour with the Duke of Normandy, on account of the great acts of valour that had been related of him. To him, therefore, the duke gave orders that he should unite his forces with those of the Lord of Bouçicaut, and together attack the King of Navarre, and retake Mantes: by which means they would be masters of the Seine. Upon mustering their forces, these two captains found that they had 500 men-at-arms; and after a long conference upon the best means of subsisting, and upon the surest method of gaining the town, it was determined that the Lord de Bouçicaut, with one hundred of his knights only, should ride to Mantes, and feigning themselves to be much frightened at the garrison of Roulleboise, a neighbouring town, which they were to say was in pursuit of them, should beg that they would give them admittance. If the inhabitants consented, they were to seize the gates, and Sir Bertrand was to follow immediately with the remainder of the army, to take possession of the place. When the Lord de Bouçicaut was near to Mantes, he and his troops separated, like people who had been beaten, and were being pursued. The marshal, attended only by ten men in advance of the rest, came up first to the barricades of the town, crying out, "Hoho! good people of Mantes: open your gates, I beg of you, and let us come in, for the thieves of Roulleboise have discomfited us, and are now at our heels." "Who are you?" they asked. "I am, gentlemen, the Lord de Bouçicaut, marshal of France, whom the Duke of Normandy had sent against Roulleboise, but the rogues have beaten us and made us fly. Do make haste and open your gates to us." The people of Mantes at first hesitated, but upon the assurance of the marshal, that he had come into this country solely to destroy the garrison of Roulleboise, which was as hostile to them as it was to the King of France, they consented. The gates were opened and the marshal with his men entered; the rest soon followed, and so carefully and cunningly that the people of Mantes could not shut the gates till all Sir Bertrand's men had also passed, who entered at full gallop, crying out, "St. Yves Guesclin," and "Death to the Navarrois." They pillaged the houses forthwith, made many in the town prisoners, and also murdered several.

Soon after the possession of Mantes, Meulan was taken by stratagem also, to the great joy of the Duke of Normandy. The King of Navarre, on the contrary, was not a little enraged at the loss he had sustained, and directly reinforced all his towns and castles with troops and well-tried officers, at the same time collecting together as large an army as he was able. At this period a knight called Beaumont de Laval, came from the French frontiers of Brittany, and advanced with about forty lances to attack Evreux, which was in the possession of the King of Navarre. A young knight, Sir Guy de Graville, happened to be in the town at the time, and he no sooner heard the alarm than he hastened to arm himself, ordering the garrison to do the same. They were soon mounted, and in pursuit of the enemy; but Sir Beaumont had succeeded in his enterprise, and was returning; however, by the fleetness of his horse Sir Guy came near enough to cry out, "Beaumont, you must not go off thus; the men of Evreux must speak to you; they wish to be better acquainted." When Sir Beaumont heard himself thus called upon, he turned his horse about, lowered his lance, and made straight for Sir Guy. The two knights met each other with such force that their lances were shivered on their shields, but they were so firm on their seats that neither was unhorsed. The Bretons, in the engagement, acquitted themselves most nobly; however, numbers increased upon them, and they could not maintain their ground, so that in the end all were killed or made prisoners—not one escaped. Sir Beaumont was taken by Sir Guy de Graville, and brought as his prisoner to the castle of Evreux; for this adventure Sir Guy was much praised by the King of Navarre, and the citizens of Evreux.

We left the King of Cyprus at Angoulême, on a visit to the Prince of Wales. He stayed with him upwards of a month, entering fully into the object of his journey, and endeavouring to gain assistance for the intended croisade. He then returned to France to have an interview with the Duke of Normandy, who, with his two brothers, were waiting for the corpse of their father, which was on its road from England. The King of Cyprus very cordially condoled with them on the subject of their loss, and was himself much affected by it, more especially as it would retard his intended expedition. When the body of the King of France, which had been embalmed and placed in a coffin, approached Paris, the duke and his brothers, together with a large body of the clergy, went on foot beyond St. Denis to meet it; on arriving there it was buried with great solemnity. The archbishop of Sens said mass on the day of interment, and when service was over the great lords and prelates returned to Paris. As it appeared by no means desirable that the nation should be long without a king, the coronation of the Duke of Normandy was fixed to take place on the next ensuing Trinity Sunday.

While these things were going forward, the French and Navarrois were advancing towards each other in Normandy. The Captal de Buch was in Evreux collecting men-at-arms and soldiers from every place he could. On Whitsun Wednesday, about two o'clock, he took up his quarters on a mountain near the city. The French also, who were desirous of battle, marched onwards until they came to a river called Yton, which is not far from the same place: here, in a handsome meadow, through which the river runs, they encamped at their ease. On the morrow each party sent out scouts to reconnoitre, who brought back such intelligence as could be depended upon. The Navarrois, who, as I have said, were upon the mountain, formed themselves in order of battle, and the French, who were in the plain beneath, did so likewise. Thus prepared, the two armies remained opposite to each other for some time, for the Navarrois had determined not to quit their stronghold upon the mountain, but to let the French begin the attack; when the knights of France found that such was the intention of the enemy, they met together in council, aided by the advice of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, whose orders they obeyed. "My lords," he said, "we perceive that our enemies, however violent they may be, will not descend from their strong position to fight us, unless by the plan which I shall propose to you. Let us pretend a retreat, and order our servants, baggage, &c., to cross the river; at the same time we will keep close to them, watching attentively the enemies' movements. If they really wish to fight, they will certainly come down from the hill after us, and then we can wheel about, and shall, I conceive, gain great advantage over them." The proposal was approved. The trumpet sounded as for a retreat, and every knight and squire ordered his servant to cross the river.

When Sir John Jouel saw the French retreating, he said to the Captal de Buch, "My lord, my lord, let us now descend boldly; see you not how the French are running?" "Ah!" replied the Captal, "they are only doing this out of malice, to draw us down from our position." Sir John, however, was himself desirous of fighting, and crying out "St. George," he said to his battalion, "March; those that love me let them follow me, for I am going to engage." Upon this he drew his sword, and marched forward. The Captal, seeing that Sir John was determined, would not leave him to fight alone, but ordered his own company to follow. The French, who had been watching all the time, were much rejoiced when they saw the enemy enter the plain, and as soon as they came up, themselves faced about. Each party met the other with great courage. There was much hacking and cutting with lances and battle-axes. Many prisoners were taken on each side alternately, and the combatants were so much intermixed that they engaged man to man, and behaved with a degree of valour scarcely to be credited, except by those who saw them. At length the French gained the field, though they sustained very considerable loss; of the Navarrois but few escaped being slain, or taken. The day after the battle the French decamped, and marched to Rouen, where they deposited their prisoners.

When Trinity Sunday came, the Duke of Normandy was crowned, and consecrated King of France with the title of Charles V., and the same day his wife, the daughter of Duke Peter of Bourbon, was crowned queen. The ceremony was performed in the great church of our Lady at Rheims, by the archbishop of that city, amidst an immense assemblage of noble lords and prelates. The King Charles remained five days at Rheims, and then departed for Paris. Soon after this he gave the investiture of the duchy of Burgundy to his younger brother, Philip, and sent him against the free companies, who still continued to pillage the country. The Duke of Burgundy appointed his rendezvous in the city of Chartres, and then took the field, accompanied by Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, the Lord de Bouçicaut, the Earl of Auxerre, the Lord Nicholas de Ligne, grand master of the crossbows, Sir Odoart de Renty, and full 5,000 combatants. Finding themselves so strong in point of numbers, they divided into three parties, and much harassed the Navarrois, and the other enemies of France in Beauce and Normandy. The Lord Lewis of Navarre (the Lord Philip being dead) had taken upon himself the management of the war for his brother the King of Navarre. Ever since the late battle he had been assembling men-at-arms, and preparing to fight, for he considered the object of this war personal, being for a right of inheritance concerning his own family. Indeed, so active was he, that by means of the captains of companies, many of whom, notwithstanding the agreement entered into between the Pope and the Marquis de Montferrat, still remained in France, he got together upwards of 1,200 lances. With him were Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Robert Ceny, and others, whose influence and interest daily increased in number the forces who placed themselves under his command.

From this body a company of about 3,000 were detached under the orders of Bertrand de la Salle and Ortingo, which crossed the Loire, and pushed forward with so much haste, that by daybreak they came before La Charité, a large and well-enclosed town upon the banks of that river; they immediately scaled the walls, and took possession of part of the town without any opposition; however, fearing an ambuscade, they dared not advance until it should be daylight. During this delay the inhabitants were enabled to escape with their most valuable property by boats in safety to the city of Nevers, which was about five leagues distant. Upon day appearing, the English, Navarrois, and Gascons who had entered, marched forward, and to their surprise found all the houses empty, upon which they determined to keep possession of the town and to fortify it, since it would be very convenient for them as a place of strength, to command each side of the Loire; they also sent information of what they were doing to Lord Lewis, who immediately despatched to them a reinforcement of 300 armed men under Sir Robert Briquet. All this time the Duke of Burgundy and his men were taking towns by siege and assault, in Beauce and Normandy, and the Lord Lewis, his enemy, was overrunning Auvergne. Those also who had gained possession of La Charité did there just what they pleased. King Charles, finding this, ordered off the Duke of Burgundy with upwards of 1,000 men to besiege the city, which, after some resistance, surrendered to him under condition that the garrison should not bear arms for the King of Navarre for three years; and this being agreed to, they were allowed to pass through France, under passport of the duke. The old inhabitants went back to La Charité, and the duke returned to Paris.

The Lord Charles de Blois was still contending for the duchy of Brittany, and the King of France, who was his cousin, gave him permission at this time to raise in his kingdom 1,000 lances. Sir Bertrand du Guesclin was also requested to join him against his adversary, the Lord John de Montfort. Lord John had besieged Auray, and as soon as the news of Lord Charles's preparations came to him, he made it known in the duchy of Aquitaine to the English knights and squires who were there, and especially to Sir John Chandos, earnestly entreating all to aid him in the difficulties which he was about to encounter; at the same time adding, that he expected Brittany would afford such a field of honour, that all knights and squires who were desirous of advancing their names, ought most cheerfully to come thither.

Sir John Chandos, thus affectionately entreated by the earl, consulted the Prince of Wales as to what he should do, who replied that he might go without blame, since the French had already taken part against the earl in support of Lord Charles. Sir John was right glad of this, and with 200 lances and as many archers, went straight to the siege of Auray, where he found the Earl of Montfort, Sir Oliver de Clisson, Sir Robert Knolles, and other companions, who were all much rejoiced at seeing him, for it seemed to them that now no evil could befal them, since Sir John Chandos was in their company. The Lord Charles de Blois also had his party very greatly reinforced by many barons, knights, and squires, whose homage he had received, and whom he entreated to assist him. When all were mustered they were estimated at 2,500 lances, including those who had come from France. With these he set out to meet his enemy, having had strict injunctions given to him by his wife, when he bade her adieu, that he should listen to no treaty or composition which might be offered, but claim the whole duchy as his inheritance. It was soon reported to the Earl of Montfort that the Lord Charles was advancing with the finest body of men-at-arms, the most handsomely equipped, and the best ordered that had ever left France. The English knights received this intelligence with the greatest joy, for they were most eager to fight, and at once set about re-furbishing their lances, swords, battle-axes, and other weapons, as they well imagined they should soon have good use for them. The night passed quietly away, and on the morrow, which was a Saturday, the English and Bretons issued forth from their quarters to the rear of the castle of Auray, where they halted, and resolved to await the coming of the enemy. Almost immediately after daybreak the Lord Charles and his army appeared. These troops were in the best possible order, and drawn up in a most brilliant manner; so close were they, and so stiffly did they carry their lances, that a tennis-ball thrown among them must have struck upon the point of some one of them. It was a sight truly gratifying to the English. The French halted in front of their enemy, and took their ground on an extensive heath, having drawn up their forces in three battalions, with a rear-guard: Sir John Chandos, who, by agreement with the King of England, had chief command of the Earl of Montfort's forces, also formed his men into three battalions, with a like rear-guard.

It was Saturday, the 8th of October, 1364, when these battalions were thus drawn up facing each other on a handsome plain, near to Auray, in Brittany. I must say, it was a fine thing to see and reflect upon; for there were banners and pennons flying, and the richest armour on both sides. While the two parties were forming, the Lord of Beaumanoir, a very great and rich baron of Brittany, was going to and fro between the armies with proposals of peace; but notwithstanding he was very earnest in the business, and most desirous to ward off the perils that were impending, none of his proposals were of any avail; he only delayed the battle, but could not prevent it. A little before eight on Sunday morning the two armies advanced. In the first onset there were hard blows between lancemen, and a sharp scuffle. The English archers shot well, but their arrows hurt not, as the French were well armed and shielded from them. Upon this, they flung away their bows, and being light and able men, threw themselves upon their adversaries, and seizing from them several battle-axes, fought with these weapons most valiantly and with great success. The earl's battalion in the first encounter was thrown into confusion; but Sir Hugh Calverley, who was upon its wing, drove the enemy back and restored it. The French fought in earnest with their battle-axes, and the Lord Charles behaved himself right nobly, eagerly seeking and engaging the enemy. The battle indeed was so warmly contested, that all the battalions were engaged, except the rear-guard of the English, which Sir Hugh commanded, which always kept on one wing, and was solely occupied in recovering and bringing back to their ranks those who were thrown into confusion. Among other knights, Sir Oliver de Clisson played his part handsomely, and cut through the ranks with his battle-axe, in such a manner that no one dared to oppose him. Battalions and banners rushed against each other, were overthrown, got up again, and returned to the fight. Sir John Chandos showed his ability and courage, and with his battle-axe dealt such desperate blows, that all avoided him. His attack was mainly directed against the battalion of the Earl of Auxerre, which was forced to give way, and became totally discomfited. When the English and the Bretons of the Montfort party perceived the confusion of the battalion, they were much rejoiced, and exerted themselves to the utmost. Sir Bertrand was made prisoner by an English squire, and the Lord Charles himself was killed facing the enemy, as well as his bastard son, Lord John de Blois, with many other knights and squires of Brittany. Indeed, the whole flower of chivalry, who had that day taken the side of the Lord Charles, were either made prisoners or slain.

After the total defeat of Lord Charles's army, and when the field of battle was free, Sir John Chandos and his brave companions approached the Earl of Montfort, and congratulated him upon having gained the inheritance of Brittany. The earl bowed, and confessed that he was indebted solely to their valour and prudence for the good fortune of the day. Whilst they were thus assembled, two knights and two heralds, who had been sent to examine the dead, and to ascertain what was become of Lord Charles, (for as yet they were uncertain whether he was slain or not,) returned and reported they had discovered his body. The earl requested to be conducted to the spot, in order that he might see it. And after gazing upon the dead body of his enemy for some time sorrowfully, he exclaimed, "Ha, my Lord Charles, fair cousin, how much evil has happened to Brittany from your having supported your pretensions by arms." He then burst into tears, and Sir John Chandos led him away. At the earl's orders, the Lord Charles's body was conveyed to Guingamp, and honourably interred.

On the morning after the battle, the earl sent to inform the city of Vannes, and the neighbouring towns, that he should grant a truce for three days, in order that the slain might be buried in consecrated ground. The friends and allies of Lord Charles were much distressed at the unsuccessful issue of the battle of Auray; but the King of France was the most grieved at it, for among the slain and captured were many of his own brave knights, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, the Earls of Auxerre and Joigny, and all the barons of Brittany without exception. He resolved, therefore, to send the Duke of Anjou, his brother, to the assistance of the country, and also to condole with Lord Charles's widow, who was in the deepest distress at her loss.

On the fifth day after the battle, the Earl of Montfort sent a pursuivant-at-arms, who had been in the engagement, to Dover, to inform the King of England of his success. To this herald, on his arrival, the king made a handsome present of money, and gave the name of Windsor. The town of Auray had been so stripped of its defences by the battle, that the garrison surrendered shortly afterwards to the earl, on condition that their lives and fortunes should be saved, which condition the earl readily allowed, as he had many other places to look to, and was not certain how the country would act after his victory. He soon found, however, that his success brought him new followers, for his army daily increased, and many knights and squires turned to his party, especially those from Lower Brittany. The good town of Jugon next submitted to him; and then followed Dinan, after a siege of eight months: his men also overran the country and left no part unpillaged. The King of France was duly informed of all that was going on, and held many councils on the subject of the affairs of Brittany. At last it was agreed that he should send ambassadors to the Earl of Montfort, to find out what were his intentions, and to enter upon a treaty of peace with him as well as with the country. Accordingly, three lords were appointed, who having received full instructions how they were to act, came to the Earl of Montfort at Quimper Corentin, which town he was then besieging. After they had explained the object of their visit, the earl merely replied that he would consider of it, and a day was fixed for his answer.

Meanwhile, he himself despatched Lord Latimer to the King of England, to inform him of the proposal for peace made by the King of France, and to have his advice upon the subject. The king advised the earl to conclude the peace, provided the duchy should be his; and also to make a handsome reparation to the lady who was called duchess, (the widow of Lord Charles,) by assigning to her a fixed annuity or rent-charge on certain lands which she might collect without danger. Upon receipt of this answer, the earl sent for the ambassadors, and bade them report to the king, their master, that he would never give up his claim to the duchy of Brittany, happen what might; nevertheless, if the King of France should cause any cities, towns, or castles to surrender peacably, upon the same terms of homage and fealty as under the preceding duke, he would do him homage and service in the presence of the peers of France. Moreover, on account of the affinity between him and his cousin, the widow of the Lord Charles de Blois, he professed that he was willing to do everything to assist her: and that he would use his influence to obtain the liberty of the Lords John and Guy de Blois, who were detained prisoners in England.

These terms being agreeable to the ambassadors, and to the Duke of Anjou, to whom the King of France had referred the matter, a peace with the Earl de Montfort was finally agreed to, and sealed. Thus had the earl possession of Brittany: the whole country was rejoiced that peace was concluded; and he received homage from cities, towns, castles, prelates, and gentlemen.

It happened also the same winter that Queen Jane, aunt to the King of Navarre, and Queen Blanche his sister, laboured so earnestly for peace between the Kings of France and Navarre, that it was at length brought about, the arrangement having been much assisted by the advice and wisdom of the Captal de Buch. By the articles of this treaty, the towns of Mantes and Meulan were to be given up to the King of France, who was to restore to the King of Navarre other castles in Normandy. About this time, the Lord Lewis de Navarre set out from France and passed through Lombardy, to espouse the Queen of Naples. He survived his marriage but a short time. May God forgive him his faults, for he was a good and courteous knight.

The companies of freebooters had now so much increased in France, that the government did not know what to do with them; having been brought up to arms, and taught to live by plunder and pillage, they neither could nor would abstain from them. France was their resource, so much so, that they even called that kingdom their domain. Indeed, many of the wisest men declared that if something were not speedily done to get rid of them, either by fighting or other means, they would soon prove the destruction of the country. The King of Hungary would willingly have given them employment in his war against the Turks, and sent to Pope Urban and the King of France to tell them so; but the captains of the free companies had no desire to serve him.

CHAPTER IV

War in Spain between Don Pedro, King of Castille, and his natural brother Henry—Success of Don Henry—Perilous situation of Don Pedro—The Prince of Wales determines to assist Don Pedro—His promises in the event of his being restored to his kingdom—The French under Sir Bertrand du Guesclin assist Don Henry—More information respecting the free companies—Sir Perducas d'Albret—Preparations on the part of the Prince of Wales for the Spanish expedition—His letter to the Lord d'Albret, and the reply—Birth of Prince Richard, afterwards Richard II.—The Duke of Lancaster arrives from England to assist the prince—Preparations for battle—Battle of Navaretta—Don Pedro acknowledged King of Castille—Escape of Don Henry—Shameful conduct towards the prince on the part of Don Pedro—Shrewd scheme of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, who had been taken prisoner, in order to obtain his liberty—Tax called Fouage imposed by the prince upon Aquitaine—Don Henry again contests the kingdom with his brother—Tragical end of Don Pedro.

THERE was in these times a King of Castille, by name Don Pedro, whose mind, full of strange opinions, rebelled against all the regulations and commands of the Church. This man wanted to subdue his Christian neighbours, more especially the King of Arragon, from whom he had already taken part of his possessions, and was preparing to seize the remainder. Don Pedro of Castille had three natural brothers, the eldest named Don Henry; the second, Don Tello; and the third, Don Sancho. These he hated mortally, and took every opportunity to injure; for indeed he was a cruel man, and of such a horrid disposition, that all persons feared and suspected him, though they dared not show it. He had seized upon the revenues of the churches, and detained the priests in prison, where he vexed them with all sorts of tyranny.

Pope Urban daily received complaints of these proceedings, and entreaties that he would put a stop to them. The holy father was much grieved, and after a time, sent ambassadors to Don Pedro, ordering him to come forthwith in person to the court of Rome, to clear himself from all the villanous actions with which he was charged. The proud and presumptuous King of Castille not only refused to obey the mandate, but even treated the ambassadors with insult. He was consequently excommunicated, and declared to be a heretic and an infidel, no longer worthy to bear the title of king, nor to possess a kingdom. It was determined, moreover, that Henry, his natural brother, should reign instead of him; and the kings of France and Arragon undertook to place him upon the throne. For this purpose the King of France procured the ransom of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, whom Sir John Chandos held as his prisoner; and an arrangement was entered into with the captains of the free companies, promising them great advantages if they would go into Castille. These, by means of a large sum of money, which was divided among them, readily assented, and put themselves under the command of Lord John de Bourbon and Sir Bertrand.

When Don Pedro had received information that an army was marching against him, he collected his troops, and resolved to fight boldly on their entering into his kingdom. In their way through Arragon, the army retook many towns, castles, and cities, which Don Pedro had seized upon, and restored them to the king of that country. They then passed the river Ebro, which divides Arragon from Castille, and entered Spain. At this Don Pedro was greatly enraged, and issued a special order throughout his kingdom, that all should meet him without delay, as he was determined to combat the enemy. Too few, however, obeyed the mandate: for when he thought to assemble a large force, scarcely any came. All the barons and knights of Spain fell off from him in favour of his brother, and he was in consequence forced to fly, which he did to Corunna, in company with his wife and two young daughters, Constance and Isabella, but without any of his own court or council, who all forsook him except one loyal knight, called Ferdinand de Castro. Upon the flight of Don Pedro, the designs of his brother prospered, and as he entered Castille, the Spaniards shouted "Long live King Henry! down with Don Pedro, who has so cruelly treated us." Moreover, they crowned him king at Burgos, where all the prelates, earls, barons and knights paid him homage, swore that they would serve and obey him as their king, and if occasion should require, would sacrifice their lives for him. Shortly after his coronation Henry created his two brothers, Don Tello and Don Sancho, earls, and gave them large estates, with other revenues. While Henry was thus taking possession of the kingdom, Don Pedro was at Corunna, and in the greatest alarm, for he well knew that if his brother were informed of his position, he would soon come and besiege him in the castle. He resolved, therefore, not to await this danger, and embarking on board a vessel with his wife, his daughters, and his one faithful attendant, put to sea by night: but the wind was contrary, and as they could not clear the coast, they were obliged to return and shelter themselves again in the castle of Corunna. At the advice of Don Fernando, Don Pedro then wrote a letter to the Prince of Wales, imploring his assistance to replace him on his throne. This letter was entrusted to the care of a knight and two squires, and by them safely conveyed to the prince, who was then at the monastery of St. Andrew's, at Bordeaux. The prince received the letter at the hands of the messenger, and having pondered much upon its contents, sent for Sir John Chandos and Sir William Felton, the chiefs of his council, and said to them, smiling, "My lords, here are good news from Spain. The king, Don Pedro, complains grievously of Henry, his brother, who has seized his kingdom, and he entreats of us help and assistance, as this, his letter, will fully explain. Now you, Sir John, and you, Sir William, who are my principal counsellors, and in whom I have the greatest confidence, tell me, I pray, what is best to be done in this matter."

The two knights looked at each other without uttering a word. "Speak boldly," said the prince, "whatever your opinion may be." The knights then advised the prince to send a body of men-at-arms to Don Pedro at Corunna, to conduct him to Bordeaux, in order the more fully to learn what were his wants and intentions. This answer pleased the prince, and Sir William Felton was ordered to command the expedition, which was to consist of twelve ships filled with archers and men-at-arms. These started immediately, and on their arrival at Bayonne, there found Don Pedro, who had left Corunna in great suspense. He was (as may be supposed) much rejoiced at meeting with Sir William, and at once accompanied him to the city of Bordeaux. The prince had intelligence of his approach, and to do him honour, rode out of Bordeaux, attended by some knights and squires to bid him welcome. On their way to the city, Don Pedro told the prince his distresses, how his brother had driven him out of the kingdom of Castille, and how disloyally his subjects had behaved towards him. The prince comforted the unhappy king by a most courteous reply. He begged of him not to be cast down; for even if he had lost everything, it was still in the power of God to restore all to him.

Many of his lords endeavoured to persuade the prince to have nothing to do with the affairs of Don Pedro; but the prince was resolved to assist him for many reasons, especially because he did not think it right that the heir by lawful marriage should be driven from his kingdom by a natural brother; and also because there had, for a long time, existed an alliance between the King of England, his father, and this same Don Pedro. He agreed, however, to summon all the barons of Aquitaine to an especial council at Bordeaux, where Don Pedro might lay before them his situation, and state also his means of satisfying them, should they endeavour to replace him upon his throne. To this council came all counts, viscounts, barons, and men of ability, not only of Aquitaine, but of Saintonge, Poitou, Quercy, Limousin, and Gascony. For three days they discussed the situation and prospects of Don Pedro, who was himself present the whole time, occupying a position near the prince, his cousin, who spoke on his behalf, and gave the best accounts he was able of his affairs. It was at last resolved, that ambassadors should be sent to the King of England to ascertain his opinion upon this important subject, and that as soon as they should have his answer, they were to meet again.

Four knights were accordingly selected, who were ordered to set out for England. The knights began their journey forthwith, and through God's will and favourable winds arrived in safety at Southampton, whence they made the best of their way to Windsor, where the king and queen were. They delivered their letters, and the king, after reading them, most courteously bade the knights retire, in order that he might consult some of his barons and learned men previously to returning an answer. He himself then went to Westminster, where he was met by the greater part of his council; there were present his son the Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of Arundel and Salisbury, Sir Walter Manny, Sir Reginald Cobham, Earl Percy, and many others; also the Bishops of Winchester, Lincoln, and London. The council deliberated for some time, and as the proposed attempt to restore the King of Spain to his throne appeared reasonable, it was unanimously agreed to, and an answer to that effect was given to the ambassadors of the prince. As soon as they reached Bordeaux, another conference was held there, and the determination of the King of England made known; which when the barons of Aquitaine heard, they cheerfully made answer to the prince, "Sir, we will heartily obey the commands of our sovereign lord the king, and will attend you and Don Pedro upon this expedition: but we wish to know from whom we are to have our pay, as it is not customary for men-at-arms to leave their homes and carry on war in a foreign country without receiving wages." Upon this, the prince, turning to Don Pedro, said, "Sir King, you hear what our people say. It is for you to give them an answer." Don Pedro then made the following reply: "My dear cousin, as long as my gold, my silver, and my treasure will last, which I have brought with me from Spain, but which is not so great by thirty times as what I have left behind, I am willing they should be divided among your people." "You speak well," said the prince, "and as for the surplus of the debt, I will take that upon myself, and will order whatever sums you want to be advanced to you, as a loan, until we arrive in Castille." "By my head," replied

Don Pedro, "you will do me a great kindness." For the prince to enter Spain, it would be necessary to traverse the country belonging to the King of Navarre, and to go by the pass of Roncevaux; but this could not well be done without first obtaining the king's consent; and as there appeared some difficulty about it, because he had lately formed fresh alliances with Henry, it was thought best to send able ambassadors to entreat him to meet the prince at Bayonne, and a day was fixed for the purpose.

During this interval, Sir John Chandos and Sir William Felton paid a visit to the King of Navarre in person, and with him exerted themselves so effectually that he agreed to attend the conference. This conference at Bayonne lasted five days, and after all, it was with great difficulty that the King of Navarre was brought to consent to the wishes of the English. When, however, all things were settled, both with regard to the march and the object of it, the prince sent heralds into Spain, ordering all the English or Gascons, attached to or dependent on him, to cease from supporting the interest of Henry, and to return to him as speedily as possible, since he had need of them, and would find them employment elsewhere. Most of these did so, as did also the free companies, which were at this time scattered in different parts of the country. King Henry did not hear of the Prince of Wales's intention to bring his brother, Don Pedro, back to Castille so soon as these knights; and it was well for them he did not, otherwise they would not have been suffered to depart so easily. However, when he knew the truth, he did not seem much affected by it, but addressing Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, said, "Sir Bertrand, think of the Prince of Wales, they say he intends to make war upon us, and to replace, by force, this Jew, who calls himself King of Spain, upon our throne of Castille. What say you to this?" Sir Bertrand replied, "The prince is a valiant and determined knight, and since he has undertaken it, he will exert himself to the utmost to accomplish it. I should therefore advise you to guard well all the passes and defiles, that no one may enter or go out of your kingdom without permission. You will, I am sure, have great assistance from many knights in France, and with your leave I will return thither, and bring back with me as many as I can." "By my faith," replied King Henry, "you say well, and in this business I will do as you may direct." When it was publicly known throughout Spain, Arragon, and France, that the intention of the Prince of Wales was to replace Don Pedro on the throne of Castille, it was a matter of great wonder to many, and variously talked of. Some said, that the prince was making this expedition through pride and presumption; others, that he was jealous of the honour Sir Bertrand du Guesclin had obtained; others again, that both pity and justice moved him to assist Don Pedro in recovering his inheritance.

King Henry, meanwhile, was not idle, but sent ambassadors to the King of Arragon, entreating him not to enter into any alliance with the prince, for that he himself was, and would continue to be, his good friend and neighbour. The King of Arragon promised to continue steadfast to Henry, and kept faithfully all he promised. The prince was now very anxious to secure the interest of the free companies, and for this purpose sent Sir John Chandos to them, who managed matters so well, that they all agreed to serve him upon having a handsome sum of money paid down, which Sir John undertook to see done. Sir John, also, by his influence obtained permission from the Earl of Foix for these companies to pass through his dominions. The Prince of Wales was at this time in the full vigour of youth, and being not as yet satiated with war, was continually looking forward to some achievement of high renown. This Spanish expedition, therefore, entirely occupied his mind; both honour and compassion urged him to replace upon his throne, by force of arms, a king who had been driven from it. Sir John Chandos and Sir William Felton were his principal advisers; and they, knowing well how much Don Pedro was detested by his subjects, and King Henry beloved by them, represented continually to the prince the great necessity there was that he should be well prepared, both as regards men and money, for his intended expedition. Agreeably with this advice, the prince had all his plate, both gold and silver, broken up and coined into money, which he liberally distributed among the free companies; he also sent to England for 100,000 francs, which the king, his father, immediately provided.

We must now tell you something about these free companies which had connected themselves with the Prince of Wales. With the consent of the Earls of Foix and Armagnac, and the Lord d'Albret, they divided into three parties; of which one marched along the borders of the countries of Foix and Toulouse, another through the country of Armagnac, and the third towards Albret. At this time there was a knight of France, high-steward of Toulouse, whose name was Guy d'Asai, who when he heard that these companies were at hand, vowed that they should not enter Toulouse, nor the kingdom of France; and that, if it pleased God, he would march out and offer them battle. Under his command 500 men-at-arms, knights, and squires, with upwards of 4,000 infantry, assembled, and marched towards Montauban, seven leagues distant from Toulouse, a place which was at that time dependent on the Prince of Wales, and of which he had appointed Sir John Combes governor. Scouts were sent forward by the French, in the hopes of drawing out some of the companies who had lately come to Montauban. Sir John, on seeing the scouts, was much surprised, and mounting the battlements, demanded who had sent them, and for what reason they had come upon the lands of the prince. They replied, "That they were not charged by the lords who sent them to give any reason for what they had done; but in order to be satisfied, he might himself come, or send some one to their commanders, who would give him an answer."

Sir John accepted the proposal, and attended only by four persons, went to the quarters of the French lords. He saluted them, and then asked their reason for ordering troops to advance to the fortress, which was a dependency of the prince. To this they replied, "We wish not to invade the rights of any one, nor to make war, but we are determined to pursue our enemies." "Who are your enemies; and where are they?" demanded Sir John. "In God's name," said the Viscount of Narbonne, who was with Sir Guy d'Asai, "they are at this moment in Montauban. They are robbers and pillagers, who have severely oppressed our kingdom; and you, Sir John, ought not to support them. If you do not drive them from your fortress, you are neither a friend to the king nor to the kingdom of France." "My lords," replied the governor, "it is true there are men-at-arms in my garrison, whom my lord, the prince, has ordered thither;—if these have given you any cause of displeasure, they are men-at-arms, and can support themselves in the usual manner." To this the Lord of Narbonne and Sir Guy d'Asai made answer, "They are indeed men-at-arms; but of such a sort that they cannot exist without pillage and robbery. They have burnt, stolen, and done many shameful acts within the jurisdiction of Toulouse; and you may tell them from us, that since we know where their quarters are, they shall make us amends for their proceedings, or they shall fare the worse for it." No other answer could the governor get from them, and he returned to Montauban very ill pleased, and told the companies all that had passed, as well as the messages which he was instructed to deliver to them. The companies, on hearing the account, were not much satisfied, for they were quite unequal in numbers to the French.

Now it chanced, exactly five days after this conversation, that Sir Perducas d'Albret, with a large body of companions on their way into the principality, marched through Montauban: their arrival was a subject of much congratulation to those who were in the town, for the French kept them besieged, and threatened them much. Sir Perducas was not in the least alarmed, but having talked over matters with Sir Robert Cheney and the other companions, it was unanimously resolved, at his advice, that on the morrow they should arm, issue from the town, and request the French that they would allow them peaceably to pass on. If the French would not agree to this, and it were absolutely necessary to fight, they would then risk the event of a battle. When the morrow came the request was made as they had determined; but the French lords informed them that they would have nothing to say to them, and that if they wished to pass, it must be over the points of their spears and swords. Moreover, they instantly began their war-cry, and to call out, "Advance, advance, upon these robbers." The companions, then, seeing that they must fight in earnest, or die with dishonour, dismounted, and formed their lines to wait for the enemy, who were advancing very boldly to meet them. Much fighting and pursuing now commenced; hard blows were given, which knocked down several on each side.

The combat was severe and long: the French were, in point of numbers, at least two to one superior, and it would have gone very hard with the companions, if the governor had not ordered all the town's-people to take arms and assist, who immediately joined in the fray, and even the women lent their aid; but the most fortunate thing of all was the arrival of a reinforcement of about 400 men, who had marched all night to join their comrades; on seeing them, the battle was renewed with fresh vigour, and the French were so sadly beaten by the new comers that they took to flight, and happy were they who could find horses to carry them. The Viscount de Narbonne, Sir Guy d'Asai, and many noble lords, knights, and squires were made prisoners. This battle before Montauban was fought on the vigil of the feast of our Lady, in August, 1366. After the victory the companies divided the booty, and then marched to join the prince, who received them very graciously, thanked them for what they had done, and sent them into quarters in a country called Basques, until he should have further need of their services.

The Prince of Wales continued to prepare for his intended expedition into Spain, with much perseverance. Assistance came to him from all quarters, except from France, where King Henry's interest had secured all; but he was not anxious for foreign men-at-arms to join him, choosing to depend more upon his own subjects and vassals than upon strangers; besides a large reinforcement arrived from England, for when King Edward found that this Spanish expedition was about to take place, he gave permission to his son, the Duke of Lancaster, to join the prince with 400 men-at-arms and 400 archers. At this period Lord James, King of Majorca, came to visit the prince in the city of Bordeaux, and to request his assistance in order that he might recover his possessions from the King of Arragon, who had driven him from them, and put his father to death. When he had told his tale, "Sir King," replied the prince, "I promise you, most loyally, that upon our return from Spain, we will undertake to replace you on your throne of Majorca, either by treaty or by force of arms."

The free companies, as we have said, were quartered at Basques, and such was their conduct, that complaints were daily made of the mischief they were doing. The prince would have hastened his departure, and so given them other occupation, but he was anxious to let Christmas pass over, so as to have winter in his rear; moreover, the princess, his lady, was near her confinement, and she did not wish him to leave her at present. Many consultations were held at Bordeaux upon the subject, and it seems to me that the prince, at the advice of his council, wrote to the Lord d'Albret, in such terms as these: "My lord, whereas, out of our liberal bounty, we have retained you with 1,000 lances, to serve us in our expedition, having duly considered the business, and the cost and expense we are at, as well for those who have entered our service as for the free companies, whose numbers are so great that we do not wish to leave them behind for fear of danger, we have resolved that several of our vassals shall remain to guard the territories. For these causes it has been determined in our council, that you shall serve with 200 lances only. You will choose them from your number, and the remainder you will leave to follow their usual occupations. May God have you under his holy protection. Given at Bordeaux the 8th December."

When the Lord d'Albret had read this letter he was mightily vexed, and exclaimed, "How's this? my lord the Prince of Wales laughs at me, when he orders me to disband 800 knights and squires, whom by his command I have retained, and have diverted from other means of obtaining honour and profit;" and calling for his secretary, he bade him write as follows: "My dear lord, I am marvellously surprised at the contents of your letter. What you order will be of the greatest prejudice to me, and expose me to much blame, for all the men-at-arms are prepared for your service, and I have prevented them seeking employment elsewhere. I cannot conceive for what reason I have deserved this treatment; my dear lord, have the goodness to understand I cannot separate myself from them; I am the worst and least among them; and if any of them be dismissed, I am convinced they will all go. May God keep you in his holy protection. Given, &c." When the Prince of Wales received this answer, he looked upon it as a very presumptuous one, as did also some English knights who were present. He shook his head, and said in English, (as I was told, for at the time I was not at Bordeaux,) "This Lord d'Albret is too great a man for my country, but it shall not be as he thinks to have it. Let him stay behind if he will; if it please God we can perform this expedition without his thousand lances." Some English knights added, "My lord, you are but poorly acquainted with these Gascons; for some time past they have had but little love for us," upon hearing which the prince was silent; but this remark did not the less on that account occupy his thoughts. This was the first ground of hatred between the Prince of Wales and the Lord d'Albret; and indeed the Lord d'Albret was at the time in great peril, for the prince was of a high and overbearing spirit, and cruel in his hatred; he would, right or wrong, that every lord who was under his command, should be dependent on him. However, Sir John Chandos and Sir William Felton managed the matter so well, that he was appeased, and said nothing more on the subject.

Time passed away so quickly while the prince was collecting his forces and awaiting the arrival of the Duke of Lancaster from England, that the princess was taken in labour, and through God's grace delivered of a fine boy. The child was born about eight o'clock in the morning on a Wednesday, the feast of the Epiphany, 1367; and the prince and his whole household were much rejoiced at the event. On the following Friday, the infant was baptized about noon at the holy font of St. Andrew's Church by the Archbishop of Bordeaux: the Bishop of Agen and the King of Majorca were godfathers. They gave to him the name of Richard; and, as you will hear in the continuation of this history, he afterwards became King of England. On the ensuing Sunday the prince set out from Bordeaux with his army, and arrived on the evening of that same day at Dax, a city in Gascony, where he was joined by his brother the Duke of Lancaster. The two brothers were very happy at meeting, for they had a mutual affection for each other, and many proofs of friendship passed between them.

Soon after the arrival of the duke, the Earl of Foix came there also, and paid much court and respect, at least in outward appearance, to the prince and his brother, offering himself and his vassals for their service. While the prince was at Dax, his army spread all over the country as far as the defiles which lead to Navarre. Now it was currently reported that the King of Navarre had entered into new conventions with King Henry, the prince therefore wrote to him to come himself, or to send some person to give an explanation of this report. Accordingly he sent an experienced knight, Don Martin de la Carra, who, when he arrived in the city, spoke so ably and so eloquently in exculpation of his master, that the prince was fully satisfied; moreover, the King of Navarre, shortly after this, swore to maintain and preserve faithfully, peace and friendship with Don Pedro. It was also agreed at a special conference, that the prince and his army might pass through his country whenever he pleased, that all the defiles should be left unguarded, and that provisions should be had for the men upon paying for them. Everything that passed between the King of Navarre and the prince, was known in France; for there were messengers continually going and coming, who carried with them all the news they could pick up. Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, who was with the Duke of Anjou, no sooner heard that the defiles were opened, and that the prince was on his march, than he took the road to Arragon to join King Henry.

We will now relate what befel the Prince of Wales and his army on their passage through Navarre. The defiles and passes of Navarre are very dangerous, for there are a hundred situations among them which a handful of men could guard against a whole army. It was the month of February and very cold, when the army had to pass these defiles; and as all could not pass together, it was agreed to separate into three bodies, which were to follow each other on three successive days; that is to say, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Monday, the vanguard marched under command of the Duke of Lancaster, accompanied by the constable of Aquitaine, Sir John Chandos, who had under him full 1,200 pennons, all ornamented with his arms, which were a sharp pile gules on a field argent. It was a handsome sight. On Tuesday, passed the Prince of Wales and Don Pedro, accompanied by the King of Navarre, who served as their guide; and the King of Majorca crossed on Wednesday, in whose train were many noble lords, captains of free companies, and others. All three divisions, having passed the defiles, encamped in the vale of Pampeluna to recruit their horses.

Now, when King Henry had received intelligence that the Prince of Wales was approaching, he seemed much pleased, and said aloud: "This Prince of Wales is a valiant and worthy knight; and in order that he may know that I am waiting for him to defend my rights, I will write him a part of my mind." Accordingly he desired his secretary to address a letter to the prince in his name, requesting to know by what road he intended to enter Castille, and informing him that it was his intention to meet him in order to guard and defend his realm. The prince was much surprised at the bold tone of the letter, and he and his council were not a little puzzled what answer to return to it. While they were in consultation upon this subject, Sir William Felton came to the prince and requested as a favour to be allowed to make an incursion into the enemy's country with some good knights and squires, who were under his command. Permission having been granted, he and his party, in all 160 lances well mounted and 300 archers, rode on through the kingdom of Navarre, crossed the Ebro, and took up their quarters at a village called Navarretta, in order to be better informed where King Henry was, and to learn the state of his army. The prince and his men remained at Pampeluna, and while there, the King of Navarre, in riding from one town to another on the side where the French lay, was made prisoner by Sir Olivier de Mauny. It was pretty generally believed that this was done designedly on his part in order to prevent his accompanying the prince further in his expedition; however, the queen knew nothing of this, for she was much alarmed and dispirited at her husband being made prisoner, and coming to the prince, entreated him to do all in his power to restore her lord to her. "Fair lady," replied the prince, "this capture is highly displeasing to us; and I promise you, that immediately on our return, you shall have the king restored to you." The prince then broke up his encampment and began his march.

The advanced guard under Sir William Felton were, during this time, scouring the country and having continual skirmishes with the forces of the King of Spain. The prince and his army found them at Vittoria. The two forces had not long joined each other when the scouts brought news that they had seen the scouts of the enemy, and that King Henry and his whole army could not be far distant. The prince on hearing this ordered the trumpet to sound an alarm, and immediately every man was at his post and drawn up in order of battle. It was a noble sight to see so great a number of banners and pennons, ornamented with different arms. King Henry, however, did not offer to attack, nor did he even come within sight during the day; for he was expecting great reinforcements from Arragon, and also was waiting for Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, who was to come to his assistance with upwards of 4,000 men. At evening the prince's forces retired to their quarters, all but Sir William Felton and his company, who set out to gain information respecting the condition of the enemy. The very same evening, Don Tello, who happened to be in his brother King Henry's tent, requested permission, that when morning came, he might take with him a chosen band, and make an excursion towards the prince's army.

By this time Sir Bertrand had arrived, and Don Tello was anxious to have him as his companion; however, the king would not permit it. So at daybreak he set out, accompanied by his own body of men, about 6,000 in number, and advanced in good order towards the quarters of the English. These were all well mounted and accoutred, and as soon as they came in sight of the vanguard under command of the Duke of Lancaster, they made a most violent attack; and shouting out, "Castille!" overthrew tents, huts, and everything that came in their way. The duke and his men were soon armed and ready to defend themselves. Sir John Chandos also came to the duke's assistance, and after him the prince and Don Pedro, so that the Spaniards thought it best to retreat. On their way back, however, they fell in with Sir William Felton and his party, whom they attacked and defeated. Sir William made a desperate stand against them, but being surrounded on all sides, was overpowered, and in the end unfortunately killed. After this success, Don Tello and his detachment returned in great joy, and went the same evening to the quarters of King Henry, who listened with much pride to the account they gave of their excursion; and at length addressing Don Tello, said, "Amiable brother, well have you performed your promise. I will reward you handsomely; and I feel that all the rest of our enemies must ultimately come to a like end." Upon this, Sir Arnold d'Andreghen stepped forward and said, "Sire, with your permission, I wish not to doubt your majesty's words, but to make an amendment by informing you, that when you shall meet the Prince of Wales in battle, you will find men-at-arms, such as they ought to be; for with him is the flower of chivalry of the whole world—hardy and tough combatants—men who would rather die on the spot than think of flying. It behoves you, therefore, to weigh the matter well; and if you will believe what I am going to say, you may perhaps take them all without a stroke. You have only to guard the passes and defiles, so that no provisions can be brought to them, and famine will do the business for you." King Henry answered, "By the soul of my father, marshal, I have such a desire to try my strength with this prince, that we never can part without a battle. My forces are so numerous, that I ought not to be afraid, but rather place every confidence in the power of God and of my men." Wine and spices were just at this time brought in by some knights, so the conversation ended, and all retired to their quarters.

Provisions had become so scarce in the neighbourhood of Vittoria where the prince and his army were, that they resolved to decamp and cross the Ebro into a country better able to support them. King Henry immediately followed, and the prince, on hearing of his approach, summoned a council, with whose advice he returned an answer to the letter which some days since King Henry had sent to him. The answer began in the following terms: "Edward, by the grace of God, Prince of Wales, and of Aquitaine, to the renowned Henry, Earl of Trastamere, who calls himself King of Castille." The letter then went on to state that he was prepared to assert the right of his cousin Don Pedro to the kingdom of Castille, and that Henry must give up all pretensions to the crown of that realm, as well as to its inheritance. Upon receipt of this, Henry was much enraged, and resolved that nothing should prevent a battle. Don Tello and Don Sancho accordingly drew up their men in proper order, and busied themselves in getting everything ready. On Friday the 2nd of April, the prince and his army arrived before the town of Navarretta, where they took up their quarters. By means of the scouts, the two armies gained information of each other's condition, and formed their arrangements accordingly.

It was a beautiful sight to see them approach with their brilliant armour glittering with the sunbeams. The prince with a few attendants, mounted a small hill, and saw very clearly the enemy marching straight towards them. Upon descending this hill, he extended his line of battle in the plain and then halted. The Spaniards, seeing the English had halted, did the same in order of battle; then each man tightened his armour, and made ready as for instant combat. Sir John Chandos advanced in front of the battalions with his banner uncased in his hand. He presented it to the prince, saying, "My lord, here is my banner: I present it to you, that I may display it in whatever manner shall be most agreeable to you; for thanks to God, I have now sufficient lands to enable me to do so, and maintain the rank which it ought to hold." The prince, Don Pedro being present, took the banner which was blazoned with a sharp stake gules on a field argent in his hands; and, after having cut off the tail to make the square, he displayed it, and returning it to him by the handle, said, "Sir John, I return you your banner. God give you strength and honour to preserve it." Upon this, Sir John left the prince, went back to his men with the banner in his hand, and said to them: "Gentlemen, behold my banner, and yours: you will therefore guard it as it becomes you." His companions taking the banner, replied with much cheerfulness, that, "if it pleased God and St. George, they would defend it well, and act worthily of it, to the utmost of their abilities." The banner was put into the hands of a worthy English squire, called William Allestry, who bore it with honour that day, and loyally acquitted himself in the service. The English and Gascons soon after dismounted on the heath, and assembled very orderly together, each lord under his banner or pennon, in the same battle array as when they passed the mountains.

It was delightful to see and examine these banners and pennons, with the noble army that was under them. The two armies began to move a little and to approach nearer each other; but before they met, the Prince of Wales, with eyes and hands uplifted towards heaven, exclaimed: "God of truth, the Father of Jesus Christ, who has made and fashioned me, condescend, through thy benign grace, that the success of the battle of this day may be for me and my army; for thou knowest, that in truth I have been solely emboldened to undertake it in the support of justice and reason, to reinstate this king upon his throne, who has been disinherited, and driven from it, as well as from his country." After these words, he extended his right arm, took hold of Don Pedro's hand, who was by his side, and added, "Sir King, you shall this day know whether you will have anything in the kingdom of Castille, or not." He then cried out, "Advance banners, in the name of God, and St. George!"

As he said this the Duke of Lancaster and Sir John Chandos came up and attacked Sir Bertrand du Guesclin and the Marshal d'Andreghen, who had under them 4,000 men-at-arms. At first there was a terrible medley of spears and shields; and it was some time before they could make any opening into each other. As soon as these began to engage, the other divisions were not willing to remain idle, but advanced with eagerness to the combat. The fight was now entered upon in earnest on all sides; the Spaniards and Castillians had slings, from which they threw stones with such force, as to break the helmets and skull-caps of their opponents; and the English archers, according to their custom, shot sharply with their bows to the great annoyance and destruction of the Spaniards—on one side there was shouts of "Castille for King Henry;" on the other, "St. George for Guienne."

It was early in the morning, on a Saturday, when this severe and bloody battle was fought between Najarra and Navarretta. The loss was immense on both sides, and the mighty deeds which were done there are too numerous to be told. The prince shone pre-eminently, and proved well his noble birth, and the gallantry of his knighthood, by his eagerness to fight the enemy; on the other side King Henry acquitted himself right valiantly in every situation. However, after a most severe struggle, victory inclined to the side of the prince, and the Spaniards took to flight. When the battle was over the Prince of Wales ordered his banner to be fixed in a bush on a slight eminence, as a rallying point for his men on their return from the pursuit of the enemy. Many noble lords assembled about it, and among them the king, Don Pedro, who, when he saw the prince, would have thrown himself on his knees before him to return thanks; but the prince took him by the hand, and would not suffer it, upon which Don Pedro said, "Dear and fair cousin, I owe you many thanks and praises for the happy event of this day." The prince replied, "Sir, return thanks to God; for to him alone belongs the praise; the victory comes from him, and not from me."

This Saturday night the prince and his army reposed at their ease in the midst of plenty of provisions and wine, and the next day, which was Palm Sunday, remained where they were to refresh themselves. Don Pedro wished to have shown his vengeance by putting all the Spanish prisoners to death; but the prince interceded for them, and pointed out to him that kindness and generosity would do more towards gaining for him a friendly reception in his kingdom than any other means. Much against his will, therefore, he forgave Don Sancho and all the other prisoners, on condition that they would swear fealty and homage, and acknowledge him as their lord. Burgos, Villorado, and many other places then surrendered, and after meeting with this success Don Pedro went to Seville with the intention of procuring money for payment of the forces, while the prince fixed his quarters at Valladolid. The news of the defeat of King Henry soon spread through France, England, and Germany; and wherever true valour and deeds of arms were esteemed the prince rose in admiration and honour. The Germans, Flemings, and English declared that he was the mirror of knighthood—that having gained three glorious victories, the first at Cressy, the second at Poitiers ten years afterwards, and the third in Spain, at Navarretta, he was worthy of governing the whole world. In France, however, there was much lamentation, for many knights of that kingdom had been captured, and many slain.

King Henry after the battle escaped with his wife and children as quickly as he was able to the King of Arragon at Valencia, to whom he related his ill success: from Valencia he went to Montpellier to the Duke of Anjou, who cordially loved him, and as cordially hated the English, though he was not at war with them at the time; thence the unfortunate monarch paid a visit to Pope Urban; and afterwards, having bought or borrowed of the Duke of Anjou a castle called Roquemaure, he there collected about

300 men, and finding his forces increase, made an incursion into Aquitaine, doing much damage to the country. The Prince of Wales continued at Valladolid, expecting the return of Don Pedro, who never came, nor could he for some time learn any certain tidings of him. It was now the feast of St. John the Baptist, and his council advised him to send two or three knights to remonstrate with Don Pedro on his conduct. The knights found him at Seville, and received from him some paltry excuses, which they reported to the prince, who on hearing them was so much displeased that he determined to withdraw his forces from Spain, declaring that Don Pedro had shamefully and dishonourably failed in his engagements. Orders were immediately given to that effect, and all prepared for departure except the King of Majorca, who was so ill that he could not be moved. Nothing of importance occurred on their way back, but as they approached Bordeaux great preparations were made to receive them; the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her eldest son, Edward, who was then about three years old, went out to meet her husband, and in the city, on the occasion, there were great rejoicings. The prince, immediately on his return, disbanded his forces, having satisfied them with money, as far as he was able, for he said, that "Although Don Pedro had not kept his engagements, it was not becoming of him to act in like manner to those who had so well served him."

Among the many prisoners taken in the late expedition was Sir Bertrand du Guesclin; now it happened (as I have been informed) that one day while the prince was at Bordeaux, he called Sir Bertrand to him and asked how he was. "My lord," he replied, "I never was better. Indeed I cannot be otherwise than well, for I am, though in prison, the most honoured knight in the world." "How so?" rejoined the prince. "Why they say in France," answered Sir Bertrand, "that you are so much afraid of me, that you dare not set me free, and for this reason I think myself so much valued and honoured." "What! Sir Bertrand," said the prince, "do you imagine that we keep you a prisoner for fear of your prowess? By St. George it is not so; for, my good sir, if you will pay one hundred thousand francs you shall be free at once." Sir Bertrand was anxious for liberty, and by this scheme obtained it; for in less than a month, the money was provided by the King of France and the Duke of Anjou.

The expenses of the Spanish expedition, thrown upon him as they were by the bad conduct of Don Pedro, had greatly impoverished the prince, who found himself obliged to request the captains of the companies to move their men into other quarters, and seek for maintenance elsewhere, as he could no longer support them. Accordingly they betook themselves to France, where they did much damage, and caused great annoyance. The establishments also of the prince and princess were on so grand a scale, that no one in Christendom maintained greater magnificence. To provide for all this immense expenditure, the prince was at this time advised by some of his council to lay a tax on the lands of Aquitaine; and in order to effect this object a parliament was held at Niort, to which all the barons who had a right to remonstrate were summoned; considerable opposition was raised to the tax, which was looked upon as an imposition, and many arguments against it were urged at the council; nevertheless the prince persevered, and had it collected. The amount demanded was one franc to be paid for each fire, and if the tax had been properly managed, it would have been worth 1,200,000 francs.

Henry of Castille, finding that the prince had lost somewhat of his popularity by insisting upon the tax, resolved to take advantage of this to renew hostilities against his brother; and both the King of Arragon and Sir Bertrand du Guesclin prepared to give him assistance; nor was it long before Burgos, Valladolid, and several other important places opened their gates to receive him. When it was reported to Don Pedro that the whole of the country was again turning against him he was in a violent rage, and swore that he would take revenge. Without loss of time, therefore, he got together the largest army he could, about 40,000 men, as well Christians as Moors, and hastened to meet his brother. King Henry heard of this, and immediately set out with some troops, with which he attacked the vanguard of Don Pedro's forces before they were aware of his approach, and completely overthrew them. The largest division, under Don Pedro himself, then came up, and with them the battle was not so soon over, for they were at least six to one in point of numbers superior to their opponents; however, King Henry's lines were full of bold combatants, who made such good use of their lances, that they forced all who opposed them to retreat. Don Pedro himself fled to Montiel, but that castle being wholly unprovided with provisions, his situation became one of the greatest danger, and he was advised to attempt an escape at midnight with his staunch friend Don Fernando de Castro and about eleven companions. It was very dark, the party had quitted the castle, and were descending as quietly as they could, when the bègue de Villaines, who had command of the watch, heard the sound of horses' feet upon the causeway; and with his dagger on his wrist, advancing to a man who was close to Don Pedro, demanded who he was. The man, who was an Englishman, refused to answer, but bending himself over his saddle dashed forwards. The bègue then addressed himself to Don Pedro, and placing his dagger on his breast, said, "Who are you? Surrender this moment, or you are a dead man." Don Pedro, finding no means of escape, for the bègue was attended by 300 men, quietly informed him that he was King of Castille, and by the promise of a large sum of money, sought to gain his assistance; the bègue seemed to comply with the request, and conducted Don Pedro into his tent, but he had not been there an hour before King Henry entered; an angry altercation ensued, and the two brothers fought, till King Henry drew his poniard and plunged it into Don Pedro's body. His attendants then entered the tent and helped to despatch him.

The report of the death of Don Pedro was soon spread abroad, to the great joy of his enemies, and sorrow of his friends; however, no one except the King of Portugal seemed disposed to avenge it, and he was soon appeased by means of the barons and prelates of Spain; so King Henry reigned in peace over all Castille.

CHAPTER V

Unpopularity of the tax called Fouage—An appeal to the court of France upon the subject—The prince, enraged at the interference of the French Parliament, resolves upon war—A valet of the King of France carries his challenge into England—Great offence given by this to King Edward, who orders off the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke to Aquitaine—Losses of the English—Sir Robert Knolles—Siege of Bourdeilles—The Duke of Lancaster at Calais—The gallant conduct of the Earl of Pembroke and his few men at Puirenon—Death of the Queen Philippa of England—Her three requests upon her death-bed—State of affairs in Poitou—Attack upon St. Salvin—The pass of the bridge of Lussac—Death of Sir John Chandos—The Duke Louis de Bourbon lays siege to Belleperche, where his mother was confined—Her removal from the castle—Preparations for war on both sides—Daring deed of a Scottish knight—Siege of Limoges—Sir Bertrand du Guesclin made Constable of France—Death of Pope Urban—The Prince of Wales from ill-health returns to England.

The tax imposed by the prince gave no small dissatisfaction; those of the low countries of Poitou, Saintonge, and La Rochelle, with tolerable good-humour acceded to it; but many others, and especially the Gascons, declared they would never pay it; moreover, they asserted that they had an appeal to the court of France, which they made accordingly. This appeal the King of France agreed to entertain; and after much discussion, and a reference to the articles of the late peace between France and England, he was prevailed upon to declare himself lord paramount of Guienne and Aquitaine, in order to prevent the tax from being imposed. By advice of his council, and in compliance also with the entreaties of the Gascons, he went so far as to summon the prince to appear before the parliament of Paris. The summons was entrusted to two commissioners, who left Paris with their attendants, taking the road towards Bordeaux. On entering within the city they took up their quarters at an inn, for it was about the hour of vespers, and on the following day went to the abbey of St. Andrew's, where the Prince of Wales kept his court, and delivered their letters. When the prince heard the contents of the letters he was not a little astonished, and after eyeing the French commissioners for some time, replied, "We shall willingly attend on the appointed day at Paris, since the King of France sends for us; but it will be with our helmet on our head, and accompanied by 60,000 men." Upon this the two Frenchmen fell upon their knees, saying, "Dear sir, have mercy for God's sake, do not bear this appeal with too much anger. We are but messengers sent by our lord, the King of France, and whatever answer you shall charge us with, we shall very willingly report to him." "Oh!" replied the prince, "I am not in the least angry with you, but with those who sent you. Your king has been ill-advised thus to take the part of our subjects. It shall be very clearly demonstrated to him, that when he gave possession and seisin of the whole duchy of Aquitaine to our lord and father, he surrendered also all jurisdiction over it; and all those who have now appealed to him against us, have no other court of appeal but that of England, and to our lord and father. It shall cost 100,000 livres before it shall be otherwise." On saying this he quitted the apartment, leaving the commissioners quite thunderstruck. The prince was, indeed, much annoyed at this indignity, offered to him in his own palace, and so were his knights and barons, who advised that the two messengers should be killed, as a reward for their pains; but this he forbade; however, when they were on their way home he had them arrested and put in prison in the Castle of Agen, allowing their attendants only to return to France, in order that they might report what had happened. The imprisonment of his commissioners, and the haughty answer of the Prince of Wales, much enraged the mind of King Charles, who most wisely and prudently began to make preparations for suppressing the weight of the approaching war. It so happened that about this time several French lords, who had been detained hostages in England, managed to return to France on various pretences; and as the war shortly after broke out, they never went back again. Among these were the Duke of Berry, Sir John de Harcourt, Sir Guy de Blois, and the Duke Lewis of Bourbon. This latter nobleman, indeed, had his liberty granted to him on payment of 20,000 francs, because of the service he rendered to the King of England in gaining the sanction of Pope Urban to the appointment of a priest, named William of Wykeham, to the bishopric of Winchester at this time vacant. The king loved much this Sir William of Wykeham, and not only obtained for him the bishopric, but also made him his chancellor.

The Prince of Wales was now fully resolved to put into execution the answer which he had given to the French commissioners. He, therefore, sent orders to those captains of English and Gascon companies who were in quarters on the banks of the Loire, not to march far from that river, as he would shortly have occasion for their services; but his intentions were destined to be disappointed, for his illness (a dropsy brought on by his expedition into Spain) daily increased, so much so, that he could not even manage to mount his horse.

In revenge for the capture of the commissioners, some French lords determined to begin the war in their own country by making prisoners any who were attached to the party of the prince; and with this view they attacked and defeated Sir Thomas Wake, and carried off many of his men and much booty. When news of this was brought to the prince, he was much enraged; and because too ill himself to take any active measures, he wrote to Sir John Chandos to come to him, and having provided him with a large body of men-at-arms and archers, instructed him to wage war upon those Gascons and French who were daily making incursions into his territories. Sir John took up his head-quarters at the town of Montauban, and gallantly defended the frontiers, frequent battles took place, and with various success. The King of France all this time was secretly gaining over several of the captains of the free companies, and others attached to the English party, who were stationed on the confines of Berry and Auvergne. When his plans were sufficiently matured, he sent to England the Earl of Saltzburg and Sir William des Dormans, to remonstrate with the king respecting the daily incursions which for the last six years these free companies had made upon France, and to complain that Edward and his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, should so act as to countenance them. These two personages remained in England for the space of two months, and caused the king much annoyance by the various agreements and arrangements which they proposed. Before their return, however, King Charles sent again to England, having fully resolved to begin war. His messenger in this instance was one of his valets, who met at Dover the Earl of Saltzburg and Sir William des Dormans, who, when they heard that he was carrying a challenge to King Edward, made as much haste as possible to cross the sea; and happy were they when they found themselves in the town and fortress of Boulogne. The valet went on his way to London, and found the king at the palace of Westminster. On being admitted to an audience, he delivered the challenge on his knees. King Edward was much surprised at receiving it, and after making a few inquiries of the valet, ordered him to withdraw, telling him that he had done his part well, and that he might return in safety. It is proper to be known, however, that the king, as well as his council, were greatly offended that the challenge should have been sent by a valet. They said it was not decent that a war between two such great lords should be announced and declared by a common servant, —a prelate, or a valiant baron, or knight, ought to have been the bearer of such a declaration. Immediately on the receipt of the challenge, Edward ordered off a reinforcement of men-at-arms to Ponthieu; but before they could arrive there, it was reported in London that the Earl de St. Pol and the Lord de Châtillon had conquered that country.

When the King of England saw himself thus defied by the King of France, and the country of Ponthieu lost, he was in a mighty passion. His fears also were excited by his Scottish neighbours, for he well knew they did not love him on account of the mischief he had done them in former times. He sent, therefore, a large detachment of men-at-arms to Berwick, Roxburgh—indeed to the whole border. He also ordered off men to Southampton, Guernsey, and the Isle of Blisso; for he had received information that the King of France was preparing to invade England: to speak the truth, Edward did not know what part to guard most; and the English were very much alarmed. Moreover, he determined to send the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke to the duchy of Aquitaine, with assistance to the Prince of Wales.

At this time Sir Hugh Calverley was on the borders of Arragon, with a large body of the free companies who had lately quitted Spain; and as soon as he heard that the French were making war upon the prince, he came to him and offered his assistance, which was most thankfully accepted. Very shortly after this the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke arrived at Angoulême, where the prince then resided. He was, as may be supposed, much rejoiced at seeing them; and after they had remained with him three days, he sent them to lay waste the country of Perigord. This they did with very great effect, burning and destroying wherever they went.

It happened one day when the English were out on an excursion, that the French having gained exact information respecting their numbers, collected all their own forces, and placed themselves in ambuscade, in order to fall upon them as they returned. It was on a broken causeway that the French made their attack, a sharp engagement ensued, and many were unhorsed, for the English made a brave defence. Sir Simon Burley and the Earl of Angus proved themselves good knights, though in the end they were defeated. The earl saved himself by flight; but Sir Simon was made prisoner. The French were rejoiced at the issue of this adventure. Not so, however, the Prince of Wales, for he was much vexed at the defeat his men had sustained, and bitterly lamented the capture of so good a knight as Sir Simon. In the midst of these hostilities, the Duke of Anjou sent the Archbishop of Toulouse to the city of Cahors, of which place his brother was bishop. The archbishop was a very learned clerk, as well as a valiant man, and he preached up the quarrel of the King of France so earnestly and so well, that that city turned to the French side. He also did the same, and with like success, in many other cities. In addition to this, the King of France, moved by devotion and humility, ordered frequent processions of the clergy, when he himself, as well as the queen, attended barefooted. In this manner they went praying and supplicating God to listen to the necessities of France, which now for so long a time had been under tribulation.

The King of England acted in a similar manner in his kingdom. The Bishop of London made several long and excellent sermons, in which he demonstrated that the King of France had most unjustly renewed the war, and that his conduct was against right and reason. King Edward also sent to Brabant and Hainault to learn if he could have any assistance from them. The Duke Albert, who governed the country for his brother, would willingly have complied with his request; but he had already been gained by the opposite party. The Duke of Gueldres (nephew to the King of England) and the Duke of Juliers, at this time true and loyal Englishmen, being much affronted by the manner in which the King of France had sent his challenge by a servant, in consequence sent to him their challenge in as handsome a manner as they could, as did also several other knights of Germany. Moreover, it was their intention immediately to have entered France, and to have done such deeds there as twenty years should not efface; but their schemes were defeated by means which they were far from expecting. About this time the Duke of Burgundy, brother to King Charles V., married the daughter of the Earl of Flanders, whom the King of England for upwards of five years had sought to gain for his son Edmund, Earl of Cambridge. The marriage was celebrated at Ghent, and was attended by great crowds of noble lords, barons, and knights; by means of it the Earl of Flanders became, of course, an ally of the King of France; and Edward, therefore, treated the Flemings very harshly, and harassed them by sea and land whenever he found them. But new friends were gained by the King of England on all sides, and much need indeed had he of them, for to all appearance great wars and rebellions were breaking out in his dominions beyond the sea. His cousin, King Charles of Navarre, joined his party; for he was himself at enmity with the King of France on account of some estates which he claimed as his inheritance, and to which the King of France denied his right.

The knights of Picardy about this time had prepared a grand expedition of men-at-arms against Ardres; their attack, however, was with but little advantage, for many were killed and wounded, and the attempt abandoned. In a distant part of the country the war was going forward, and Réalville in Quercy was being besieged by the French. Before it were upwards of 12,000 combatants, all good men-at-arms; and at only two days' march were the Duke of Berry, Sir John d'Armagnac, and others from Auvergne and Burgundy, in all about 3,000 fighting men, who were ready to advance whenever occasion should require. The French set mines to work at Réalville, and by their machines, at the same time, harassed the garrison so that they could not watch the miners, who succeeded in their operations and flung down a great part of the walls, by which means the town was taken, and all the English in it were put to death without mercy. After this the French took by scalado a castle called La Roche Posay, at the entrance of Poitou, on the river Creuse. The whole country was exceedingly alarmed at this, for the French placed a large garrison in it, repaired the walls, and amply provided the castle with all sorts of ammunition and artillery. The Prince of Wales was sadly displeased, but he could not prevent it; however he recalled Sir Guiscard d'Angle, Sir Louis de Harcourt, and several other knights, who were with Sir John Chandos at Montauban, and sent them to Poitiers to guard that city, and defend the frontiers against the French.

There had lately turned to the French party a great baron of Poitou, called the Lord de Chauvigny, Viscount de Brux, and his example was followed by the town of Brux. At this desertion, the prince and all the other barons of Poitou were much exasperated, and Sir James Audley undertook to reduce the place; for this purpose he attacked it, and continued his attack vigorously for a whole day; but without producing any effect. The next morning, at sunrise, the assault was renewed; the men-at-arms, and some belonging to the companies who were within the town, defended themselves most valiantly, for they knew their lives depended upon it; however, the English archers shot so quickly, that they were quite driven from the walls, and on Saturday morning the town was won and the gates thrown open; all the men-at-arms were taken, and sixteen of them hanged in their armour out of hatred to the viscount; who himself escaped harm, because he happened at the time to be with the King of France at Paris. The town was burnt, and all the property of the inhabitants destroyed; after this, Sir James and his men returned to Poitiers to refresh themselves.

There was at this time residing in Brittany a good and loyal Englishman, by name Sir Robert Knolles, who had assisted the Prince of Wales in gaining the inheritance of Aquitaine; and who was, consequently, much vexed when he found that the French were seeking to deprive him of it. He, therefore, resolved to collect as many men as possible, and go with them to serve the prince at his own cost and charges.

The prince was extremely pleased to see Sir Robert, and appointed him captain of the knights and squires of his household, ordering them to pay to him the same obedience as to himself, which they most willingly promised to do.

Sir Robert remained with the prince and princess about five days, and then taking with him about sixty men-at-arms, 500 archers, and as many foot soldiers, all in high spirits, and ready to meet the French, advanced to Agen. Here he halted, and having learnt that Sir Perducas d'Albret, a famed captain of the free companies, (of whom we have before spoken,) was in that part of the country, and that, through the interest of the Duke of Anjou, he had embraced the French side, he sent to him and appointed an interview. Sir Perducas consented; and when they met, Sir Robert feasted him well, and then by degrees entered upon the subject of his having left the prince. In short, he argued the matter so ably, that Sir Perducas agreed to change to the English party, and went over at once with upwards of 500 Gascons.

The Duke of Anjou was very angry at this, and because of it hated the English more than ever. The other free companies also, who were at the city of Cahors, were much dispirited and alarmed when they heard that Sir Perducas had left them; and, finding that the city was of too great extent for them to hold against the English, they gave it up to the bishop and the inhabitants, and took their departure to the priory of Durmel, which was not far distant, and not so difficult to defend. Here they entered, and resolved to wait for the enemy, who were not long before they came and made an attack upon the place.

As soon as Sir John Chandos, Sir Thomas Felton, the Captal de Buch, and other knights, attached to the prince in Montauban, heard that Sir Robert Knolles was besieging the companies in Durmel, they set out to assist him; for it seemed to them that much glory might be gained there. These on their way compelled the inhabitants of Moissac to enter into a treaty, by which they acknowledged the Prince of Wales for their lord; and agreed to hold their town from him for ever, without fraud or treachery; and when this was settled, they joined Sir Robert and his army, who, as was to be expected, were much rejoiced at their arrival. By their united efforts the siege was pushed on with vigour; but the garrison, nevertheless, was too strong for their assailants; and bad weather setting in, and provisions at the same time becoming very scarce, they determined to raise the siege, and to march for the town and castle of Domme, which was situated in a richer country. Here also they met with a like disappointment, for the place was well victualled, and most nobly defended by Sir Robert de Domme, the governor; and after remaining a short time they resolved to make an incursion more into the country, in order to retake such towns and garrisons as had lately gone over to the French, through the influence of the Duke of Berry and the free companies. In this expedition they were more successful, for several important towns in Rouergue, Quercy, and the Agenois, yielded to them, and here also they found an abundant supply of provisions.

While these excursions and conquests were going on, the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke were besieging Bourdeilles. The besieged had a custom of advancing every day with their whole army without the gates, when they skirmished with all they met, and behaved themselves so gallantly, that they acquired great praise even from their enemies. This went on for some weeks; at length the besiegers began to grow weary, and after holding a council to consider by what means they could bring the business to an end, they determined to arm all their people by four o'clock the next morning, and to keep them in their quarters, sending a part only to skirmish with the enemy as usual; who were instructed to feign a defeat, and to retreat by degrees to their own army; the rest were then to sally forth, and, by getting between the enemy and the town, were to prevent them from again entering it.

When morning came, the plan was put into execution, and succeeded admirably. The garrison went out to skirmish as usual, and were met by a small party only, who soon began to retreat; and while they were engaged in pursuing, Sir John Montague, with 500 chosen men, placed himself between them and the town; a desperate struggle then ensued, in which the men of Bourdeilles were entirely defeated: all were either killed or made prisoners, not one of them escaped. While this struggle was going on, the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke advanced to the barrier with a banner displayed, and entered the town, of which they took possession without further resistance, and thus ended the siege.

After this the lords and their companies set out to return to the Prince of Wales at Angoulême, to learn from him what next he wished them to do. About the same time also, Sir Robert Knolles and his companions, who, during the siege of Bourdeilles, had been employing themselves in making incursions on the borders of Rouergue and Quercy, returned to the prince, having left Sir Perducas d'Albret with his men to defend the country against the French, and sent off some others to carry on the war in the frontiers of Limousin and Auvergne.

During the summer of 1369 the King of France had prepared a number of ships, barges, and other vessels, in the port of Harfleur, with the intention of sending a large force to England well furnished with men-at-arms, knights and squires, under command of his brother, the Lord Philip, Duke of Burgundy; and in order that he might himself more promptly attend to this business, he fixed his own residence in the good city of Rouen.

The King of England heard of the intended invasion, and his whole kingdom were much rejoiced at it, for they were quite prepared to give the French a good reception whenever they should land. Moreover he sent the Duke of Lancaster with a body of men to Calais; and also ambassadors to Sir Robert de Namur, requesting him to assist him in the war with all the men who were dependent on him. No sooner had the duke arrived at Calais, than he set himself to perform some warlike deeds upon the French. He marched through Guines, crossed the river Dostre, overran the country, and plundered the abbey of Liques; on another occasion he made an excursion towards Boulogne, where also he did much damage.

When the King of France heard of this, he resolved to give up for the present the intended invasion of England, and to combat the English on his own side of the water; accordingly he gave orders to the Duke of Burgundy to collect his men, and to march towards Calais. The Duke of Lancaster also left Calais to meet him, and the two armies drew up opposite to each other at Tournehem. While these things were going on, some feats of arms were performed at Poitou, which ought not to be forgotten. Sir John Chandos, who had been appointed seneschal of that country, was very desirous to commit some ravages upon the French, and for this purpose determined to make an incursion towards Anjou, and return by Touraine. About 300 lances, knights and squires, and 200 archers, accompanied him; and, after burning and destroying in all directions, they returned to

Poitiers. Immediately on their return, the Earl of Pembroke, with a chosen body of men, set out from Mortaigne, and took the direct road to where Sir John Chandos had been, despoiling all those parts of Anjou which had escaped his ravages.

The earl had collected a large booty, and was on his way home, when he halted at a small village called Puirenon. It was about supper-time, and the French, who had knowledge of his position, entered the village with their lances in their rests, and bawling out "Our Lady for Sancerre the marshal."

The English put themselves in order with all possible speed; but the French had attacked them so suddenly, and with numbers so greatly superior, that they were quite overpowered. Very many were killed or made prisoners. The earl and a few knights were fortunate enough to escape, and sheltered themselves in an old house which belonged to the knights templars. The house was unembattled, without a moat, and only enclosed with a stone wall; nevertheless they set up a brave defence.

The French tried by scaling ladders, and every means they could devise, to gain an entrance, but without effect; night overtook them, and they desisted, saying they had done enough for one day, and would return to the attack to-morrow.

As soon as it was dark the Earl of Pembroke sent off one of his party to inform Sir John Chandos of the danger they were in, and to beg his immediate assistance. The messenger took, as he thought, the direct road for Poitiers; but it so fell out that he wandered about the whole night until it was broad day, before he hit upon the right course. At sunrise the French prepared to renew the attack; however, the earl and his brave companions, instead of sleeping, had employed their time in fortifying the place with whatever they could lay hands upon, so that they were in a state to resist, which they did most manfully and to the great indignation of the besiegers. It was now evening, and the French finding the place still hold out, sent orders to all the villagers round about to bring pickaxes and mattocks, in order to undermine the walls. The English were more afraid of this than of anything, and the earl determined to despatch another messenger to Sir John; and addressing the squire who had undertaken the commission, he said, "Tell Sir John our condition, and recommend me to him by this token." He then took off his finger a rich gold ring, adding, "Give him this from me, he will know it well again." The squire set out and found Sir John already informed of the earl's situation by the first messenger, but in consequence of some misunderstanding between them, not very anxious to give him assistance. "Come, let us dine first," said Sir John, to those about him. He then seated himself at the table and ate the first course, but as the second was being served, he became thoughtful and said to his companions, "The earl entreats me so courteously that I must comply with his request, if it be possible to arrive in time;" and so saying, he pushed the table from him and bade his knights and squires follow.

The report that Sir John Chandos was on his march against them soon reached the French, who were still engaged before the house; and upon hearing it, they determined, as their men were already weary, to give up the assault and to prepare for the arrival of the enemy. As soon as the earl and his party saw this, they imagined the French must have had some intelligence, and said among themselves, "Chandos is coming, let us immediately quit this place, take the road to Poitiers and we shall meet him." Those who had horses mounted them, others went on foot, and several rode double. About a league from Puirenon they met Sir John, and great joy was shown on both sides at this meeting, but Sir John said he was sorely vexed that he had not fallen in with the French. After the earl and Sir John had conversed together for some time, they took leave and separated. Sir John returned to Poitiers, the earl to Mortaigne.

We must now go back to the English and French armies at Tournehem. During the time that these two armies were preparing for battle, a circumstance happened in England which, though very common, was not the less unfortunate for the king, his children, and the whole people. That excellent lady, the Queen of England, who had done so much good, and who had such boundless charity for all mankind, died at Windsor Castle. When she saw her end approaching, she called to the king, her husband, put her right hand into his, and spoke thus:

"We have enjoyed our union in happiness, peace, and prosperity; I entreat, therefore, that on our separation you will grant me three requests." The king, with sighs and tears, replied, "Lady, whatever you request shall be granted." "My lord," she said, "I beg you will acquit me of whatever engagements I have entered into with merchants for their wares, as well on this as on the other side of the sea. I beseech you also to fulfil whatever gifts or legacies I may have made or left to churches here or on the continent, wherein I have paid my devotions, as well as what I have left to those of both sexes who have been in my service. Thirdly, I entreat that when it shall please God to call you hence, you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and that you will lie by my side in the cloisters of Westminster." The king, in tears, replied, "Lady, I grant them." Soon after, the good lady made the sign of the cross on her breast, and having recommended to God the king and her youngest son Thomas, who was with her, gave up her spirit, which I firmly believe was caught by the holy angels and carried to the glory of heaven. Thus died Philippa, Queen of England, in the year of grace 1369, the vigil of the assumption of the Virgin, the 15th of August.

The report of the queen's death soon reached the army at Tournehem, and all were greatly moved by it, but particularly her son, the Duke of Lancaster; however, the English did not neglect to keep up a very severe discipline in the camp, where they remained a long time facing the enemy. It happened, on one occasion, that some French knights and squires seeing the enemy daily before their eyes, agreed to meet on the morrow at daybreak to beat up the guard. When morning came they rode forth nothing doubting their success, and fell upon that wing of the English army which was allotted to Sir Robert de Namur and his people. Sir Robert had been on guard all night, and had just returned to his tent to take some refreshment, being quite armed except his helmet. So when he heard that his men were attacked, he rose immediately and bade the Lord Despontin who was with him lend assistance. Some one said, "Send to the Duke of Lancaster, my lord, and do not engage without him." "Not I," replied Sir Robert, "I shall go the shortest way I can to help my men. They may send to the Duke of

Lancaster who will, but let all who love me follow me." He then advanced, sword in hand, and with him the Lord Despontin and his other knights. As soon as the French saw them advancing they retreated, and so ended the affair; for they were afraid of greater loss than gain in an encounter. After this nothing happened worth relating. It was very disagreeable to many on both sides to remain so long without a battle. Every day it was said, "We shall engage to-morrow;" but that to-morrow never came. At length the Duke of Burgundy received instructions to break up his camp and to join the king at Paris. The English also, under the Duke of Lancaster, seeing this, returned to their own quarters at Calais. The same week that the armies quitted Tournehem, the Earl of Pembroke, who was in Poitou, and resolved to have revenge for all that he had suffered at Puirenon, marched from Mortaigne with his army, and came to Angoulême to the prince to entreat his permission to lead another expedition. The prince immediately granted his request, and the earl and his army forthwith set out for Anjou, where they pillaged, burnt, and ruined all that came in their way. The Duke of Lancaster also, on his return to Calais, resolved to make an excursion into France, and for this purpose ordered his marshals, the Earl of Warwick and Sir Roger Beauchamp, to muster his army. The orders were readily obeyed, and the men-at-arms and archers set out from Calais and marched in excellent array towards Hesdin. They made short journeys, and by this means were enabled to pillage and destroy all the country through which they passed. St. Pol, in Picardy, was totally ruined by them, and between Abbeville and Rouvray Sir Hugh de Chastillon, master of the crossbows in France, was taken prisoner by Sir Nicholas Louraine, which capture was a subject of great joy to the duke and his army. When this excursion was ended the duke returned to England, having resolved to renew the war in the approaching spring. We shall now be silent as to the affairs of Picardy, and return to Poitou, where warlike deeds were more often performed.

A monk of the abbey of St. Salvin, out of hatred to the abbot, had betrayed the whole convent to the French. Sir Louis de St. Julien and Carnet le Breton, who took possession of it on the part of the French, repaired the abbey and the town and made it a strong garrison. At this Sir John Chandos, being seneschal of Poitou, was much enraged, and continually devised means to retake it; for this purpose he made many nightly ambuscades; but none succeeded, for Sir Louis was constantly on the watch. Now it happened on the night preceding the eve of the new year, 1370, that Sir John summoned his knights and barons to come to him, in all about 300 lances; none knew except the principal lords for what purpose or whither they were going; however, Sir John led them to St. Salvin, and they then soon found what was intended. It was midnight. All descended into the ditch with scaling ladders and everything necessary for their purpose, which was just upon the point of succeeding, when the guard of the fortress wound his horn. The English were alarmed, left the ditch and made off to Chauvigny. There was indeed no real cause for alarm; for the horn was not to give information of their discovery, but to awaken the guard of the castle, because of the arrival of Carnet le Breton, who had come to St. Salvin to request Sir Louis to accompany him on an expedition to Poitou; but of this, of course, the English were ignorant. At Chauvigny, Sir John Chandos with Lord Thomas Percy entered an hotel and ordered a fire to be lighted. Sir Thomas, however, soon left, accompanied by about thirty lances, impatient to meet with some adventure; but Sir John was out of spirit, having failed in his intended attack on St. Salvin, and sat in the kitchen of the hotel, warming himself at the fire, and occasionally conversing with his people. He had continued some time in this position, when a man entered the hotel, saying, "My lord, I bring news." "What is it?" asked Sir John. "My lord, the French have taken the field, I set out from St. Salvin with them." Sir John then asked who they were and what road they had taken. To which the messenger replied, "that they were Sir Louis de St. Julien and Carnet le Breton with their companies, and that they had taken the road to Poitiers." "Well," replied Sir John, "it is indifferent to me, I have no inclination to exert myself to-day."

However, after remaining silent for a short time, he resolved to collect his men and return to Poitiers. The French were a good league before them on the same road when Sir John and his party started, and their intention was to cross the river at the bridge of Lussac; but Lord Thomas Percy and his company were on the other side of the river and gained the bridge before them. Both parties on coming to the bridge dismounted and prepared for a struggle. At this moment Sir John Chandos and about forty lancers came up; but as the bridge was very high in the middle, Lord Thomas and the English on the other side knew nothing of their arrival. Sir John, in an ill humour, immediately began to revile the French, and while so doing, a Breton drew his sword and struck an English squire to the ground. Upon seeing which Sir John cried out, "Dismount, dismount!" and in a moment all his company were on foot ready to begin battle; he himself was dressed in a large robe which fell to his feet, blazoned with his arms on white sarcenet. There had been a hoar-frost in the morning which made the ground slippery, and as he was marching he entangled his legs with his robe and stumbled; just at the same moment a French squire made a thrust at him with his lance, which took him under the eye, and from the force of the blow entered his brain. Sir John fell—twice turned over in the greatest agony, and spoke no more. The English, when they saw their commander in so piteous a state, fought like madmen; one of them singled out the squire who had given the blow to Sir John, ran him through both his thighs as he was flying and then withdrew his lance; the squire continued his flight, but his wounds were mortal and he died at Poitiers; notwithstanding the English fought so desperately, they were overpowered by the French and Bretons, and the greater part made prisoners. Had Lord Thomas Percy and his men been aware of what was going on, the result might have been different; but finding the French did not attempt to cross the bridge to attack them, they continued their march to Poitiers, quite unconscious of what was being done on the other side of the river. When the French had retired, poor Sir John Chandos was gently disarmed by his own servant, laid upon shields and carried to Mortemer. The barons and knights of Poitou bitterly lamented over him. "Oh Sir John Chandos, flower of knighthood, cursed be the forging of that lance that wounded thee!" The gallant knight survived but a day. God have mercy upon his soul. His loss was severely felt by the prince and princess, in short by the English generally, who loved him for the many excellent qualities which he possessed. Lord Thomas Percy succeeded him as seneschal of Poitou.

After the battle of the bridge of Lussac, Sir Louis de St. Julien and the knights who assisted him returned to their respective garrisons; but having succeeded so well in their late expedition, they were not long before they met secretly and planned another, which was to take the town of Chatelherault. For this purpose they set off one morning at an early hour, and having scaled the walls, gained possession of the town without resistance, and would have taken prisoner Sir Louis de Harcourt, who was sleeping at his hotel, if he had not fled in his night-dress without shoes or stockings until he came to the bridge of Chatelherault, which fortunately for him his own people had fortified. About this same time Duke Louis de Bourbon laid siege to the castle of Belleperche, in which his mother had been confined a prisoner by the English. The duke was resolved upon taking the castle; and the garrison being much alarmed at the preparations which he made, for he had built a strong redoubt, and also pointed against the walls four large machines, sent off for assistance to the Prince of Wales, who ordered the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke with upwards of 1,500 lances and 3,000 other men to go to the relief of the place; these accordingly marched to Belleperche, where they encamped opposite to the French, who kept close in their redoubt, which was as much fortified as any good town. The earls remained before the French army fifteen days, and seeing no signs of the French quitting their redoubt, sent Chandos the herald to ascertain what they meant to do. "Chandos," said the Duke of Bourbon, "you will tell your masters that I shall not combat, as they may wish or desire. I know well enough where they are; but for all that I will not quit my fort, nor raise the siege until I shall have reconquered the castle of Belleperche."

The herald on his return reported the duke's answer, which was not very agreeable, and the earls sent Chandos again to tell the duke that since he was unwilling to accept their offer, three days hence, between nine and twelve o'clock in the morning, he would see his lady mother placed on horseback and carried away. The duke replied, "It will certainly be an unpleasant thing for me to see my lady mother thus carried off: but I must recover her as soon as I can; the place they cannot take with them, that therefore we will have. Since, however, you have been twice here with propositions, you may bear this one from me to your masters—if they will draw out fifty men, we will draw out the same number, and then let the victory fall where it may." The Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke thought it best not to accept the offer, and consequently when the appointed day came, they ordered their trumpets and minstrels to sound very loud; and at nine o'clock the garrison came out of the castle of Belleperche with Madame de Bourbon, who was mounted on a handsomely equipped palfrey, and accompanied by her ladies and damsels, and at midday the whole English army marched away taking her with them. You may suppose the duke was greatly incensed when he saw his mother removed, and soon after her departure he left the redoubt and sent men to take possession of the castle. Sir Robert Knolles, shortly after this, bade adieu to the Prince of Wales and retired to his castle of Derval in Brittany: but he had not been there a month before the King of England sent to require his presence. Sir Robert willingly obeyed, and proceeded at once to Windsor, where he had an interview with the king, who was right glad to see him, as were all the English barons. At this time the King of France and his three brothers, the Dukes of Anjou, Berry, and Burgundy, met in council at Paris, and determined to raise two large armies for the purpose of carrying on the war, and also to recall from Spain that valiant knight, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin.

The English also took measures on their part for their own security when they heard that such great preparations were being made. The Duke of Lancaster with a large army was sent into Aquitaine, and Sir Robert Knolles was ordered off to Picardy. It was arranged also between the two parties that Madame de Bourbon should be set at liberty in exchange for Sir Simon Burley, who had been taken prisoner by the French at the causeway near Lusignan.

Sir Bertrand arrived from Spain and joined the Duke of Anjou, just as he had given orders to his men to leave Toulouse and invade the territory of the prince. The

Duke of Berry also with his army, at the same time was preparing to enter Limousin. The Prince of Wales, who kept his court at Angoulême, was informed of these two grand expeditions, and it was also intimated to him that the Dukes of Anjou and Berry intended to form a junction near Angoulême in order to besiege him and the princess. To this the prince, who was valour itself and full of resources, replied, that "his enemies should never find him shut up in town or castle, and that he would immediately take the field against them." Accordingly he summoned all his forces to meet him at the town of Cognac, whither he himself went attended by the princess and his young son Richard. The French all this time kept advancing, at the same time burning and ravaging the country. Just as Sir Robert Knolles was about to leave England, there were many councils held between the English and Scots, which were so well conducted by the able ministers of both kingdoms, that a truce for nine years was established, and by the terms of this truce the Scots might arm and hire themselves out, taking which side they pleased, either English or French, from which cause Sir Robert was enabled to increase his army with 100 Scottish lances.

As soon as Sir Robert had landed in France, he began ravaging the whole countries of Picardy and the Vermandois. His army was constantly in motion, and advanced by easy marches without labour or fatigue, until it came to a very rich part of the country, when he sent to the town which commanded the district and asked the governors—"How much ready money they would give, if he would not pillage it?" A composition was entered into, and for a sum amounting to 100,000 francs, the country was respited from being burnt. Sir Robert, however, was afterwards accused to the King of England for not having done his duty faithfully in respect of the treaty, as I shall relate in the course of this history.

The town of Noyon next engaged his attention, and this he hoped to carry by assault; but found it well fortified and able to defend itself. There was a Scottish knight in the English army who here performed a most gallant deed. Mounted on his courser, and with his lance in its rest, he quitted his troop attended only by a page, and advanced to the town. The name of this knight was Sir

John Assueton, a very able man, and perfectly master of his profession. When he arrived there he dismounted, and giving his horse to his page, with strict orders not to quit the place, grasped his spear, and leaped over the barriers. On the inside were some good knights of the country, such as Sir John de Roye, Sir Launcelot de Lorris and others, who were quite astonished at this action, and wondered what would be done next.

"Gentlemen," said the Scottish knight, "I am come to see you; as you do not vouchsafe to come beyond your barriers, I condescend to visit you in your own quarters; for I wish to try my knighthood against yours, and you will conquer me if you can." So saying, he gave many grand strokes with his lance, which they returned; and for upwards of an hour he continued fighting alone against them all; then clearing his way through them, he again leaped over the barriers without any hurt; and, armed as he was, jumped up behind the page on his courser, saying to the French as he went off—"Adieu, gentlemen. Many thanks to you."

After this exploit, Sir Robert and his army left Noyon, and on their way set fire to Pont l'Evêque, on the river Oise; but the knights and squires from Noyon followed them, and took several of the English prisoners, all of whom they beheaded. You heard lately, that the Prince of Wales had ordered his forces to assemble at Cognac; thither, then, in obedience came the barons, squires, and knights of Poitou and Saintonge; the Earl of Pembroke, the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Cambridge, and a vast multitude from the surrounding countries; but the town of Limoges having been gained to the French, by means of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, the Dukes of Anjou and Berry at this same time broke up their expeditions, and ordered their men into different garrisons to carry on the war from thence, considering that they had done sufficient in the open field. The Prince of Wales was much vexed when he heard that the city of Limoges had turned to the French; and though he was so ill as to be unable to mount his horse, he determined to set out there, and swore he would never leave until he had regained it. The place was strong and well defended, and as it seemed impossible to take it by assault, he set a large body of miners to work. The knights of the town seeing this, made countermines, but to no avail, for the prince's miners changed their line of direction as often as they were interrupted; and having finished their business, came to the prince, and said: "My lord, we are ready, and whenever you please will throw down a very large part of the wall into the ditch, through the breach of which you may enter the town without danger."

"I wish you, then," said the prince, "to make good your words to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

Accordingly when the time came, the miners set fire to the combustibles, and a great piece of the wall fell, which filled the ditches; whereupon the English immediately entered the town. Then were to be seen pillagers active in mischief. It was a melancholy business; all ranks, ages, and sexes cast themselves on their knees before the prince for mercy; but he was so inflamed with passion and revenge, that he listened to none of them: all were put to the sword wherever they could be found. The bishop, who at one period had been in imminent danger of his life, escaped with imprisonment.

The King of France when informed of the conquest and destruction of Limoges was sadly grieved; and having summoned his council, it was determined, for the protection of the country, to elect a chief commander to be called Constable of France; some valiant and enterprising man, to whom all knights and squires could pay proper deference; and after due consideration it was unanimously agreed, that Sir Bertrand du Guesclin should be elected provided he would undertake the office. The king wrote to him to this effect. Sir Bertrand was at this time in the vicinity of Limoges taking castles and forts, which he put under the power of Madame de Bretagne, widow of the late Charles de Blois. As soon, however, as he received the letter he rode to Paris, where he found the king surrounded by the lords of his council. On being informed that he had been chosen Constable of France, he modestly excused himself, saying that "he was not fit for it; that he was but a poor knight, and simple bachelor, in comparison with the great lords and valorous men of France, however fortune might have favoured him." But the king would receive no excuse, and Sir Bertrand was invested with the office.

Soon after Sir Bertrand du Guesclin had been appointed constable, he told the king that he wished to form an expedition against Sir Robert Knolles and his forces, who were on the borders of Maine and Anjou. The king was much rejoiced at this, and bade him take any number of men-at-arms he pleased, and whatever else he might think right. The constable collected his men, and came to the city of Mans, and the Lord de Clisson stationed himself in another town hard by. Sir Robert was not a little pleased when he heard that Sir Bertrand had come to oppose him; and sent to inform Sir Hugh Calverley and other captains of his situation, at the same time inviting them to join him. This matter, however, was not carried on so secretly, but that Sir Bertrand and the Lord de Clisson got wind of it, and knew also what was intended on the junction of these forces; they, therefore, armed themselves during the night, and marched out, in order to take up their position in the open country. This same night Sir Thomas Grantson and others had left their quarters, and were advancing towards Sir Robert Knolles, when, at a place called Pont-valin, they fell in with the French, who immediately charged them. The battle was sharp, long continued, and well fought on both sides; but the French were far superior in number, and gained a complete victory over the English, who were all either slain or made prisoners. After this victory Sir Bertrand returned to Paris accompanied by the Lord de Clisson.

This year Pope Urban died at Avignon, and the Cardinal de Beaufort, who took the name of Gregory XI., was unanimously elected to succeed him. About the same time, also, died in the city of Bordeaux the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were exceedingly grieved at their loss, and not without reason. The prince himself, too, was in so sad a state of health, that he was advised to return to England; and as the advice was given by his physicians, he agreed to it. Preparations were made for his departure, and the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke were ordered to accompany him. With the consent of his barons, he gave up the Duchy of Aquitaine to the care of the Duke of Lancaster in his absence, and then took his leave; embarked with the princess and his young son, Richard, and meeting with favourable weather soon arrived safely at Southampton, and took the road for Windsor. The king received his children very kindly, and made many inquiries into the state of affairs abroad. The prince stayed some time at Windsor, and then retired to his own manor of Berkhampstead, about twenty miles distant from the city of London.

CHAPTER VI

State of Aquitaine after the prince left it—Disagreement between the English and Flemings—State of affairs in Spain—Death of Sir Walter Manny—Two expeditions planned—English and Spaniards fight at sea—La Rochelle—Edward resolves again to invade France—Contrary winds drive the expedition back to England—Death of King David of Scotland—The Duke of Brittany retires to England—The Duke of Lancaster carries troops over to France—Pope Gregory endeavours to restore peace—Death of the Earl of Pembroke—State of affairs in Brittany—Death of Edward, Prince of Wales—Also of King Edward the following year—Coronation of Richard II.—Continuation of the war.

SOON after the prince had left Bordeaux, there issued from the garrison of Perigord upwards of 200 lances of Bretons towards the castle of Mont-paon, which the governor, who had more French than English courage in him, suffered them to take. The Duke of Lancaster immediately laid siege to the place, and, after a stout resistance on the part of four Breton knights who were defending it, succeeded in reducing the castle and took the four knights prisoners, whom, however, he set free upon a ransom being paid. After this conquest, the duke reinforced Mont-paon with good men-at-arms and captains, and then disbanded his army and went back to Bordeaux. The affairs of Poitou were at this time much entangled. Lords and knights opposed each other. The strong oppressed the weak, and none received either law, justice, or right. Castles and strong places were intermixed; some being French and some English; and these made excursions on each other and pillaged on all sides without mercy. The English gained possession of the castle of Montcontour, in Anjou, and by means of it greatly harassed that country.

We must now return to Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, who had been at Paris with the king, since the victory which he gained over the English at Pont-valin, as we have just related. It had been told to him, that the English still kept the field in Poitou and Guienne, upon which he declared that it was his intention to collect a very large army after Candlemas, and make an incursion into another part of the prince's territory, in order to be revenged upon them. Accordingly, when the time came, he quitted Paris and went to Auvergne, where he was joined by the Duke of Berry, the Duke of Bourbon, and many other knights and barons. This excursion was generally successful; the town and castle of Uzes surrendered upon capitulation, and Sir Bertrand gained a very large extent of country, of which the English before were possessed.

You have heard of the expedition which Sir Robert Knolles commanded in France; we must now mention that some of the English on their return home so spoke against him for his general conduct, that the king and his council were highly displeased with him. Sir Robert, however, sent over to England two of his principal squires, who gave such an explanation, that all parties were soon satisfied, and he was restored to favour. The English and Flemings were at this time not on good terms, but attacked each other whenever they met on the seas. These fights, which had lasted some time, were generally destructive to the Flemings, who in consequence, resolved to negotiate a peace, which the King of England gladly concluded on a good and solid foundation. About this time died the King of Majorca, who had been left behind when the prince and his army quitted Spain, and whom King Henry had made prisoner at Valladolid, when he re-conquered that country. He had been ransomed by the Queen of Naples his wife, and the Marchioness of Montferrat his sister; and was engaged in carrying on war against the King of Arragon, when he fell sick at Val di Soria, and his disorder increased so much that he died there. By reason of his death, the Arragonians had peace for a long time from that quarter; however, the affairs of Spain were by no means in a peaceable state. Don Pedro of Castille had left two daughters; and the Duke of Lancaster, who had been a widower since the death of the Lady Blanche, was strongly advised to marry the eldest of these, which for many reasons he was not disinclined to do. The wedding took place at a village near the city of Bordeaux, and on the day there was a splendid feast, to which were invited a great number of lords and ladies to add to its magnificence. King Henry of Castille heard of this marriage with considerable uneasiness, and by the advice of his council sent to the King of France, and concluded with him a treaty of perpetual amity, love, and alliance, which was most solemnly sworn to be maintained, and neither party was to dissolve or weaken it without the other's consent. The duke shortly after his marriage proposed to visit England, and having appointed the Captal de Buch and others governors in Guienne, set out with his lady and her sister, and arrived at Windsor. About this time, that gallant knight Sir Walter Manny died in London, which was a subject of great regret to all the barons of England, who loved him for his loyalty and prudence. He was buried with great pomp in the monastery of the Carthusians, which he had built at his own expense. The funeral of this brave warrior was attended by the king, his children, and very many barons and prelates. During the winter, (1372) many councils were held in England on the state of affairs, and upon the best method of conducting them. Two expeditions were planned, one to Guienne, the other through Calais into France, and the Earl of Pembroke was appointed governor of Aquitaine in room of the Duke of Lancaster. As soon as the season came for his departure, the earl, accompanied by the knights of his household, set out for Southampton, where he remained fifteen days waiting for a favourable wind, and then sailed for the coast of Poitou. King Charles of France, by some means, became perfectly acquainted with the greater part of the King of England's plans, and secretly raised a large naval armament for the purposes of a war with him; that is to say, it was done at his request, for the navy belonged to King Henry of Castille, who sent it in conformity with the treaty which he had lately concluded with the French king. This fleet consisted of forty large vessels and thirteen barks, well provided with towers and ramparts, and was placed under command of four valiant men. It happened that on the day preceding the vigil of St. John the Baptist, in the year of grace 1372, when the Earl of Pembroke and his fleet expected to enter the port of La Rochelle, they found that the Spaniards had blocked up the entrance by lying before its mouth, and that they were prepared to receive them. The English, therefore, although most unequally matched, made themselves ready for immediate combat. The engagement was very severe, and I can assure you, they had enough to do; for the Spaniards, who were in large ships, had with them great bars of iron and huge stones, which they launched from their own vessels in order to sink those of the English. By what I have heard from those who were present at this engagement, the English showed plainly they wished for victory, for never did people exert more courage nor fight more bravely; and their great prowess raised a mutual spirit of emulation in those opposed to them. The battle lasted until night, when each party separated and cast anchor. The inhabitants of La Rochelle saw plainly all that occurred; but never attempted to advance with assistance. The next day at high tide, the Spaniards weighed anchor, and with a great noise of trumpets and drums formed a line of battle, and endeavoured to enclose the English, who, observing the manœuvre, drew up their ships accordingly, placing their archers in front. As soon as they came to close quarters the Spaniards flung out grappling hooks, which lashed the vessels together, so that they could not separate. The contest continued with great fury until nearly nine o'clock, when the Earl of Pembroke's ship was boarded, himself made prisoner, and all with him either taken or slain. At some distance the Poitevins under command of Sir Guiscard d'Angle continued the fight; but the Spaniards were too many for them, and whoever may find himself in such a strait of arms as the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Guiscard were in on that occasion must submit, as they did, to whatever God or fortune may please to order. On the afternoon of the day the Spaniards set their sails and departed, much rejoiced at their victory. The English, on the other hand, were sadly cast down at the defeat which they had sustained, and the king sent the Earl of Salisbury into the countries of Poitou and Saintonge, since he was much afraid of losing them. Indeed, the constable of France had already advanced thither, and taken several places; among others, the castles of Monmorillon and Moncontour. He had also formed a junction with the Duke of Berry, and was now laying siege to St. Severe in Limousin. The castle of St. Severe belonged to Sir John Devereux, who, as soon as it was attacked, sent to Lord Thomas Percy for assistance, and he in turn invited the Captal de Buch to join them. When intelligence of this was brought to Sir Bertrand, as he lay before the castle, he was by no means alarmed at it; but directly ordered a more vigorous assault to be made. Upon seeing which, the besieged, who now imagined that no aid would come to them, opened a treaty, and expressed a desire to surrender to avoid further loss. To this Sir Bertrand agreed, and then ordered his army to march into the plain, for he had certain intelligence that before evening he would hear or see something of the English. "Gentlemen," he said to his chief commanders, "look to yourselves, for the enemy is advancing, and I hope we may have a battle before night." The English, however, were in no hurry to advance when they heard that St. Severe had surrendered.

At this time there were great dissensions in the town of Poitiers; three parts wished to turn to the French, but the mayor and the rest of the commonalty desired to remain with the English. Notwithstanding this, the richest citizens and the churchmen would have the constable sent for; indeed, they secretly advised him to make haste, intimating also, that on his arrival they would open their gates to receive him. Sir Bertrand was much rejoiced at this, and taking with him 300 men-at-arms, who were mounted on their fleetest coursers, they rode that day and the night following upwards of thirty leagues, with scarcely any repose, by another road than that which the English had taken, and by daybreak arrived at Poitiers, where they found the gates open to receive them. Had they delayed but one half hour they would have lost the opportunity, for Sir John Devereux and Lord Thomas Percy, who had been sent for by the mayor, with 100 spears and as many archers, were within one short league of the city. The barons and knights of Poitou, as well as those from Gascony and England, were thunderstruck at the capture of Poitiers, and called a council to inquire in what manner they should act, for they saw themselves in great difficulties and were doubtful in whom they could put confidence. While things were in this state, Evan of Wales, who, in consequence of a quarrel with the King of England, had sided with France, in company with a Spanish admiral, arrived at La Rochelle with a fleet of fourteen large ships and eight galleys, and through their influence this important place turned to the French interest, and the inhabitants did homage and fealty to Sir Bertrand as to the King of France.

After residing four days at La Rochelle, Sir Bertrand returned to the lords whom he had left at Poitiers, and instantly marched off with them to conquer other strong places in Poitou. They were in numbers full 3,000 lances, and on their departure they took several towns and castles, directing their march to Thouars, whither the greater part of the Lords of Poitou had retired. The French immediately laid siege to the place, and harassed much those within, by means of the large machines and cannons which they had caused to be made at Poitiers and La Rochelle, and brought there. The besieged, however, having well considered their situation, proposed a treaty, the terms of which were, "that there should be a truce for them, and all belonging to them, until the ensuing Michaelmas, during which time they should let the King of England know the state of the town and country; and if within that period they were not succoured by him or his children, they then agreed to swear obedience to the King of France." The Captal de Buch, who had been taken prisoner a short time before, was conducted to Paris, and placed in confinement under a strong guard in one of the towers of the temple; and the King of France was so much pleased with his prize, that he gave the squire who had taken him 1,200 francs.

According to the treaty the Lords of Poitou sent messengers to England, who, on arriving there, found the prince pretty well recovered in health, and acquainted him with the state of affairs abroad. The king, who was present while the messengers were in conversation with the prince, appeared very thoughtful, and after remaining silent for some time said he would shortly go over to France with such a powerful army as would enable him to wait for the army of the King of France, and never return to England before he had regained all that had been conquered from him.

By this time the army under command of the Duke of Lancaster, which had been ordered to Calais, was complete; and, in consequence of the message which he had received, the king changed its destination, and determined that it should go to Poitou, Saintonge, and La Rochelle, as being the places most in need, and that he and the Prince of Wales would accompany it. This army was very numerous and well equipped, indeed the fleet that conveyed it was the largest that had ever left the shores of England on any expedition whatever; but the winds were contrary; and after beating about at sea for nine weeks, it was obliged to put back to England. When Michaelmas arrived, and there appeared no assistance to be hoped for from England, the Lords of Poitou gave up the city of Thouars, and with it almost all the other cities and castles surrendered to the French. The Duke of Brittany, who remained peaceably in his duchy, was much hurt at these losses of the English: for he said, that such as he was the King of England had made him, and in return he would most willingly have aided him; but his barons were so attached to the interests of France, that he dared not openly declare himself.

Such also was the success of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, that in a short time not only all Poitou, but Saintonge and La Rochelle, were freed and delivered from the English. Everywhere he went he placed sufficient garrisons: and when he had made all peaceable as far as the river Gironde, he returned to Paris. The Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, with the greater part of the barons of France, were there already, and the king entertained them most handsomely; but the honours which he bestowed on Sir Bertrand du Guesclin exceeded all the rest. Indeed, he seemed as though he could not sufficiently testify his regard and esteem for him, and detained him constantly about his person at Paris and elsewhere.

On the 7th of May, 1373, King David of Scotland departed this life in the city of Edinburgh, and was buried in the abbey of Dunfermline, beside Robert Bruce his father. He left behind him no offspring, and was succeeded by his nephew Robert the Second of Scotland, who was a fine knight, and had eleven sons.

Orders were now given in England for the Earl of Salisbury, Sir William Neville, and Sir Philip Courtenay, to put to sea with a large body of men to guard the coast; for it was reported that the Spaniards, and Evan of Wales, were on board a fleet with 6,000 men, intending to invade and burn the country. These lords, therefore, who had under their command forty large ships, without counting sloops, and 2,000 men-at-arms, not including archers, sailed from Cornwall, and made towards the coast of Brittany, and on arriving at St. Malo, burnt in the harbour seven large Spanish ships which were lying there. The barons and knights of the country were much surprised at this, and declaring that the Duke of Brittany had sent for the English, they suspected him more than ever, and strengthened all their towns and castles in case of danger. The King of France also ordered his constable to invade Brittany; and when the duke discovered the strong feeling which had been excited against him, and that the constable of France was invading the duchy, he placed his lady under the care of Sir John Austin, in the castle of Auray, and himself went over to England, having first nominated Sir Robert Knolles governor in his absence. The constable of France took several places of great importance,—Rennes, Dinan, Vannes, and at length came to Hennebon. The governor of Hennebon, at this time, was an English squire, who had with him a garrison which might consist of about fourscore men, without counting the inhabitants of the town. The French, on their arrival, began a most violent attack, and brought up against the city many large engines and cannons; but it was well defended by the inhabitants, assisted by the English. Having assaulted it for some time without effect, the constable went up to the walls and cried out, "Attend to me, ye men of Hennebon. It is quite certain we must conquer you, and that we will sup in your town this evening. If, therefore, any of you be bold enough to hurt even the smallest of our boys, I vow to God I will have you all put to death." These words so frightened the inhabitants, that they at once retired and left the English to defend the town alone; and as it was too large for them to guard every part, the army of the constable soon entered and put them all to death except the two captains. After this Sir Bertrand marched to Concarneau, which he took, and then to Brest, in which were Sir William Neville and Sir Robert Knolles, with 200 men-at-arms, and as many archers. This town was hard pressed, and would have yielded, had not the Earl of Salisbury (who, at this season, had been cruising on the coast of Brittany) come to its relief.

The Duke of Lancaster had now landed at Calais with upwards of 3,000 men-at-arms, and 10,000 English archers. More than three years had elapsed since this expedition had been planned, so that it was well provided with all things. Very many noble earls and knights joined in it. On leaving Calais, this fine army marched in three battalions, in close order, with the van always ready for combat. They advanced at the rate of about three leagues a day, and at night quartered together, keeping a strict and strong watch to prevent surprise. In this manner they continued their march, following the course of the Somme, which they thought to cross between Ham and St. Quintin. It happened that the Lord de Boursiers was at this time returning from Hainault into France, and arrived at Ham just opportunely to assist the inhabitants should they be attacked. The English, however, passed on, crossed the river, and arrived at Ribemont; but the Lord de Boursiers also made for the same place, though by a different road: his force might consist of about forty spears and thirty crossbows; and these, as they approached the castle, fell in with a party of English, about fourscore men on horseback, in advance of the rest, whom they attacked and defeated, and happy were they of them who could escape. Another part of the duke's army was also surprised by an ambuscade of Burgundians and French, near Soissons, and experienced great loss. After these two fatal encounters nothing further befel the duke and his army worth mentioning; but they still marched onwards, keeping in close and good order: and the council of the King of France advised him to let them go, saying, "by their smoke alone they cannot deprive you of your kingdom." Pope Gregory was sadly grieved at the continuance of the war, and earnestly desired to bring about a peace; for which purpose he sent the Archbishop of Rouen, and the Bishop of Carpentras, to the King of France, and also to the Duke of Lancaster; but each party held so obstinately his own opinion, that neither would make any concession. The duke, however, shortly after, finished his expedition and took up his quarters at Bordeaux, about Christmas. When Easter came, the Duke of Anjou, who resided at Perigord, made a great muster of his forces, which amounted to 15,000 on foot, and a large body of Genoese and crossbows. With these he made a campaign into Upper Gascony, where he met

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omewhere about this time, the Earl of Pembroke, who ad been captured by the Spaniards off La Rochelle, was ransomed for 120,000 francs, which the Lombards of Bruges agreed to pay, should he arrive in good health at Bruges. The earl journeyed under passport of the constable through the kingdom of France, but a fever or some other sickness overtook him on the road, and he was obliged to travel in a litter to the city of Arras, when his disorder increased so much as to occasion his death. By this event the ransom of course was lost. The earl left one son, who, at the time of his father's death, was only two years old.

When the time of the truce which had been entered into between the English and French in Gascony had expired, war was recommenced. The Duke of Anjou came before La Réole, the inhabitants of which, after a three days' siege, submitted to the King of France. Several other towns also did the same. Now, again, a truce was agreed upon between the Kings of France and England, to last till the 1st of May, 1375, in all the country between Calais and the Somme, but not to interfere with the other parts of the country which might be at war. This was done in order that no harm might happen to those lords who, at the instigation of Pope Gregory, were going backwards and forwards to Bruges, negotiating a more settled peace. While these negotiations were pending, the Duke of Brittany was in England in great distress about his own country, the larger part of which had turned against him. The King of England loved him much, and for his comfort assured him that he would never agree to any peace with France without his being reinstated. The duke humbly thanked the king for his great kindness, and not long after this assurance assembled 2,000 men-at-arms, and 3,000 archers, who all received their pay for half a year in advance, and went over to Brittany, where he met with a better reception than he could have expected, and regained several of his towns and castles. On the part of the King of France, the Viscount de Rohan, the Lords de Clisson and de Beaumanoir, guarded the frontiers of that kingdom against the Duke of Brittany and his English followers, who had now advanced before St. Brieu. Sir John Devereux was during this time quartered near to Quimperlé, and was destroying that part of the country. Sir John had caused a small fort called the new fort to be built in his garrison, in which he himself resided, so that none could venture out of the town without being taken. Information of this was sent by the townsmen to the Lord de Clisson and his company, who immediately marched to this new fort, which they surrounded. The English before St. Brieu heard of this, and as the Duke of Brittany found that they were not meeting with the success they expected, he said to his lords, "Everything considered, we are but losing time here; let us go to the assistance of Sir John, and if we be able to fall in with those who are besieging him in the open field we shall do well." Upon this they immediately departed, taking the road for the new fort. The assailants had done so much that they were already at the foot of the wall, and dreaded not what might be thrown down upon them since they were so well shielded. Just at this moment a scout came up with all speed, saying "My lords, make off in haste, for the English are coming with the Duke of Brittany, and they are not more than two leagues distant." The trumpet sounded a retreat. Their horses were called for, and at full speed they all entered Quimperlé, which was hard by, and closed the gates; but scarcely had they raised the drawbridge and strengthened the barriers when the duke and his forces arrived. They had passed by the new fort and spoken to Sir John Devereux, who thanked them for coming; and indeed he had good reason for doing this, for without their assistance he must very shortly have been made prisoner. The duke and the English now formed the siege of Quimperlé. The archers and foot soldiers advanced with a sharp attack, and great determination was shown on both sides, and many men wounded. Every day there were such skirmishes and assaults that those in the town saw they could not hold out much longer; and there was for them neither means of escape, nor hope of assistance. Accordingly they thought it best to open a treaty of surrender with the duke, who would only grant them a respite for eight days, and that with great difficulty. During the time of the respite, however, two English knights, sent by the Duke of Lancaster, arrived at the army of the Duke of Brittany, bringing with them deeds engrossed and sealed of truces entered into at Bruges, between the Kings of France and England. To the great joy of the inhabitants, the siege was raised forthwith; the duke disbanded his troops except those of his own household, who accompanied him to Auray, where his duchess was; and shortly after this, having settled his affairs, he again went to England.

During the period of the truce, on Trinity Sunday, 1376, that flower of English knighthood, the Lord Edward of England, Prince of Wales and Aquitaine, departed this life in the palace of Westminster. His body was embalmed, placed in a leaden coffin, and kept until the ensuing Michaelmas, that he might be buried with greater pomp and magnificence when Parliament was assembled. The King of France, on account of his lineage, had funeral service in honour of him performed with great magnificence in the Holy Chapel of the palace in Paris, which was attended by many prelates and barons of the realm. After Michaelmas, when the funeral of the prince had been solemnized in a manner suitable to his birth and merits, the king caused the young Prince Richard to be acknowledged as his successor to the crown of England; and when Christmas day came, he had him seated next to himself in royal state, above all his own children. The peace, which had from time to time been prolonged in an unsteady and unsatisfactory manner, now came to an end notwithstanding all the exertions of its most anxious advocates; and when war recommenced, Sir Hugh Calverley was sent over to France as Governor of Calais. The year following that in which the prince died, the King of England was taken dangerously ill at Shene, a few miles from London, and departed this life on the vigil of St. John the Baptist.

This event plunged the whole kingdom into the deepest sorrow. Immediately all the passes were ordered to be shut, so that no one could go out of the country; for it was deemed advisable that the circumstances should not be known in France, until the government was settled. At the time of the funeral, the body of King Edward, with his face uncovered, was carried in grand procession, followed by his children, the nobles and prelates of England, through the city of London to Westminster, where he was buried by the side of his queen. In July following, his grandson, Richard, who was only in his eleventh year, was crowned with great solemnity at the palace of Westminster. The same day, four earls and nine knights were created, and the young king was placed under the tutorship of that accomplished knight Sir Guiscard d'Angle, to be instructed by him in the paths of virtue and honour. The King of France, on being informed of the death of King Edward, said, that he had reigned most nobly and valiantly, and that his name ought to be remembered with honour among heroes. At his request, also, many nobles and prelates of his realm assembled, and funeral obsequies were performed to the memory of the deceased monarch, in the Holy Chapel of the Palace of Paris.

About this time died, in prison, at Paris, Lord John Captal de Buch, of whom much has been said. He might have had his liberty, if he had been willing to swear that he would not carry arms against the King of France; but he was a bold and honourable knight, and would not listen to such terms. He remained, therefore, five years in confinement, to his great discomfort, and at last died. The King of France caused him to be interred, and had a solemn service performed over him, which was attended by many barons, prelates, and nobles. The war now proceeded with great vigour. The King of Navarre recommenced hostilities against the French, and the Duke of Lancaster invaded Brittany.

CHAPTER VII

Expedition of the Duke of Anjou—Evan of Wales—French strengthen their alliance with Scotland—Attack upon Berwick—Alexander Ramsay—King of Navarre entreats the assistance of the English—Death of Evan of Wales by treachery—St. Malo—Garrison of Cherbourg—Encounter in the forest—Sir Thomas Trivet—French knight on his way to Scotland arrested in Flanders—State of the Church—Rival claims of Urban and Clement to the Popedom—Wars in Flanders—State of the country previous to the war—John Lyon—Gilbert Matthew—White hoods and black hoods—Ghent and Bruges—Siege of Oudenarde.

YOU have before heard related how the Duke of Burgundy had made an incursion from the borders of Picardy, which was very honourable to him as well as profitable to the French. I must now tell you that while he was thus engaged, the Duke of Anjou resided at the good town of Toulouse with the duchess his lady, and was devising, night and day, different schemes to annoy and harass the English. After a time he set out from Toulouse, accompanied by the Constable of France, in whom he had the greatest confidence, and advanced to Bergerac, of which place Sir Perducas d'Albret was governor, whose residence was the small but strong castle of Moueux, a short league from Languedoc. The duke, with his army, encamped in those fine meadows along the river Dordogne; and those companions who were desirous of advancing themselves frequently came to the barriers of the town to skirmish. Sir Thomas Felton was at Bordeaux, and by no means at ease when he heard that his enemies were but twelve leagues distant, and in such numbers that he could not think of opposing them by force; he, therefore, wrote to four of the most powerful barons of Gascony to assist him. With these, who made in all about 500 lances, he resolved to march towards the French, and see if he could not gain some advantage over them. It was reported that a party of the enemy were escorting a very large engine, called a sow, from La Réole to the siege, and this intelligence was very acceptable to Sir Thomas and his company, for they determined to intercept them. The two parties met; and I must say, that in the conflict many a gallant tilt was performed, and many a knight and squire unhorsed, and driven to the ground. In the end the French were successful, and Sir Thomas Felton was taken prisoner; indeed there were but few of the English, or Gascons, who were not either captured or slain. On the morrow, the engine was applied to the walls of the town; and such was its immense power, that the inhabitants thought it best to surrender. Sir Perducas and his men, however, left the city, and made for the fort of Moncin.

After the surrender of Bergerac, the Duke of Anjou, with all his army, except the Marshal of France, who remained behind to wait for the Lord de Coucy who was expected that evening, took the road to Castillon, to which, on their arrival, they immediately laid siege. Castillon soon yielded, as did also several other towns and castles in Gascony; some by capitulation, and others by storm. At Duras there was a severe struggle; the town was taken by storm; but the men-at-arms retreated into the castle, which they resolved to defend, having plenty of provisions with them. The Constable of France, who had now joined the army, rode up to reconnoitre the castle, in order to see on what side it could best be attacked. He found it to be a marvellously strong place, and every one said that without a long siege it could not be taken. On the morrow this was reported to the Duke of Anjou. "It signifies not," replied the duke, "for I have said and sworn that I will not stir hence until I have this castle under my power." "Then you shall not forswear yourself," answered the constable. And he directly gave orders that the engines should be pointed against the walls, and the assault commenced.

The garrison seeing this, thought it advisable to enter into a negotiation, and to surrender the castle, provided their own lives were spared; and the duke was persuaded by the constable to agree to these terms. The Duke of Anjou then ordered off men-at-arms to the different towns and castles he had taken, and himself returned to Toulouse to see the duchess, who had just been delivered of a son.

On dismissing Evan of Wales, he said to him, "You will take under your command the Bretons, Poitevins, and Angevins, with whom you will march into Poitou, and lay siege to Mortain-sur-mer; and do not quit the place for any orders you may receive, even in the king's name, until you have possession of it, for it is a garrison which has done us much mischief." "My lord," replied Evan, "as far as shall be in my power, I will loyally obey you;" and without delay he set out to Mortain-sur-mer, and began the siege.

Although King Charles of France had never borne arms himself, yet he managed to keep up a very sharp war against his enemies the English. No French king before him formed alliances so well, or paid greater attention to those from whom he thought to derive assistance; and at this time, because King Richard was very young, and his kingdom unsettled, he sent to renew his friendship with the Scots, and also to request them to make war upon the English. King Robert was by no means disinclined to comply with the French king's request; and without delay assembled his barons, who, as soon as the expedition was proposed to them, professed their readiness to invade England, either to-day, to-morrow, or whenever King Robert pleased. Accordingly, summonses were forthwith issued for assembling the forces on a certain day in the Merse, which is the country bordering on England. Meanwhile, a valiant squire of Scotland, by name Alexander Ramsay, set out with forty men, determined upon performing some gallant enterprise; he and all his party were well mounted, and, after riding the whole night through bye roads, came to Berwick at daybreak, where they concealed themselves, and sent a spy to observe the state of the castle, who soon returned, reporting that there was no water in the ditches, and no one about. Upon hearing this, Ramsay and his companions left their place of concealment, and advancing, placed their ladders against the wall of the castle, which they entered, sword in hand, and then immediately hastened to the great tower, where Sir Robert Boynton, the governor, slept. Sir Robert, hearing his door being cut down, and fancying that some of his own men wanted to murder him, (for at that time he was very unpopular,) leaped out of window into the castle ditch, and thus broke his neck. The guard of the castle became alarmed at the noise, sounded their trumpets, and cried out "Treason! Treason!"

John Bisset, the governor of the town of Berwick, heard the cry, and apprehending the cause of it, immediately armed himself; and having given orders for the supports of the bridge, which connected the castle with the town, to be broken down, sent off a messenger to Lord Percy at Alnwick, to request his immediate assistance. "Tell my Lord Percy," he said to the messenger, "the state you have left me in, and how the Scots are shut up in the castle, and cannot get away unless they leap the walls." Had not John Bisset acted so wisely, Alexander Ramsay and his men would have gained the whole town; but when they attempted to leave the castle, and for this purpose let down the bridge, the chains which supported it broke, for the pillars on which it should have rested were gone. Ramsay finding himself thus caught, determined to defend the castle, thinking that it would be strong enough to hold out until succour should come from Scotland.

The messenger, on arriving at Alnwick, was informed that the Earl of Northumberland was not out of bed; however, as his business was urgent, he was admitted without delay, and the earl made all possible haste in ordering off succour to Berwick. The Scots also were not long before they learned the perilous situation of Alexander Ramsay and his brave companions, upon which they at once determined to raise the siege and reinforce the castle of Berwick. Sir Archibald Douglas said, "Alexander is my cousin, and it is his high birth which has caused him to execute so bold a feat as the taking of Berwick Castle; it behoves us, therefore, to do all in our power to assist him." Accordingly, with permission of the Scottish lords, he chose 500 lances from the flower of the army, and set off in good order to Berwick. By this time the Earl of Northumberland had got together a very large army, which had encamped on an extensive heath without the walls of the town, awaiting the arrival of the Scots. They had scarcely been encamped an hour when the scouts of the Scottish army advanced, and having reconnoitred the English, reported what they had seen to Sir Archibald and the Scottish knights, who, on hearing the account, said, "We cannot think that it will be profitable for us to advance further to meet the English, for they are ten to one against us, and all tried men. We may lose more than we gain." Sir William Lindsay endeavoured to persuade them to advance; but to no purpose; for all were of opinion that it would be useless; and the English finding the enemy did not intend to attack them, immediately began to storm the castle.

Never did so few men defend themselves so well as these Scots, and never was a castle more briskly attacked. After some hours the English managed to effect an entrance, when they began to slay all they could lay hands on. None escaped death except Alexander Ramsay, who was made prisoner.

Not many days after this recapture of Berwick, the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham entered Scotland with a large army; one division of which marched along Tweedside in search of the Scots, and the other, under Sir Thomas Musgrave, quartered in the abbey of Melrose. As soon as Sir Archibald Douglas and his cousin, the Earl of Douglas, heard that Sir Thomas and his men were at Melrose, they marched to meet them, being resolved to fight if the parties were nearly equal. They met on the road to Morlane, where an engagement commenced, which was well fought on both sides while it lasted; but that was not for any length of time, for the Scots were in point of numbers three to one superior to their enemies. Sir Archibald fought on foot, and wielded before him an immense sword, the blade of which was two ells long, and so heavy that scarcely any other man could have lifted it from the ground. The English made a valiant defence; however, they were forced to retreat; and Sir Thomas Musgrave, his son, with several other knights and squires, were made prisoners. The Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham, who commanded the other division, also failed of their object; and when they heard of the defeat and capture of Sir Thomas, they found there was no remedy, and so returned home.

We must now leave off speaking of the Scots, and turn our attention to events which happened on the continent. This year died the Queen of France, and the Queen of Navarre, also Pope Gregory XI., and his immediate successor, the Cardinal of St. Peter, who enjoyed the popedom but three days. On his death, Bartholomew Prignano, Archbishop of Bari, was made Pontiff, under the title of Urban VI. The late Queen of Navarre was sister to the King of France, who, on her death, took possession of her two sons, Charles and Peter, under the plea that he was their proper guardian, and that he had a right to the management of all the lands which the King of Navarre held in Normandy until these two children should come of age.

At this the king, their father, was naturally much displeased, and sent to request that his children should be restored to him; but the King of France would not listen to the request; in consequence of which much angry feeling was excited; and because the King of Navarre was detected in many wicked machinations and attempts against the life of the King of France, this latter monarch swore that he would not undertake anything before he had driven him out of Normandy, and gained possession for his nephews of every town and castle which their father held there. Accordingly, he ordered commissioners to Montpellier to put his intention into execution. The Lords de Coucy and de la Riviere were also instructed to lay siege to Bayeux. In this extremity the King of Navarre sent over to England to ascertain whether the young King Richard and his council would form an alliance with him; and if so, he promised that henceforward he would be true and loyal to the English, and would place in their hands all the castles which he possessed in Normandy. The King of England and his council were unwilling to enter upon this alliance without first holding a personal interview with the King of Navarre, who for this purpose went over to England, and explained his wants in so clear and eloquent a manner, that he was willingly attended to, and received such promises of assistance as caused him to be well satisfied. King Charles of France, being wise and subtle (as his whole life plainly showed), received information that an army was collecting in England; but was ignorant whether it was to sail to Normandy or Brittany. On account of these doubts he kept in the latter country a large body of men-at-arms, under the command of the Lord de Clisson and others, and sent orders to the Lords de Coucy and de la Riviere to conquer by the speediest mode possible all the castles in Normandy, more especially such as were on the sea-coast. Moreover, he issued a special summons throughout his realm for every knight and squire, according to his degree, to keep himself prepared to march to whatever part he should be ordered. The Duke of Anjou had also retained large bodies of men-at-arms from all quarters, with the intention of laying siege to Bordeaux.

While the French were making these preparations, the Duke of Lancaster secured the ports of Normandy, so that none of the French dared to put to sea; and Sir John Arundel garrisoned Cherbourg, which is one of the strongest castles in the world and only to be taken by famine. Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Hugh Broc his nephew laid siege to St. Malo, and burnt and destroyed the country all round it. Here several severe assaults were made and most ably resisted, for there were in St. Malo men-at-arms not easily to be conquered. During the siege, the English had sheds erected, under which they could with greater ease carry on their attacks; and 400 cannons were pointed against different parts of the town. But we must leave the English before St. Malo to relate the melancholy death of Evan of Wales, which occurred just at this time. Evan, according to the instructions which he had received of the Duke of Anjou, had closely blockaded Mortain, of which place the Souldich de l'Estrade was governor. Now it happened while the siege was going on, that there came out of England from the borders of Wales a Welsh squire named John Lambe, who was scarcely a gentleman, for no gentleman would ever have practised such base wickedness. This fellow introduced himself to Evan, and falling down on his knees, said, in his country's language, that he had left Wales to see and to serve him. Evan not harbouring the least suspicion received him kindly, and after a time made him his chamberlain. Indeed, John won daily on the affections of Evan, and there was no one in whom he placed greater confidence. Now Evan was in the habit, during the siege, of rising early, and seating himself before the castle in company with this John Lambe, when he had his hair combed and plaited by him for a considerable length of time, during which he amused himself by viewing the castle and the surrounding country. On his last visit to his favourite spot it was early morn and fine clear weather. The heat of the night had prevented him from sleeping, and on taking his seat as usual on the trunk of a tree, he said to John Lambe, "Go and seek my comb, for it will refresh me a little." He answered, "Willingly, my lord." However, on his way to seek for the comb, or when returning with it, the devil must have entered the body of this John; for with the comb he brought a short Spanish dagger that had a broad point, and stuck it into Evan's body, so that he fell down dead. After this the assassin, leaving the dagger in the body, went silently to the barriers of the castle, made himself known to the guards, and was conducted by them to the Souldich de l'Estrade.

"My lord," said he, "I have delivered you from one of the greatest enemies you ever had." "From whom?" demanded the souldich. "From Evan of Wales," answered John; and he then related to him the circumstances you have just heard. Upon this the souldich shook his head, and eyeing him with anger, replied, "Thou hast murdered him; but know from me, that if we did not reap so much advantage from thy wicked deed, I would have thy head cut off. What is done cannot be undone. But such a death is unworthy of a gentleman, and we shall have more blame than praise for it." Thus died Evan of Wales, by a wicked and treasonable act, to the great grief of the army and all people, particularly of King Charles of France.

The Lords de Coucy and de la Riviere took many places in Normandy. Evreux submitted to them after a siege of some time, and they then set out to join the leaders of the French army at Rouen, where the king was residing, in order to learn what was the next thing for them to do, for they had heard that the English were besieging St. Malo. Thither accordingly they were sent; and as the English were obliged to be continually armed and ready for battle, when they heard that the French were advancing they had no leisure to continue the assault, except by their cannon, and by setting some miners to work.

About this time some English and Gascon knights came suddenly down the Garonne, and raised the siege of Mortain. The English also recovered several strong castles from the French in the Bourdelois. The mine at St. Malo, meanwhile, proceeded rapidly; but the inhabitants had some suspicion of it. Indeed, they did not fear the other assaults, for the town was well provided with all sorts of stores and artillery for two years, if necessary; wherefore they considered how they might best counteract the mine, and after much difficulty they succeeded in their attempt. Their success, however, was in some sort accidental, for things fell out with extraordinary good fortune for them. It was understood that the English kept a very negligent watch; and relying upon this, Morfonace, the governor of St. Malo, and a small company, sallied out of the town, at a time when they imagined the army would be fast asleep, to the place where the miners were engaged, who had but little more to do to complete their work; they then set about destroying the mine; and some of the workmen who were within were never seen afterwards, as the earth fell upon them. Morfonace and his company having finished this business, declared they would awaken the guard next the town, in order that they might know with what success their gallantry had been crowned; and this they did by shouting their war cry, cutting down the tents, and slaying all they met. They then retreated into St. Malo without having sustained any loss. The Duke of Lancaster returned to England, and Sir John Arundel went to Cherbourg to reinforce that garrison. Between Cherbourg and Valognes are large forests extending even as far as Coutances. Now, Sir Oliver du Guesclin, brother to the Constable of France, imagined that he might be able, by means of these forests, secretly to approach Cherbourg, and surprise it; at any rate, he determined to try the project. So, taking with him about fifteen lances, and some guides who were acquainted with the country, he set out one morning from Valognes, continuing his march until he had passed through the forest opposite to Cherbourg. That same day Sir John Arundel had visited the town of Valognes for pleasure, and had brought with him a squire of Navarre, called John Coq, as a guide, who was informed that the French were reconnoitring the place. "My lord," said John Coq, "I have heard that Sir Oliver du Guesclin has passed the wood, and is examining our castle: let him be pursued, and I think I can conduct you in such a manner that he must fall into our hands." "By my faith," replied Sir John, "I am very willing so to do." They armed themselves accordingly, in number about one hundred lances, and entered the forest without the French knowing anything about it. Sir Oliver, meanwhile, finding the place of such strength that it was impossible to besiege it, took the same road back to Valognes by which he had come. He had not marched above three leagues before Sir John and his company, who had been very accurately conducted, came up, and shouting, "Our lady for Arundel!" began to charge. Sir Oliver upon hearing these words heartily wished himself at Valognes, and mounted a fleet courser in hopes of escaping; but John Coq, like a valiant man-at-arms, pursued him so closely that at last he made him his prisoner; ten or a dozen more also were taken; the rest saved themselves among the trees, and escaped to tell Sir William des Bordes how they had fallen into an ambuscade, and that Sir Oliver and others had been made prisoners. The news of this capture caused great grief to the knights and squires at Valognes, and equal joy when reported in England. Sir Oliver remained a prisoner for some time until he was ransomed. After this encounter, Sir John Arundel reinforced the garrison of Cherbourg, and then returned to England.

We must now leave Cherbourg for a while and speak of the Lord Neville, the seneschal of Bordeaux, Sir Thomas Trivet, and others. The Lord Neville, who resided at Bordeaux, had good information that the Infanta of Castille, with a large army of Spaniards, was besieging the good city of Pampeluna, where the Viscount de Chastillon and the Lord de l'Escut with several others were shut up; but he knew nothing of the King of Navarre. The inhabitants of Bordeaux entreated him not to leave them while the Bretons held any forts near: they told him also that the garrison of Bersat was doing much injury to the country. This garrison then he resolved to reduce; and the same day that the detachment returned to Bordeaux after conquering Bersat, the King of Navarre unexpectedly arrived there, and entreated the English to come to the assistance of Pampeluna, which they promised to do. The siege of Pampeluna was carried on with great vigour, and the city would undoubtedly have been taken by the Spaniards had it not been for the great prudence and watchfulness of the viscount the governor, who had under him but 200 Gascon spears. At last, after much delay, the promised English succours arrived under command of Sir Thomas Trivet; and as soon as the Spaniards heard of it, they quitted their quarters and marched off. The garrisons in Navarre manifesting no inclination to make excursions during the winter, the Spaniards in a short time entirely dispersed, and King Henry, accompanied by his queen and children, went to reside at Seville. Sir Thomas Trivet and his companions quartered at Tudela, and having met with no adventure since they entered Navarre, they determined to make an excursion into Spain to perform something for their pay. Accordingly they loaded their horses with all sorts of provisions, and marching away, encamped on Christmas eve in a fair meadow, by a river side, at the foot of Mount Montcain, which separates the three kingdoms of Navarre, Castille, and Arragon. This day the weather was very fine and wondrous hot. After dinner, the captains assembled in council to determine upon what should be done, when it was resolved to set out that night so as to arrive at Soria, and scale the walls of it by dawn on Christmas day. Three hundred lances only were to be employed on this adventure, under command of Sir Thomas Trivet and Count Pullois. About two o'clock, after midnight, these were armed, mounted, and on their road; but as soon as they had gained the plain on the other side of the mountain, it began to snow and hail so fast that the ground was all covered, and the men lost each other; however, after some delay, Sir Thomas collected about forty lances and sent them forward to Soria, in order to draw out the javelinmen who were guarding it. A combat immediately took place, and the garrison would have roughly treated this detachment, if more of Sir Thomas's men had not fortunately advanced to their assistance and charged the javelinmen at full gallop with spears in their rests, so that at the first shock many of them were killed and wounded, and the remainder driven back to the town. On the morrow, which was St. Stephen's day, the English retired to a town in Navarre called Quasquan, where they met the king. After this excursion Sir Thomas made another to the town of Alfaro in Castille, which was attended with a similar result to the last. Peace was then concluded between the Kings of Spain and Navarre; and not many months after, the King of Spain died, and was succeeded by his son John, from which time commenced a war between Portugal and Castille which lasted a considerable time, as you will hear in the course of this history; but we must return to the affairs of France.

Though King Charles never quitted his closet or his amusements, his sagacity and subtlety enabled him to reconquer all that his predecessors had lost in the field. The wily monarch knew that there was a mortal hatred between the Scots and English, and sought to turn it as he did everything else to his own account. For this purpose he determined to send one of his knights to King Robert, to examine into the state of the country, and see whether it were in a condition to carry on any effectual war, for Evan of Wales during his lifetime had often told him that the most certain way of disturbing England was by means of Scotland. The knight selected was Peter Lord de Bournezel, who was fully instructed how to proceed, and on taking leave the king made him remember to maintain such state as became a royal ambassador, promising that he would defray all his expenses.

The knight accordingly set out on his journey and continued his route until he came to Sluys, where he was detained fifteen days by unfavourable winds. During this time he lived most magnificently, and gold and silver were in as much profusion in his apartment as if he had been a prince. Music announced his dinner, and wherever he went a handsome sword richly emblazoned with his arms was carried before him. Moreover, his servant paid well for everything he had. Many of the town's-people were much astonished at this extravagance, and the bailiff of the place undertook to mention the circumstance to the Earl of Flanders his master, who at that time resided at Bruges. The earl, having considered the matter awhile, ordered the ambassador to be brought to him; and the knight much to his astonishment was arrested, and most unceremoniously conducted by the bailiff to Bruges. Upon being brought into the apartment of the earl, he cast himself on his knees, saying, "My lord, I am your prisoner;" at which words the earl with much warmth replied, "How, rascal, do you dare to call yourself my prisoner when I have only sent to speak with you? The subjects of my lord may very freely come and speak with me, but thou hast ill-acquitted thyself by remaining so long at Sluys without visiting me; I suppose thou disdainedst it." "My lord," replied the knight, "saving your displeasure"— but the Duke of Brittany, who was with the earl, interrupted him by saying, "It is by such tattlers and jesters as you, that the kingdom of France is governed; you manage the king as you please, but such fellows shall yet be hanged until the gibbet be full of them." The knight was much terrified at these words: but he found that it was far better for him to be silent than to attempt any reply, and watching his opportunity quietly withdrew from the presence of the earl. On his return to Sluys, he determined not to risk farther the dangers of his journey, and so made the best of his way back again to Paris.

You may easily imagine, that the King of France was much surprised at the knight's return, and that the knight gave an account of everything that had befallen him in Flanders in order to excuse himself for not having obeyed the king's orders. It happened, while Sir Peter was relating the events of his journey, that there were present several knights of the king's chamber; among others, Sir John de Guistelles of Hainault, cousin to the Earl of Flanders, who, thinking that he was speaking somewhat too freely, interrupted him by saying, "Sir Knight, I cannot bear to hear my dear cousin so slightingly spoken of; and if you mean to affirm, that by his act he prevented you from fulfilling your orders, I challenge you to the field, and here is my glove." The knight was not slow to reply, "Sir John, I do affirm that what I have spoken is the truth; and if you wish to say that it is not so, I will take up your glove." To which Sir John made answer, "I do say it is not so." Upon this the king interfered by saying, "Come, come, we will have no more of this," though he was well pleased that Sir Peter had spoken so frankly, and so well answered the challenge of Sir John; for he himself was no friend to the Earl of Flanders, and shortly after wrote to him a very sharp letter, containing also menaces because he had kept with him the Duke of Brittany, whom the king considered as his enemy. The earl wrote back, making the best excuses he could; these, however, were of no avail, for the king was so bent upon a quarrel, that he sent to him even a sharper letter than the former, in which he declared that if he did not send away his enemy the Duke of Brittany, he would look upon him in the same light. When the earl saw that the King of France was implacable, he resolved to have the letters shown to the principal towns in Flanders, and to request deputies to meet him for the purpose of determining what should be done. The deputies came without delay, and the earl explained to them the demand which the King of France had made; as soon as he had finished speaking, they answered unanimously, "My lord, it is our wish that the Duke of Brittany remain; and we know not that prince, however great he may be, who shall resolve to make war upon you, but shall find in your earldom of Flanders 200,000 men completely armed." This reply was, of course, very acceptable to the earl, who cordially thanked the deputies, and dismissed them. The Duke of Brittany remained at the court of the Earl of Flanders as long as he liked to stay, and then paid a visit to England.

The King of France heard of all that passed, and of the earl's great popularity, at which he was sadly indignant; but as he had no remedy, he contented himself with declaring that the earl was the proudest prince alive. While the Duke of Brittany was in England, information was brought to him that the Duke of Anjou was carrying the war into his territory—that many of the principal towns, as well as many knights and squires, had armed themselves in his name against the French; but notwithstanding these favourable symptoms, he was afraid to return; neither did his own council, the King of England, or the Duke of Lancaster, advise him to do so. The castle of Cherbourg was still in the hands of the English, having Sir John Harlestone for its governor; and through the extensive forest with which it was surrounded the garrison made frequent excursions, and overran much of the country round about. It happened one day, that a party of French troops out on an excursion, consisting of Sir Lancelot de Lorris and some others, fell in with some of the garrison of Cherbourg, who had left the castle as usual to plunder and destroy. As soon as they met, like knights and squires desirous of fighting, all dismounted except Sir Lancelot, who with his lance in its rest, and his target on his neck, requested a tilt in honour of his lady. On the side of the English there were several knights and squires who had bound themselves in like manner by vows of love, and who were quite ready to fight—I believe it was Sir John Copeland who accepted the challenge. They charged each other gallantly, and most dreadful blows were given on both sides. Sir Lancelot, however, was so severely struck by the English knight, that his shield and armour were pierced, and himself mortally wounded. It was a sad pity, for he was an expert knight, young and handsome, and there, as elsewhere, sincerely lamented. After this a general encounter ensued, many of the French knights and squires were slain, and many carried off as prisoners to Cherbourg, where they met Sir Oliver du Guesclin, who was still in confinement.

I have for some time been silent on the affairs of the Church, to which it now becomes necessary that I should refer. You have heard of the election of Cardinal Prignano to the popedom under the title of Urban VI.; I must now tell you that he was of such a choleric and obstinate disposition, and so very haughty in the execution of his office, that the cardinals determined, on a proper opportunity, to make another election; their choice fell upon Sir Robert de Geneva, son of the Count of Geneva, who took the name of Clement. Urban was at Tivoli passing the vacation when he heard of the new election; and finding that Clement had a large body of troops in the strong castle of St. Angelo, he became greatly alarmed, and would not return to Rome. Moreover, King Charles of France acknowledged Clement to be the true pope, as did also the King of Spain, the Earl of Savoy, the Duke of Milan, the Queen of Naples, and the whole of Scotland; but Germany declared itself in favour of Urban, and also Lord Lewis of Flanders, who took every opportunity to oppress the Clementists. Thus was the Christian world divided, and churches set at variance; nor did these disputes end without loss of life; for large bodies of men collected in and about Rome, in favour of Urban, and rescued the castle of St. Angelo from the Bretons who had been placed there by Clement, under command of Sir Silvester Budes, to support his interest. These again shortly after rallied, and entering Rome while the principal persons of the city were engaged in council at the capitol, slew and wounded many of the inhabitants, and then made good their escape under cover of the night. In this miserable situation were Rome and its neighbourhood on account of two popes, and even those who had been in no way concerned in the business had to pay dearly for it. Pope Clement and his cardinals fixed their residence at Fondi; and not long after the assumption of his dignity, the Queen of Naples, in company with her husband the Lord Otho of Brunswick, paid him a visit, in order to place at his disposal all the territories which belonged to her, but which the Lord Charles Durazzo had seized upon, that the pope might give them to whomsoever he pleased who should be able to regain them. Clement accepted the gift, and having heard that Urban and the Romans were desirous of gaining over the Neapolitans to their interest, he himself retired from Fondi to Avignon, and presented the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily to the Duke of Anjou, who was a rich and powerful prince, and who signified his determination to visit those parts with such an army as would enable him to resist all the enemies of the queen.

At this period there was in Tuscany a right valiant English knight named Sir John Hawkwood, who had been employed by Pope Urban and his successor Pope Gregory in their wars with the Milanese; the Romans, therefore, and Urban, on Clement leaving Italy, resolved to send for Hawkwood and appoint him commander-in-chief of their forces. Their offers were so handsome that he immediately accepted them, and in company with the Romans defeated a large body of Bretons under command of Silvester Budes, the greater part of whom were either taken or slain. Silvester was carried to Rome, where he was in great danger of being beheaded; and to say the truth, it would have been more to his honour had this happened to him, for he and another squire of Brittany were afterwards on a suspicion of treason put to death at the city of Mascon, by order of Pope Clement. Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, who was related to this Silvester Budes, was much enraged at his death, and had he himself lived longer, he would certainly have revenged it. Such was the state of affairs in these countries; but for the present we must leave them, and speak of the war in Flanders, which began about this time.

The country of Flanders before the commencement of the war was so fertile and well cultivated, that it produced everything in most marvellous abundance; however, it was destined to change its character, for the pride and jealousy of the chief barons, which set the several cities at variance, soon interrupted tillage, and caused the greatest devastation everywhere. The earl, who was a wise and prudent man, did all in his power to prevent these differences, which so weakened his kingdom, and at the same time rendered it the less formidable to his neighbours; but, alas! the devil labours night and day to cause warfare, where good men wish for peace and harmony, and he well knows how to accomplish his end.

Thus, indeed, it fell out in Flanders, as you will see by what follows.

During the time that the Earl of Flanders was in his greatest prosperity, there was a citizen of Ghent, by name John Lyon, subtle and enterprising, and very much in favour with the earl. This man having been banished from Ghent, on account of some murder in which he had been concerned, retired to Douay, where the earl, who is said to have been the promoter of the murder, supported him in the greatest affluence, after a while recovered for him his freedom, and made him deacon of the pilots, which office might be worth about 1,000 francs a year. At the same time there was a family in Ghent called the Matthews, consisting of seven brothers, who were the most considerable of all the pilots. One of these, by name Gilbert Matthew, from jealousy and other causes, bore in secret great hatred towards this John Lyon, and determined, without striking a blow, to do him the greatest injury in his power. With this view he got acquainted with one of the earl's chamberlains, and in the course of conversation with him took an opportunity of saying, that if the Earl of Flanders pleased he might gain every year a handsome revenue from the pilots; that it might be collected on the foreign trade, provided John Lyon the deacon would acquit himself honestly. This hint was conveyed by the chamberlain to the earl, who (like other great lords, naturally eager of gain) ordered Gilbert Matthew to be sent for. Gilbert was introduced accordingly, and made his scheme appear so reasonable, that the earl agreed to adopt it. John Lyon was forthwith sent for, and in Gilbert's presence the earl proposed the scheme to him. Now John saw at once that this was not a reasonable demand, and consequently said, "What you require, as it seems at Gilbert's proposing, I cannot execute alone; it will be too heavy upon the mariners." However, the earl persisted, and John replied that he would do the best in his power.

When this conference was over, Gilbert Matthew, whose only object was to ruin John Lyon, went to his six brothers and said to them: "You must now give me every possible assistance, and we shall effect our purpose. A meeting is to be held about this tax; now, notwithstanding all I may say at the meeting, you must refuse to comply. I will dissemble and argue that if John Lyon did his duty, this ordinance would be obeyed. I know the earl well; and sooner than lose his point, John Lyon will be displaced from his office, which will be given to me, and then, of course, you can comply. With regard to the other mariners, we are too powerful for them to oppose us."

The six brothers agreed to do exactly as Gilbert had directed them, and at the meeting everything turned out as he wished; for John was deposed, and the office given to Gilbert. Not contented with having effected the ruin of their unhappy victim, one of the brothers wanted to contrive to have him put to death; but to this the others would not agree, saying, that he had done them no wrong, and that no man ought to lose his life, but by sentence of a judge. Things went on quietly for some time, until the people of Bruges began to make a canal from the river Lys. This canal had often before been attempted; but as the inhabitants of Ghent considered it to be injurious to the interests of their town, it was always opposed by them. On the present occasion the Earl of Flanders had sanctioned the plan, and even sent pioneers with a body of men-at-arms to guard them in the execution of the work.

As chance would have it, one day a woman on her return from a pilgrimage to our Lady of Boulogne, being weary, sat down in the market-place of Ghent; when many people collected around her asking whence she came. "From Boulogne," said the woman; "and I have seen on my road the greatest curse that ever befel the town of Ghent; for there are upwards of five hundred men labouring night and day to open a canal for the Lys, and if they be not immediately prevented, the course of that river will soon be turned." This speech of the woman was echoed far and wide, and served to inflame men's minds in all directions. Many said, that if John Lyon had been deacon no such attempt would ever have been made; and to him they resorted for advice. John thought this a favourable opportunity to redress the injury he had received; however, he did not wish to seem to thrust himself forward; but when prevailed upon to speak, after much entreaty, said: "Gentlemen, if you wish to put an end to this business, you must renew an ancient custom which formerly existed in this town of Ghent. I mean you must first put on white hoods and choose a leader."

"We will have it so! We will have it so!" was heard on all sides. "We will put on white hoods."

White hoods were accordingly provided, and given out to those who preferred war to peace; and John Lyon was elected chief. Most willingly did he accept the office, for he rejoiced at the opportunity of embroiling the towns of Ghent and Bruges with each other, and with the earl, their lord. Gilbert Matthew, on the other hand, was by no means well pleased, when he saw in what numbers the white hoods had collected. News was soon carried to the pioneers that a large force from Ghent was coming against them, upon which they immediately left their work, and returned to Bruges; so that John Lyon and his party returned to the town without any encounter. During the same week in which these white hoods had placed themselves under command of John Lyon, another cause of distrust originated at Ghent, by some persons who were alarmed for its franchises; which circumstance also favoured greatly John's desire of embroiling the town. The hope of success made him more active than ever. He spread secret rumours in different parts, and took every opportunity of suggesting, "that never could the privileges of any town be properly maintained when offices were put to sale," intending this in allusion to the manner in which Gilbert Matthew had become possessed of the deaconship. Moreover, he frequently harangued the people in public; on which occasions he spoke so well, and with so much art, that he always left them highly impressed in his favour. At length the men of Ghent determined to send deputies to the Earl of Flanders requesting a redress of their grievances, and especially that he would put a stop to the canal. The earl, thinking to abolish the white hoods, immediately granted the request; but John Lyon, who was present when the earl's answer was received, thus addressed the meeting: "My good people, you see clearly at present the value of these white hoods. Do they not guard your privileges better than those of red and black, or hoods of any other colour? Be assured, then, by me, that as soon as they shall be laid aside, I will not give three farthings for all your privileges."

This speech had the desired effect upon the people, and they determined to do as John Lyon had advised them.

But Gilbert Matthew, who was very ill at ease, concerted a plan with the earl to arrest John and some of the principal of the white hoods, hoping thereby to disperse the rest. With this view the bailiff of Ghent came to the town with about 200 horsemen; galloped up the street with the earl's banner in his hand, and posted himself in the market-place, where he was joined by Gilbert and several others. John Lyon, suspecting what was intended, immediately got together a large body of his men, for they were instructed to be always ready, and ordered them to advance. The moment Gilbert Matthew and his party saw the white hoods advancing they left the bailiff, and ran off as fast as they could. John Lyon on entering the market-place, without saying a word, seized the bailiff, and slew him. He then ordered the earl's banner to be dragged through the dirt, and torn to pieces; and upon seeing this, the men-at-arms took to flight, and left the town, which the victorious party pillaged as they pleased.

After this event, several of the wisest and richest citizens in Ghent, tired of these constant contentions, called an assembly, in which it was debated how they could best make up matters with the earl, and promote the advantage of the town. John Lyon and the other leaders of the white hoods were invited to attend; indeed, without them they would not have dared to assemble. Many proposals were made, and long debates ensued; at last, however, it was determined to elect twelve of the most respectable inhabitants, who should entreat the earl's pardon for the murder of the bailiff, and endeavour by this means to obtain peace; but in this peace every person was to be included, and nothing moved in the business hereafter.

This resolution was acted upon; and on an appointed day twelve citizens waited upon the earl, who pleaded their cause so well, and appeared so contrite, that the earl was on the point of pardoning all the outrages that had been committed, when he received information that the castle of Andreghien had been burnt to the ground. "Burnt!" replied the earl to the messenger who brought the intelligence. "And by what means?"

"By an accidental fire, as they say," was the reply.

"Ah! ah!" answered the earl. "Now it is all over; there can never be peace in Flanders while John Lyon lives."

Then sending for the deputies from Ghent, he said to them: "Wretches, you supplicate my pardon with sword in hand. I had acceded to your wishes; and your people have been base enough to burn down my favourite castle. Was it not sufficient to have murdered my bailiff, and trampled on my banner? Quit my presence directly; and tell the men of Ghent, that they shall never have peace until they shall have given up to me to be beheaded those whom I shall point out."

The earl was right in his conjecture. It was, indeed, John Lyon, and a refractory band of white hoods under him, who, discontented with the proposal of the assembly, had actually destroyed the beautiful castle of Andreghien while the deputies were at Male in conference with the earl. Of course the poor deputies knew nothing of John Lyon's intention; and like people perfectly innocent, endeavoured to excuse themselves; but in vain. The earl was now so much enraged, that he would not listen to them; and as soon as they had left he summoned all the knights of Flanders, and every gentleman dependent on him, to be advised by them how he could best revenge himself on the people of Ghent.

This was the very thing that John Lyon wanted; for the people of Ghent would now be obliged to make war, whether they liked it or not. He, therefore, seized the opportunity, and having collected the white hoods, publicly harangued the people, and advised them without delay to get together all the support they could from the neighbouring towns, and make an attack upon Bruges. Such even now was his influence, that in a short time he mustered a very large army, and placing himself at their head, advanced to Bruges, which town was so taken by surprise, that after a short parley at the wicket, the burgomaster and magistrates opened the gates, and the men of Ghent entered. A formal alliance was then drawn up, which the men of Ghent and Bruges mutually swore to keep, and to remain for ever as good friends and neighbours.

On their way home the men of Ghent marched to the town of Damme, which likewise opened its gates and received them courteously. While at Damme John Lyon was seized with a sudden sickness, which caused his body to swell exceedingly; the night he was taken ill he had supped with some ladies of the town, and many said that he was poisoned. Of this I know nothing; but I do know that the next day he was placed on a litter and carried to Ardenbourg, where he died, to the great grief of all his followers, who were at first thrown into the utmost confusion by the event. However, the alliance between Ghent and Bruges continued; and they were not long in choosing for themselves four of their chief men as leaders, who set about increasing their power by entering into a treaty with Ypres and several other towns. The Earl of Flanders, though not a little pleased at being free from so troublesome an enemy as John Lyon, was at the same time much vexed when he heard that the inhabitants of Ypres had turned against him; and fearful lest the men of Ghent should endeavour to gain Oudenarde, he sent thither a strong reinforcement of knights and squires from Flanders, Hainault, and Artois. Notwithstanding these preparations, the men of Ghent did attack the place, and continued the siege with much loss both to themselves and the inhabitants for many days. While the four chiefs lay before Oudenarde, information was brought that the Earl of Flanders was at Dendremonde, with his cousin the Duke de Mons and several other knights. Thither, then, they determined to send about 6,000 men to make an assault upon the place. By means of some country people, the garrison of Dendremonde heard of their intention and prepared accordingly.

At daybreak the enemy advanced by land and also in boats on the Scheld, and prepared for instant assault. The trumpet of the castle sounded at their approach, and every one made ready. A most vigorous attack commenced, which was kept up during the whole day; but the castle was so strong and so well defended that it could not easily be taken, and after considerable loss the assailants thought it best to retire to Oudenarde. The siege of Oudenarde continued for a long time, and as the men of Ghent were masters of the river and of the adjoining country, no provisions could be introduced into the town. Among the many attacks made upon it, there was one which lasted a whole day, and which was far more vigorous than the rest. Upon this occasion many new knights were created from Flanders, Hainault, and Artois, who, desirous of distinguishing themselves, advanced to the barriers, when several skirmishes took place; and so regardless of death were they, that when those in front of the line were slain or disabled, the rear dragged them away and took their places; still the town would not yield.

Now, to say the truth, this war against his subjects was highly displeasing to the Earl of Flanders. His mother also, the Lady Margaret of Artois, blamed him much for it, and earnestly desired to bring it to an end; with this view she wrote to the Duke of Burgundy requesting his interference. The duke, to whom the heritage of Flanders would fall on the earl's death, was of course as much interested as any one in saving the country from ruin; and after many negotiations and much exertion on his part, he succeeded in restoring, at least for a time, a good understanding among all parties. The men of Ghent agreed to acknowledge the earl's command, and the earl for his part promised to reside among them at Ghent in an amicable manner, and never to call the past to remembrance. We must now leave the Flemings for a short time, and return to the affairs of Brittany and other matters.

CHAPTER VIII

Return of the Duke of Brittany into his own country—Council in England respecting the marriage of King Richard—Sir John Arundel commands an expedition to Brittany, storm at sea destroys it—Continuation of the disturbances in Flanders—White hoods pillage Oudenarde—Death of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin—Earl of Buckingham leads an army through France into Brittany to assist the Duke—St. Omer—Ambuscade of Lord Delawarr and his party—The Earl of Buckingham before Troyes—Crafty policy of the French King—Gauvain Micaille delivered from his vow by an English squire—The tilting match—Illness of the King of France—His death—The route of the English army—Perplexities of the Duke of Brittany—His interview with the Earl of Buckingham—Coronation of the new King of France—Preparation for the siege of Nantes—The Duke of Brittany does not keep his appointments—His apology—Return of the Earl of Buckingham to England—Tournament—John Boucmel and Nicholas Clifford.

YOU have been told somewhat of the troubles of Brittany, and that the duke of that country had escaped to England, and put himself under the protection of King Richard. The inhabitants of the principal cities, wearied by the long continuance of these troubles, now began earnestly to desire the duke's return; and to this effect sent to him many messengers: but he was afraid of trusting them until there came two knights of rank, who assured him of the state and condition of the country, and in confirmation of their ardent entreaty that he should return, brought with them letters credential from the prelates, barons, and principal towns. The duke upon this prepared for his departure, at the advice of King Richard, who promised very shortly to send to his assistance a large body of men-at-arms; the duchess however was left in England, and the duke was accompanied only by Sir Robert Knolles, the two knights of Brittany, 100 men-at-arms, and 200 archers. After a favourable passage he landed at Vannes, where he was received with every possible demonstration of joy; indeed, the whole country seemed delighted at his return. At Nantes he was met by prelates, barons, knights, and ladies, who all offered their services and expressed their readiness to obey him. Everywhere there were great complaints of the French, and of the constable, who had quartered himself near to Rennes; but the duke satisfied these by stating that when the assistance promised by the King of England should arrive, his people should have an ample return for all the wrong they had received.

In this year, about St. Andrew's day, died the Lord Charles, King of Germany and Emperor of Rome; he was succeeded by his son Winceslaus, who signed himself Emperor of Rome, King of Germany and Bohemia. The same year also there were many councils held in England, by the uncles of the king, the prelates and barons, relative to the marriage of the young King Richard. The English, out of love to that good lady the Queen Philippa, much desired that a princess of Hainault should be selected as their future queen; but Duke Albert at that time had no daughters marriageable. After much discussion, the daughter of the lately deceased King Charles, sister of the present King Winceslaus, was agreed to; and Sir Simon Burley, a sage and valiant knight, who had been the king's tutor, and was much beloved by the prince his father, was nominated to go to Germany to treat about the marriage. The time had now arrived for sending off the promised succour to the Duke of Brittany. Sir John Arundel was appointed to command the expedition, and there accompanied him Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Thomas Banaster, Sir Thomas Trivet, Sir Walter Pole, Sir John Bourchier, and the Lords Ferrers and Basset. These knights with their forces assembled at Southampton, whence they set sail. The first day they were at sea the weather was favourable, but towards the evening the wind veered about and became quite contrary; so strong and tempestuous was it that it drove them on to the coast of Cornwall that night, and as they were afraid to cast anchor, they were forced the next day into the Irish sea; here three of their ships sunk, on board of which were Sir John Arundel, Sir Thomas Banaster, and Sir Hugh Calverley; the two former with upwards of eighty men perished, but Sir Hugh fortunately clung to the mast of his vessel and was blown ashore. The rest of the ships, when the storm had abated, returned as well as they could to Southampton. Through this misfortune the expedition was put an end to, and the Duke of Brittany, though sadly oppressed by the French, received all that season no assistance from the English.

When we left off speaking of the affairs of Flanders, peace had just been concluded between the earl and the men of Ghent, which peace the earl was on all sides advised to preserve; however, he still continued to reside at Bruges, and never went near Ghent, until the inhabitants sent deputies to him to invite him thither. Perhaps it would have been better had he not gone, for on his first visit he expressed himself so angrily at the appearance of many white hoods, that hostilities were again commenced, and he was obliged secretly to retire. The white hoods shortly after this seized upon Oudenarde, which they pillaged and destroyed. At this the earl was exceedingly enraged, and immediately sent and had the gates and towers of the place repaired, and the castle made much stronger than before. The malcontents, however, cared little for this; they said, "Let them work as long as they please in repairing Oudenarde, were it of steel it cannot resist us whenever we choose to take it." They then elected Peter du Bois as their captain, under whom they sallied forth from Ghent, and burnt and destroyed all the houses of the nobility in the surrounding country. The earl, who resided in Lille, daily received information of these outrages, but he had not sufficient power to put a stop to them, and for various reasons the neighbouring princes were disinclined to render him any assistance. The King of France and the Duke of Anjou were displeased with him because he had so long entertained the Duke of Brittany against their wishes; and Pope Clement said that God had sent him this rod because he was his enemy, and would not acknowledge him as pope.

While these disturbances were harassing Flanders, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin was at Auvergne—he had laid siege to Chateauneuf de Randon, three leagues from the city of Mende, in which castle he had blocked up several English and Gascons who had come from the country of Limousin. The constable made many severe attacks upon the place, and vowed he would not depart without taking it; while there, however, he was seized with a sickness which proved fatal. His death was a severe loss to his friends, and indeed to the whole kingdom of France. The body of the brave knight was carried to the church of the Cordeliers, at which it remained one night; on the morrow it was embalmed, and conveyed to St. Denis, where it was buried in a tomb near to that which King Charles of France had caused to be prepared for himself. By the king's orders the body of Sir Bertrand was so placed as to lie at the foot of the tomb, and his obsequies were performed with the same honour as though he had been his own son. The death of Sir Bertrand left the office of constable vacant, and many councils were held on the subject of his successor. Several great barons were thought of; in particular the Lords de Clisson and de Coucy. This latter knight was much in favour with the King of France, who had already appointed him governor of Picardy, and given him the heritage of Montagne, and on the present occasion he much wished to nominate him to the vacant office; but the gallant lord excused himself for many reasons, and refused to undertake so weighty a charge as that of constable, adding that Sir Oliver de Clisson was the fittest of all persons to succeed Sir Bertrand, for he was a most valiant, enterprising man, and moreover well known to, and much beloved by, the Bretons.

I must now tell you something about the Earl of Buckingham, the youngest son of Edward III. of England, and the army with which he crossed the sea, and marched through France and Brittany. You have before heard that when the Duke of Brittany left England, King Richard promised to send him some troops, and that he had made an attempt to do so under Sir John Arundel, but was prevented from accomplishing his object by the storm at sea which we have just mentioned. The unfortunate event which put an end to that expedition was not known to the duke, who, together with his whole council, was exceedingly surprised, and could not conceive what had become of the English. Indeed he was much in want of assistance, for the French under Sir Oliver de Clisson, Sir Oliver du Guesclin, and other knights, were keeping up a very sharp war on the frontiers of his duchy. At length such was his distress that he resolved to send two able knights into England to know why the reinforcements were not sent according to promise, and to hasten them over. It was at Michaelmas, in the year 1380, when the knights arrived; and having heard that King Richard, with his uncles and many of the English nobles, was at Windsor Castle celebrating that festival, thither they went immediately and delivered their letters, and there first they heard of the loss of Sir John Arundel and his companions on their way to Brittany. The king and all present saw the great need the Duke of Brittany had of assistance, and the Duke of Lancaster assured the ambassadors it was not owing to any fault of the king or his ministers that the assistance had not arrived, but to ill-fortune at sea, against which none can prevail when God so wills it. The ambassadors were perfectly satisfied, and greatly lamented the loss of those many knights and squires who had perished in the storm. As soon as the festival was over a parliament was holden at Westminster, to which all the members of the council were summoned. Just at this time died Sir Guiscard d'Angle, Earl of Huntingdon, in the city of London; he was buried in the church of the Austin Friars, and the king ordered his obsequies to be most honourably performed; the Bishop of London sung mass, and a great number of the prelates and barons of England attended.

Soon after the parliament was opened, Lord Thomas, Earl of Buckingham, the youngest son of the late king, and many barons, knights, and squires of the realm, were ordered to cross the sea to Calais; 3,000 men-at-arms and as many archers were to join the expedition, and all were to march into Brittany through France. It was a bold task which the Lord Thomas undertook—to march through that kingdom, which was so extensive and noble, and which had in it such gallant chivalry. When all things were finally arranged, the King of England and his nobles wrote letters to the Duke of Brittany, informing him what had been determined on the part of the parliament, and that for a certainty the Earl of Buckingham would this season come to his aid. Summonses were then issued to all those who had been selected to attend the earl to assemble at Dover, whence they crossed in small parties to Calais; and on so extensive a scale was the expedition that it took upwards of fifteen days before the whole could be landed. The inhabitants of Boulogne having noticed these large bodies of men continually crossing from Dover to Calais, gave information of it to all the country round, in order that it might not be taken by surprise; and immediately, for the sake of security, all the knights and squires placed their wealth in different strong towns. News of the arrival of this armament was also carried to the King of France at Paris, who sent immediate orders to the Lord de Coucy, who at that time resided at St. Quentin, to provide himself with men-at-arms and march to Picardy, in order to reinforce all the towns, cities, and castles in that province. The earl and his forces did not stay more than two days at Calais, in order to refresh themselves, and then set out on their journey: the first day they rode on in handsome array to Marquise, where they halted, and held a consultation as to what road they should take, for there were several among them who had never been in France before; it was therefore but reasonable that those who were acquainted with the kingdom, from having passed through it and fought in it, should have much weight given to their advice and opinion. In former times, whenever the English invaded France, the leaders were required in the presence of the king and his council to swear to observe two things: first, that they would reveal to no one the secrets of their councils, their intended march, or what might be their intentions; secondly, that they would never agree to any treaty with the enemy without the knowledge and consent of the king and his council. At Marquise the army stayed three days, after which, the line of march having been much considered by the captains, they departed, taking the road to Ardres. Here again they halted, and made a display of themselves to the garrison; on this occasion the Earl of Buckingham created several knights. Their next station was Hosque, whence the vanguard marched on to a strong castle called Folant, where there resided a certain brave squire by name Robert, who had with him about forty soldiers prepared to defend themselves to the last.

The new knights, whom the Earl of Buckingham had just created, eager to do honour to their knighthood, immediately surrounded the tower, and began an attack; but the place was well defended, and many of the assailants were killed and wounded by the arrows from the fort. Among the newly-made knights was the Earl of Devonshire, who, while he was on the castle ditch, displayed his banner, and much encouraged those about him by saying, "What, my lords! shall we so disgrace our new honours as to remain all the day before this pigeon-house? The strong places and castles of France may well hold out against us when such a place as this stops us. Advance, advance! let us prove our knighthood." Upon which he and his companions rushed forward with such energy, that the lower court was taken; and after a severe struggle the whole garrison were made prisoners. The vanguard then waited for the rest of the army, and all in battle array advanced before St. Omer. The governor of St. Omer had already, in expectation of an attack, doubled the number of his guards, and ordered 2,000 men to be in readiness the whole night; but as soon as it was reported that the English were advancing, all the inhabitants armed themselves and drew up in the market-place, whence they proceeded to the gates, towers, and battlements with a determined resolution to resist should the English advance against them; but the English had no such intention; for they considered that as the place was so strong they might, in attacking it, lose more than they could gain. The French garrisons in the countries of Boulogne, Artois, and Guines, having observed the disposition of the English, and that they continued their march without endeavouring to take any towns or castles, mutually resolved to follow them, and for this purpose assembled under the pennons of the Lords de Fransures and de Saimpi, to the number of more than 200 lances; but the English marched in such compact order, that even when they came up to them they could not attack them without the risk of suffering a total defeat. As they were passing by Arras, these French lords met the Lord de Coucy, who received them politely, and made inquiries respecting what road the English had taken. They replied, that the preceding night they lodged at Doncheres, and that they were marching carefully, and in excellent order. " It is clear," answered the Lord de Coucy, " that they wish for battle; and that they shall have, if our lord the king will trust me." From Doncheres, the earl led his army to Clery-on-the-Somme, where he took up his quarters. While here, some knights, among whom were Sir Thomas Trivet, Sir William Clinton, and others, at the instigation of the Lord Delawarr, who was well acquainted with the country, and who had heard that the Lord de Coucy, with a large body of men-at-arms, was in the town of Arras, resolved to march from the army at early dawn with the foragers, and see if they could meet with any adventure. It happened that the Lord de Coucy, with his men, had this same day left Arras and taken the road to St. Quentin, and that the Lord de Brimeu, anxious to perform some gallant action, had quitted the army, taking with him about thirty spears. As chance would have it, these two parties of French and English fell in with each other, and as their meeting took place in the plain, a combat was inevitable. They, therefore, struck spurs into their horses, and galloped forwards. On the first shock several on each side were unhorsed, killed, and wounded: the rest then dismounted, and began to thrust with their spears. This mode of combat continued for an hour, and no one could say to which party victory would belong; in the end, however, the English won the field. Sir Thomas Trivet took the Lord de Brimeu and his two sons prisoners, and afterwards returned to the army. The Lord Delawarr and his party this same day posted themselves in ambuscade near to Mount St. Quentin, for they had learned that the seneschal of Hainault was with a large body of men-at-arms in Peronne, and they knew him to be so self-sufficient that he would not fail to sally out,—which in truth he did.

When the ambush had been settled, ten men-at-arms were sent forward to Peronne, where they were met by at least fifty spears with the seneschal, who, thinking to make some of them prisoners, ordered the barriers to be thrown down, and immediately began to pursue them as they retreated towards their ambuscade; however, the matter was not well managed, for those in ambush discovered themselves somewhat too soon; and when the seneschal perceived this large body of men so well mounted, he sounded a retreat; and most opportunely did these lords find the barriers open; indeed, notwithstanding all their haste, several of them were overtaken by the English and made prisoners. The earl and his army then continued their march; passing by Origny and Cressy they crossed the river Aisne and came to Hermonville, four leagues from Rheims: on their way they suffered much from want of forage, for everything of value had been driven into the towns and strong places, and the King of France had abandoned to his own men-at-arms whatever they could find in the open country. In consequence of this, it was determined to open a treaty with the inhabitants of Rheims, in order to induce them to supply the army with provisions; but they refused to enter into any negotiation, and in reply said, that the English must make the best of their own case. This answer was so galling, that in one week the English light troops burnt upwards of sixty villages dependent upon Rheims; moreover, having heard that 6,000 sheep had been secured in the ditches of that town, the vanguard advanced thither and drove them off, without any one daring to come out from the town to prevent them; for the archers who were posted on the banks of the ditch shot so sharply that the bulwarks were quite cleared. Having gained this success, the English sent to inform the townsmen that they would burn all the standing corn unless they ransomed it by sending bread and wine. At this they were so much alarmed, that they immediately sent off from ten to sixteen cart loads of provisions.

Leaving Rheims, the army came to the river Marne, which they crossed by means of a broken-down bridge repaired for the purpose, and on the ensuing day drew up in front of the town of Vertus, where there was a grand skirmish, in which many were wounded. The Earl of Buckingham lodged in the abbey, and this circumstance alone saved it from being destroyed; for during the night the whole town was burnt because the townsmen would not pay for its ransom. In the morning the earl and his army moved forward. On their way, the skirmishing party under Lord Delawarr fell in with the Lord de Hangest and his men. In the troop of Lord Delawarr, there was a valiant man-at-arms from Hainault, called Peter Berton, who, fixing his lance in its rest, and being well mounted, came up with the Lord de Hangest, who was flying before him, and gave him such a blow on the back with his lance that he drove him out of his saddle. The lord, however, was not unhorsed, neither did he lose his stirrups, though Peter thrust the iron hard at his back, and in this manner they came to Plancy, where de Hangest leaped from his horse and got into the castle ditch. Those within were anxious to save him, and ran to the barrier; a grand struggle then began; the garrison being good crossbow men shot briskly; but reinforcements from the vanguard were continually arriving, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the Lord de Hangest was rescued. The castle itself suffered much injury, and upwards of thirty of the French were killed and wounded. After this, the army marched onward towards Troyes. In this city was the Duke of Burgundy who had appointed it for the rendezvous of his forces. His intention was to offer the English battle between the river Seine and the Yonne, and the knights and squires of France were most anxious to carry this intention into effect; but King Charles, doubtful of the fortune of the war, would not give his permission to do so. He too well remembered the great losses his nobles had formerly sustained from the victories of the English to allow them to fight unless the advantage were considerably on their side. I was informed that the Lord de la Tremouille was sent by the duke and some other lords to Paris to entreat the king to allow them to fight, and that he had not returned when the English came before Troyes.

The French lords quite expected that the English would not pass by without coming to look at them; and in the hope of gaining some advantage over them, they erected about a bow-shot from their gates a large redoubt of great beams of timber capable of holding about 1,000 men-at-arms. As soon as they came in sight of the city, the English sent forward two heralds who were thus instructed by the Earl of Buckingham: "You will go to Troyes, and tell the lords within the city that we are come from England in search of deeds of arms. Wherever we think they can be found, there we shall demand them: and because we know that part of the chivalry of France repose in the town of Troyes, we have purposely taken the road to it. If they are willing to say anything to us, they will find us in the open plain, and in suchwise as we ought to be to meet our enemies." To this the heralds replied, "My lords, we will obey your commands." They then set off and rode to the town, wearing the emblazoned arms of the Earl of Buckingham. At the entrance of the redoubt they were stopped and asked by the lords what they wanted: to which they replied that they wished, if possible, to speak with the Duke of Burgundy. During the time the heralds were delivering their message, the English employed themselves in arranging their battalions, for they looked upon a battle as certain. All who were desirous of knighthood were called forward and received that honour at the hands of the earl. Among others came Sir Thomas Trivet, Sir Peter Breton, Sir John and Sir Thomas Paulet. A very gallant squire from the country of Savoy was also called, who had before at St. Omer been requested to receive the honour of knighthood; and when the earl said to him, "We shall to-day, if it please God, have an engagement, and I will make you a knight,"—the squire excused himself again by saying: "God give you all the good and honour you wish me; but I will never be a knight until my natural lord the Earl of Savoy shall confer that distinction upon me in battle."

To the words which the Earl of Buckingham had delivered to the heralds, the following had been added by order of a council held that same evening: "You will tell the Duke of Burgundy that the duke and country of Brittany have conjointly sent to the King of England for aid against certain knights and barons of Brittany in rebellion against the said duke, whom they refuse to obey as the better part of the country do, and in this rebellion they are supported by the King of France: on this account the King of England is resolved to assist the duke, and has ordered his fair uncle the Earl of Buckingham, with a large body of men-at-arms, to march into Brittany. These landed at Calais, and having marched through the kingdom of France are now so much in the heart of it as to have arrived before the city of Troyes, wherein are great members of the nobility; in particular the Duke of Burgundy the king's brother; therefore the Lord Thomas of Buckingham demands a battle." The heralds requested to have this message put down in writing; however, this was not done; for the council told them that they were of sufficient credit to be believed, and that if the French chose they would believe them. While the heralds were endeavouring ineffectually to deliver their message to the duke and get his answer, the young English knights had thrown everything into confusion by beginning to skirmish; and some French men-at-arms said to them, "Gentlemen, you are in a hazardous situation, for the common people of this town are very wicked." The hint was taken accordingly, and the heralds made the best of their way back. We must now tell how the skirmish began. In the first place, there was an English squire, a native of the Bishopric of Lincoln, an excellent man, I know not whether he had made any vow; but with his lance in its rest and his target on his neck, he spurred his horse, and riding full gallop down the causeway, made him leap over the barriers, by which means he came to the gate where the duke was surrounded by his nobles, who were all struck with amazement at this daring act. The squire intended to return; but his horse received a blow from a spear which felled him to the ground and killed the squire. Instantly the battalions of the earl advanced on foot to attack the redoubt, which to say the truth was not fit to hold out against such men-at-arms as the English. Indeed, all the men-at-arms it contained retreated to the town except the Genoese crossbow men, who did much damage. But though the redoubt was conquered, it did not long remain in possession of the English; for all sorts of people came in great abundance to the gates and a severe contest ensued; after which both parties retreated to their respective quarters, and the next day the English marched on towards Sens in Burgundy, near which town they halted for two days to refresh themselves and to get provisions from the low countries.

The English during their march made no scruple of declaring that the duke and country of Brittany had sent for them, and that thither they were going. Now King Charles of France was duly informed of this, and being a wise and prudent man, he examined well all the perils to himself which might arise from it. He considered, that if Brittany joined these English against him, the fortune of war would be more doubtful than ever; and as he was on bad terms with the duke, if the principal towns were to open their gates to his enemies, it would be very much to his prejudice. He therefore sent secretly sealed letters written in a most gracious manner to the inhabitants of Nantes, (the chief of all the towns in Brittany,) requesting them to consider that the English who were marching through France boasted that they were sent for by them; and that in the event of their having engaged them, and persisting in this evil act, they would incur the malediction of the holy father the pope, as well as the penalty of 100,000 florins, which, according to treaties formerly passed between them, they had bound themselves to pay; that he had ever been their friend and had assisted them in their necessities; he therefore recommended them maturely to consider these things, promising that he would frankly forgive them provided they did not open their gates to his enemies the English.

When these letters had been read by the men of Nantes, the principal persons among them said that the King of France was in the right, and that he had much cause for remonstrating with them as he had done: that in truth they had sworn never themselves to be enemies to the kingdom of France, and never to assist those who were so. They began therefore to put themselves upon their guard; and sent privately to the king, desiring him not to make himself uneasy, as they would never assist the English in their attempt to injure his country, nor open their gates to any other army than his. The King of France put the greatest confidence in these declarations, for Nantes had ever been attached to the French interest. Now, the Duke of Brittany, who resided at Vannes, was wholly ignorant of this negotiation, and quite thought that the people of Nantes would open their gates to the English as soon as they arrived. The Earl of Buckingham and his army continued their march, and on reaching Toury found plenty of provisions, and quartered there and in the neighbourhood. The vanguard skirmished with the garrison, and during the skirmish a squire from Beauce, unassisted by any others, came forward and cried out to the English, "Is there among you any gentleman who for love of his lady is willing to try with me a feat of arms? If there be such, I am quite ready to sally forth completely armed and mounted, to tilt three courses with the lance, to give three blows with the battle-axe, and three strokes with the dagger." The squire's name was Gauvain Micaille. His proposal was soon made known among the English, and a squire by name Joachim Cator, an expert man at tournaments, stepped forward and said, "I will deliver him from his vow, let him come forth from the castle." Gauvain Micaille was much rejoiced at finding that his challenge was accepted, and immediately attended only by two others came out of the castle, his varlets carrying three lances, three battle-axes, and three daggers. There were also to be three strokes with a sword, and with all other sorts of arms, and Gauvain had three of each sort brought with him for fear any should break.

This combat caused the greatest excitement; because of it the assault on Toury ceased, and the Earl of Buckingham together with the Earls of Stafford and Devonshire mounted their horses and rode out to see it. The English squire was brought forward completely armed and well mounted. When the combatants had taken their station, each had a spear given to him, and the tilt began; but from the mettlesomeness of their horses, neither could strike the other. At the second onset a blow was given, but it was by darting their spears; on which the Earl of Buckingham cried out, "Hola, hola, it is now late." He then said to the constable, "Put an end to the combat; for they have done enough for this day; we will make them finish it when we have more leisure; take care that as much attention be paid to the French squire as to our own; and order some one to tell those in the castle not to be uneasy about him; we shall carry him with us to complete his enterprise; but not as a prisoner, and when he shall have been delivered of his vow, if he escape with his life, we will send him back again in safety." All parties agreed to this arrangement, and the army moved on. A few days afterwards, on the festival of our Lady, the combatants were again armed and mounted to finish their engagement. They met each other roughly with their spears, and the French squire tilted much to the earl's satisfaction; but the Englishman kept his spear too low, and at last struck it into the Frenchman's thigh. At this the earl and the other English lords were much enraged, declaring that it was unfair tilting; but the squire excused himself by saying that it was entirely owing to the restiveness of his horse. The combatants then gave three thrusts with the sword; after which the earl declared that they had done enough, for he perceived that the French squire bled exceedingly. Gauvain Micaille was, therefore, at once disarmed and his wound dressed, and the earl sent him 100 francs with permission to return to his own garrison in safety, adding that he had acquitted himself much to his satisfaction. Upon this the English departed, taking the road to Vendôme; but before they arrived there, they quartered themselves in the forest of Coulombiers.

You have heard how the King of France attempted, by menaces of the pope's censure and of his own anger, to prevent the principal towns of Brittany from admitting the English. Now, when the men of Nantes in answer to his letter sent word to him not to alarm himself respecting them, they expressed a desire that, if the English should approach, men-at-arms might be sent to assist them in their defence of the town. The King of France was well inclined to this, and desired his council to see it executed. There were already in Brittany the Duke of Burgundy, who was quartered in the city of Mans, and many other lords in different places, such as the Duke of Bourbon, the Count de Bar, the Lord de Coucy, the Count d'Eu, and the Duke of Lorraine, with a force of upwards of 6,000 men-at-arms; and these had agreed among themselves, that whether the king willed it or not, they would combat the English before they crossed the river Sarthe, which divides Maine from Anjou. The King of France was at this time seized with an illness, at which all who loved him were much disheartened; for as no remedy could be found for it, they foresaw that in a very short time he must depart this life; indeed, he himself knew this quite as well as his surgeons and physicians. It was formerly believed that the King of Navarre, during the time he resided in Normandy, had attempted to poison him, and that, although the attempt did not succeed, King Charles was at the time so much infected with the venom, that the hair of his head and the nails of his hands and feet fell off, and he became as dry as a stick. His uncle, the emperor, hearing of his condition, sent to him his own physician, the most able man of his age, by name George of Prague, who for his immense learning was commonly called a second Aristotle. When this great doctor came to visit the king, who at the time was Duke of Normandy, he knew his disorder, and declared that having been poisoned he was in great danger; however, he performed a most wonderful cure, and so weakened the force of the poison, that he caused the king to regain his former strength. He opened an issue in his arm through which the poison oozed, and prescribed a medicine which was to be made use of constantly.

On his departure the doctor told the king and his attendant that whenever the issue should dry up he would most certainly die; but that at any rate he might live fifteen days or more, to settle his affairs and attend to his soul. The king well remembered these words, and at times they caused him much anxiety; however, he lived for twenty-two years after this occurrence. When, however, on the present occasion the issue ceased running, the fears of death came upon him; and, like a wise and prudent man, he began to look to his affairs. He desired his three brothers, the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, to be sent for; but took no notice of his other brother, the Duke of Anjou, whom he did not send for, because he knew him to be very avaricious. On the arrival of his three brothers, the king said to them: "My dear brothers, I feel I have not long to live; I, therefore, recommend to your charge my dear son Charles, requesting that you take that care of him which good uncles ought to do of their nephew. Have him crowned king as soon as you can after my decease, and advise him justly in all his affairs. Seek out in Germany an alliance for him, that our connexion with that country may be strengthened thereby: for you have heard how our adversary is about to marry from thence." He then entered into many particulars respecting the affairs of his kingdom, and also stated the reason that the Duke of Anjou had not been invited to attend; little, however, did he think that the duke was near him—so near, indeed, that he even heard all that was said: but such was the case, for as soon as he was informed of his brother's sickness, he set off to Paris, and so secreted himself near to the royal chamber, that he became acquainted with all that passed; and immediately the eyes of the poor king were closed in death, he seized upon all his valuable jewels, flattering himself that they would be of the utmost use to him in his intended war. The body of the deceased monarch, with his face uncovered, followed by his brothers and his two sons, was carried through the city of Paris to the abbey of St. Denis, where it was most honourably interred.

It has before been mentioned that during his lifetime he had given orders respecting his burial, and that his constable, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, at his command was buried at the foot of his tomb. Notwithstanding all King Charles had said before his death, respecting the government of the kingdom, his orders were totally disregarded; for the Duke of Anjou immediately took possession of everything, and overruled his other brothers. He was willing that his nephew should be crowned king; but as he himself was the eldest uncle, he resolved to have the management of the affairs as much as possible in his own hands.

It was on the eve of Michaelmas when the King of France died: and soon after his decease the peers and barons assembled, and recommended that the coronation of the new king should take place at Rheims, on All-saints' day.

Invitations to attend the ceremony were immediately sent to the Dukes of Brabant and Bavaria, the Count de Savoye, and the Count de Blois; also the Counts de Foix, Flanders, and several others. The Dukes of Bar and Lorraine and the Lord de Coucy, who were engaged in pursuing the English, were not so soon invited: before, however, we speak of the coronation of the King of France, we must say something more about the Earl of Buckingham and his army whom we left at the forest of Coulombiers.

On breaking up their quarters they continued their journey towards Brittany by easy marches, occasionally skirmishing with the enemy. At Pont-valin they found the whole country full of men-at-arms; but no opposition was offered to their progress, and, accordingly, they went forward and arrived at the Sarthe. This river, at all times difficult to cross, except in certain places, was now much swollen and very deep. The vanguard marched up and down the banks, looking for a ford, and at length discovered some large beams fixed across the river, which had been placed there by the Duke of Anjou and his party, on their way to Paris a few days previous, in order to prevent the English from making use of the ford should they attempt to do so. On seeing these, the leaders of the vanguard cried out, "It is here we must pass, if we mean to march further; come, let us be active, and drag these beams out of the way." Then were to be seen knights, barons, and squires, entering the river, and labouring to the utmost before they could succeed; at last, however, they gained their point, and having cleared away all obstacles, opened a passage; but even after all had crossed the river, they had much difficulty in making their way to Noyon, in consequence of the deep marshes which they had to go through. At Noyon the English first became acquainted with the death of the King of France, and were freed for a time from much annoyance of the enemy, as many of the barons ceased to follow them, and went back to Paris to learn what was to be done. The English continued in their quarters at Noyon for three days, and on the fourth proceeded to Argentie. The next day they crossed the river Mayenne, and again experienced much difficulty in passing a marsh, which brought them to Cosse, where they halted four days, in continual expectation of having some intelligence from Brittany.

The Duke of Brittany was at this time residing at Hennebon, in the district of Vannes; he had heard frequently of the English, that they were near the frontiers of Brittany, but he was in doubt how to act respecting them; of the death of the King of France he took but little notice, further than saying to those about him, "The rancour and hatred which I bore to the kingdom of France, on account of this King Charles, is now one half diminished. Those who hated the father may love the son; and those who have made war on the father may assist the son. It is necessary, however, for me to acquit myself to the English; for, in truth, it has been at my request that they have marched through the kingdom of France. Still there is much difficulty in the matter, both in regard to them and to myself, as I wish our principal towns to shut their gates against them." He then summoned some of his council, and said to them, "You will ride to my Lord of Buckingham, who is approaching Brittany, and whom I believe you will find not far off; commend me to him, and salute on my part all his barons. Tell them that I shall shortly be at Rennes to meet them, to which place I wish they would direct their march. Tell them also that I do not find my country in the same disposition as when I sent to England for their aid, which vexes me much; that in particular I am hurt with the men of Nantes, who are more rebellious than the rest."

The knights accordingly set off and met the English at Chateaubriant. The earl and the barons of England received these ambassadors of the duke honourably, and held many councils upon the subject of their message; however, they did not scruple to tell them that they were much astonished that neither the duke nor the country were better prepared to receive them, since they had come in answer to their request, and had suffered so many difficulties in the march through France. The Lord de Montboursier, the chief of the duke's deputies, then said, in excuse of his master, "My lords, the duke has a thorough good will to fulfil every article of the engagement existing between you, to the utmost of his power; but he cannot act as he wishes, for the people of Nantes are in rebellion against him, and quite ready to receive men-at-arms from France. My lord, therefore, begs and entreats that you will hold him excused; he also desires that you will take the road to Rennes, where he himself will meet you." At these words the earl and his barons expressed themselves satisfied, declaring that the duke could not say more. The messengers forthwith returned, and on their way met the Duke of Brittany at Vannes. The English, after staying four days at Chateaubriant, proceeded to Rennes, where they remained upwards of fifteen days, waiting in vain for the duke's arrival. His delay was to all a matter of great astonishment, and the English began to be very discontented about it. At length they resolved in council to send the Lord Thomas Percy and Sir Thomas

Trivet, attended by 500 lances, to wait upon him, and ascertain the reason; but while they were on their way to Vannes, the duke, who had regular information of all that the English were doing, finding that he could with honour keep them in suspense no longer, determined to advance to meet them; and, as soon as he saw them, excused himself as well as he could, by saying that he really could not help it, as he did not find his country prepared to perform what it had promised to him at the beginning of the summer. He then accompanied Lord Thomas Percy and his party to the earl; to whom he made the same excuse. But the earl replied, "Fair brother of Brittany, if you will follow my advice, it shall not be long before you punish these rebels; for with the forces which you have yourself, and those which we have brought, we shall be able to bring your subjects to such a state of subjection that they will most gladly throw themselves upon your mercy."

After much conversation between them, it was determined that the council of the earl should attend the duke at Rennes, and finally arrange respecting their future proceedings. The meeting took place, and after a consultation of three days it was determined and sworn to on the part of the duke, that he would lay siege to Nantes, in company with the Earl of Buckingham; and be there in person fifteen days after the English arrived. After this the duke returned to Hennebon, and the English remained at Rennes fifteen days, making the necessary preparations for the siege.

The people of Nantes were soon informed of the designs entertained against them, and took every possible precaution with a view to defend themselves. Indeed, in anticipation of an attack from the English, they had already received from the four dukes who governed France upwards of 600 good and valiant men-at-arms. But before we relate the particulars of the siege, we must give an account of the coronation of the young King Charles, which was celebrated at this period at Rheims. As you may well imagine, nothing was spared by the nobility of France to add to the magnificence of the coronation of their king.

The ceremony took place on a Sunday, 1380, when Charles was in the twelfth year of his age, and there were present almost all the mighty lords and nobles of the kingdom. The young king made his entrance into the city on the Saturday previous, and heard vespers in the Church of our Lady, where he performed his vigils the greater part of the night, as did also all the young men desirous of knighthood. On the Sunday, which was All-saints' day, the church was very richly decorated; and when all were assembled, the Archbishop of Rheims said mass with great solemnity; after which, he consecrated the king with the holy ampulla, with which St. Remy had anointed Clovis, the first Christian king of the French. Before his consecration, the king, in front of the altar, conferred the order of knighthood on all the young squires who presented themselves as candidates for that distinction; and during the chanting of mass, he sat clad in his royal robes on an elevated throne adorned with cloth of gold; while all the newly-made knights were on low benches at his feet. When mass was over, the king and his retinue went to the palace; but as the hall was too small to contain so numerous an assemblage, there was erected in the courtyard a large covered stage, on which the dinner was set out. The whole day was spent in feasting and merriment; and on the morrow the king's uncles and many of his great barons returned home, but Charles went to the abbey of St. Thierry, two leagues from Rheims, for the monks of that place were bound to entertain the king, and the city of Rheims to provide for his coronation; after this visit, the king returned to Paris.

It has been stated that Sir Simon Burley had been sent with proposals to the Emperor of Germany, respecting the marriage of the Lady Anne, his sister, with King Richard of England. The gallant knight transacted this business with so much ability, that the emperor and his council consented, and the Duke of Saxony, one of the council, was sent over to England to make inquiry respecting the queen's settlement. It is the custom in England for the queen, independent of the crown, to have a large estate, which is placed entirely at her own disposal. This estate is worth 25,000 nobles a year; for I, John Froissart, author of this history, during my youth served as secretary that excellent queen, the Lady Philippa of Hainault, and by this means became acquainted with the amount. The Duke of Saxony returned to his own country well pleased with everything he heard and saw in England; the marriage, however, was not immediately concluded, for the Lady Anne of Bohemia was very young, and besides the councils of each party had many things to arrange respecting it.

The day had now arrived when by agreement, as we have mentioned, the Duke of Brittany and the Earl of Buckingham were to lay siege to Nantes. The earl was true to his appointment; but the duke acted as he had previously done, and kept the English waiting so long that they were quite discouraged, and knew not what to think of the matter. Now, to say the truth, the Duke of Brittany did everything in his power to make his people consent to follow him to the siege of Nantes; but he could not succeed. Even his own knights and squires told him plainly that they would not assist in the destruction of their own country, and that they would never arm themselves in his behalf, so long as the English remained in Brittany. At the same time the Lord de Clisson, the Constable of France, and the other French lords who held castles in that part, sent to the duke, bidding him consider what he was about; that he had been ill-advised in sending for the English, and that he had better agree to acknowledge the King of France and place himself under his protection. Such being the case, the duke really did not know what to do, and it was this which induced him so to dissemble.

The English, although left to themselves, did not give up the intended siege. When all things were prepared they made a most vigorous attack upon the town. Skirmishes, in which many were killed and wounded, daily took place before the walls, and for two months did the earl and his men endeavour to reduce the place; at last, however, finding their efforts ineffectual, and that the Duke of Brittany would not keep his engagement, they thought it best to decamp and return to Vannes again, to expostulate with him upon his behaviour.

The inhabitants of Vannes were much perplexed when they heard that the English intended again to take up their quarters in their city; and sending to the duke, they asked his advice whether they should close their gates or allow them to enter. The duke, who was himself on the road to Vannes when the messengers met him, desired them to return with all the haste possible, and report that he was coming, and that they had no reason to be alarmed, for the English had no intention of doing them harm. "I myself," he said, "will meet my brother the earl, to-morrow on his approach, and pay him every possible honour and respect. As for the rest, you will act according to my advice, which is that you present to him the keys of your town, professing your readiness to receive him, and to obey his orders, on condition that he will swear to depart, and deliver back the keys fifteen days after he shall be requested to do so." The messengers replied, "My lord, we will comply with your directions."

In the evening of that same day the duke wrote to the Earl of Buckingham in the most affectionate style, bidding him welcome to the city, and on the morrow went out a full league from Vannes in order to meet him. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the general courtesy of the reception which these two lords gave each other; and when the greeting was over, they rode on together, conversing in the following manner: "By holy Mary, fair brother of Brittany," said the earl, "according to agreement we waited most patiently for your arrival at Nantes during the siege, and yet you never came." "By my faith, my lord," answered the duke, "it was not possible for me to act otherwise than I did, for, notwithstanding all the argument I could use, my subjects would not agree to march to assist you. The principal barons of Brittany are at this moment in a state of rebellion, at which I am much mortified; for by their misconduct you have reason to find fault with me. I will tell you, therefore, my lord, what you shall do: it is now the depth of winter, and most uncomfortable weather to keep an army in the field; you shall come to Vannes, and remain there till May or April to recover yourself, and I will give orders for your men to be taken care of. You will pass your time as well as you can, and in the summer we will punish those who have treated us with such contempt." The earl replied, "May God assist us;" for he saw plainly that nothing would be done. As they approached the city, the inhabitants came out in their robes to meet them, and addressing the earl in a most respectful manner, said, "My lord, out of regard to your lordship, we have no objection to your entering our town; but in order to pacify the people, we wish you to swear to us that, fifteen days after we shall have requested you to depart, you will march away with your whole army without doing us any harm." "By my troth, no harm shall be done to you," answered the earl; "and I will swear to depart as you request."

While the earl remained at Vannes, the duke handsomely entertained him and the English knights at his castle of la Motte, and also held frequently conferences with them; but things were very far from being in a settled state; for four of the chief barons of Brittany had gone to the King of France, to negotiate a peace with him, and these were continually remonstrating with the duke for his attachment to the English. I should mention that, while these knights were at Paris intriguing against the English, there were tilts and tournaments between certain French and English knights, held at Vannes, in presence of the Earl of Buckingham and the lords who were with him; indeed, these deeds of arms were the only things of importance which occurred during the stay of the English in those quarters; for the winter passed with them very miserably, as many of them were taken ill, and suffered much from the badness and scarcity of provisions; fortunately, a supply came from Cornwall, Guernsey, and the Isle of Wight, otherwise they, as well as their horses, must have perished through famine.

The Duke of Brittany saw clearly that it was his interest to keep on friendly terms with France, and, therefore, he did not oppose the negotiations of his four barons, who managed matters so well at the French court, that articles of peace were agreed to; by which it was settled that the duke might assist the English with vessels to return to their own country; that he might add to his own ordinances; that if those who had come from the garrison of Cherbourg to serve under the Earl of Buckingham wished to return thither by land, they should be provided with passports from the king and constable, to march through France unarmed; and that any knights or squires from England might accompany them; that when the English had quitted Brittany, the duke should come to the king and his uncles at Paris, and acknowledge himself, by faith and homage, vassal to the King of France.

When the Earl of Buckingham and his knights heard that the Duke of Brittany had concluded a peace with

France, they were very indignant, declaring that he had never performed any one promise which he had sworn to respecting them; for which reason they pronounced him void of loyalty, and determined to quit the country. Before their departure, however, the duke paid a visit to the earl, when at first high words passed between them; but the duke, conscious that he had been much to blame, afterwards made the best excuse for himself he could. The earl, after this interview, gave notice to the city of Vannes, that if any of his men were indebted to the inhabitants, they should come forward and be paid. He also gave back the keys of the town to the magistrates, and thanked them for their attention. It was the eleventh of April when the earl left Vannes on his return to England. Ships were provided for him and his troops on paying for them at Vannes, and other places on the coast, and just as he was about to sail, the duke sent to him requesting that he might again speak with him; but the earl refused, and sent instead the Lord Latimer and Lord Thomas Percy. These two lords had a conference with the duke, which lasted three hours, and consented to use their influence with the earl, and induce him, if possible, to grant the duke another interview; however, on their return to the ship, as the wind and tide were favourable, the earl bade the mariners weigh anchor and set sail for England.

We must now speak of certain knights and squires, who returned to Cherbourg by land, and relate what befel them on the road. The knights to whom passports had been granted to enable them to return to Cherbourg, according to the terms of the treaty, were among others Sir John Harlestone, governor of Cherbourg, Sir Evan Fitzwarren, Sir William Clinton, and Sir John Burley. These, on their way, came to Château-Josselin, the residence of the Constable of France, where they took up their quarters, intending to do nothing more than dine and then continue their journey; but as soon as they had dismounted at the inn, the knights and squires of the castle came to visit them as brother soldiers. Among these there was a squire of great renown, by name John Boucmel, who was attached to the court of John de Bourbon. He had formerly been in garrison at Valogne with Sir William des Bordes, and had joined in his expedition against Cherbourg. At that time he had some talk respecting a tilting match with an English squire, by name Nicholas Clifford, who happened to be in the present party; and in the course of the conversation which these French knights and squires held at the inn with the English, John Boucmel, recollecting Clifford, cried out, "Nicholas Clifford, we have often desired to perform a tilting match, but have never found a fit opportunity or place for it. Let us perform it now, in presence of the constable and these gentlemen. I demand from you three courses with a lance." "John," replied Nicholas, "you know that we are here but as travellers, under passport of my lord constable. What you ask cannot now be accomplished, as I am not the principal in the passport, but merely under command of these knights whom you see here; and if I were to accept your challenge, they would set out without me." "Ah, Nicholas, do not make such excuses as these: let your friends depart, if they please, for I give you my promise, that as soon as our tilt is over, I will myself conduct you safely within the gates of Cherbourg, for I can depend upon the good will of my lord constable." To this Nicholas answered, "Suppose it be as you say, and I confide in you to conduct me safely to Cherbourg, yet you see we are travelling through the country without arms of any sort; therefore, if I was willing to arm myself, I have not wherewithal to do so." "You shall not excuse yourself in that way," replied John; "I have plenty of arms at command, and will order different sorts to be brought to the place where we shall tilt, and when all are laid out you may choose for yourself; for I will leave the choice to you; and when you have taken yours, then I will arm myself."

When Nicholas saw himself so earnestly pressed, he found that he could no longer with honour refuse, for John added further, "Make whatever arrangements you please, and I will agree to them rather than we should lose this tilting match." Upon this Nicholas said that he would consider of it, and before his departure would make him acquainted with his determination, at the same time remarking, "If it be not possible for me to comply with your request at this place, yet on my return to Cherbourg, if you will come to Valogne and signify your arrival to me, I will immediately hasten thither and deliver you from your engagement." "No, no," said John, "I have offered to you such handsome proposals that you cannot in honour depart without running a tilt with me." Nicholas was very angry, for he thought, as was the case, that by such a speech his honour was greatly outraged. When this conversation was over, the French returned to the castle and the English to dinner at their inn. As you may suppose, the French knights on their return were not silent respecting this altercation; insomuch that the constable heard of it, and after some entreaty undertook to try to bring about the combat.

Now it happened that the English knights and squires, wishing to pursue their journey, went after dinner to wait upon the constable, who was to give them seven knights to escort them on the road. As soon, then, as they had arrived at the castle, the earl received them amicably, but at the same time said, "I put you all under arrest this day: to-morrow, after mass, you shall witness the combat between your squire and ours; you shall then dine with me; after dinner you shall set out on your journey, and I will give you guides to conduct you to Cherbourg." Immediately all the requisite preparations for the engagement were commenced; and when morning came the French and English arranged themselves in opposite parties, and the two squires came forth in the midst of them. John Boucmel had provided two suits of armour, which he had displayed on the plain in front of the castle, where the tilt was to take place, and then bade the English squire make his choice. "No," said the Englishman, "I will not choose, you must have first choice." John was therefore compelled to choose, which he did, and armed himself as completely as any good squire need be. Nicholas did the same. When both were armed they grasped their spears, which were of equal length, well made of Bordeaux steel; each squire also took the position proper for him to run his course, with his helmet and visor closed. They then advanced, and when near to each other lowered their spears and aimed the blow. At the first onset, Nicholas Clifford struck his opponent on the upper part of his breast; but the point of the spear slipped off the steel breast-plate, and piercing the hood entered his neck, cutting his jugular vein and breaking off at the shaft, so that the truncheon remained in the squire's neck, who was killed as you may suppose. The English squire passed on, but as soon as he could recover himself returned to assist his opponent; however, all was over with him, for as soon as the spear was extracted, he fell down dead. Nicholas Clifford was much vexed at having by ill fortune slain a valiant and good man-at-arms; nor was the accident less a subject of regret to John de Bourbon, who was sadly distressed, for he esteemed the deceased squire above all others who were about him. The English knights and squires then accepted the invitation of the constable to dine at the castle, and soon after dinner set out on their journey under the escort of that gallant knight, le Barrois des Barres, who never quitted them until they arrived at Cherbourg. In this manner did the army of the Earl of Buckingham quit France by sea and land. We must now return to the affairs of Flanders.

CHAPTER IX

Disturbances in Flanders continued—John Boule and Arnoul le Clerc, captains of the men of Ghent—Two large ambuscades made by the Earl of Flanders—Siege of Ghent—Great strength of the place—Storming of the Church of Nevele—Tragic end of John de Launoy—Great success of the Earl of Flanders—Philip Von Artaveld made chief man of Ghent—Affairs of Portugal—The Duke of Lancaster goes to Scotland—Great commotion of the lower orders in England—John Ball, Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw—King Richard meets the rebels in Smithfield—Leaders of the rebels beheaded—Richard resolves to visit his bailiwicks, castlewicks and stewardships—The Earl of Cambridge arrives in Portugal.

TRUE it is that at the beginning of his troubles, the Earl of Flanders had little dread of the Flemings and men of Ghent, imagining that by degrees he should prevail over them, since John Lyon and John Pruniaux were dead; but he soon discovered that they had still captains quite as able to lead them as either of these: such were Rasse de Harzelle, captain of the castlewick of Ghent, and John de Launoy, captain of the men of Courtray, John Boule, Arnoul le Clerc, and others. The earl had made himself master of Bruges, and one or two other places of importance, when, in furtherance of his intention of recovering his country and punishing the rebels, he gave out that he should pay a visit to Ypres. In consequence of this, the inhabitants of Ypres sent secretly letters and messages to the captains in Ghent, informing them of the menaces of the earl, and entreating their assistance. With this request the men of Ghent considered themselves for many reasons bound to comply; and having called two of their captains, John Boule and Arnoul le Clerc, said to them, "You will take 3,000 of our men and march in haste to Ypres, to succour our good friends." Soon after the order was given, the detachment marched away from Ghent, and to the great joy of the inhabitants arrived at Ypres.

When, however, the men of Ghent heard that the earl was actually on his march with an army amounting to 20,000 men, they resolved to assemble their whole forces, and take the road by Courtray to Ypres, where, by uniting with those of the latter town, they hoped to come to an engagement with him, and so completely defeat his forces that he would never be able to recover the blow. In consequence of this determination, the other captains of Ghent marched off for Courtray, having with them about 9,000 men, at the same time sending to Ypres requesting the men of that place to march out and meet them at Rousselaer, with a view to give the earl battle. The earl by some means got information of this, and ordered two large ambuscades in a pass through which those who left Ypres must march in order to meet the men of Ghent. The plan succeeded admirably; for John Boule and Arnoul le Clerc, with their men, fell into the very midst of these ambuscades; very many of them were killed, and if the earl's troops had only continued the pursuit, instead of waiting to slay those who had fallen into their hands, but few would have escaped. The people of Ypres were much cast down at this defeat; some said John Boule had betrayed them, for it was he who advised that they should take that particular road; and so ungovernable were they in their anger, that they dragged him from his house into the street, and actually tore him in pieces.

While the people were in this state of alarm and confusion, the earl was advised to advance at once, and lay siege to the city; thither, then, he marched accordingly with a fine army of knights and squires from Hainault, Artois, and Flanders. Upon the report of this intention, the citizens of Ypres were more alarmed than ever, and called together a council of the principal inhabitants, in which it was resolved to open their gates to the earl, and to offer to replace themselves under his power. Accordingly as he approached the town upwards of 300 inhabitants went out to meet him, carrying with them the keys of the city; and as soon as they came into the earl's presence all fell upon their knees, and begged for mercy. The earl at once made them rise, and granted them his pardon; after which he entered the town and remained in it three weeks.

From Ypres he marched off to Courtray, in order to bring that town under his power; here, also, he met with no resistance, for the inhabitants, alarmed at the subjugation of Ypres, determined to act as that city had done, and to surrender themselves amicably. After this, the earl returned to Bruges, where having rested for a fortnight, he issued a grand summons for his vassals to attend him at the siege of Ghent; for by this time nearly all Flanders was dependent on him.

The town of Ghent, everything considered, is one of the strongest places in the world. It would require not fewer than 200,000 men to block up all the passes; besides, the Scheld and the Lys are of great service in protecting it. When the earl had been before this city about a month, and his men had had various skirmishes with those of Ghent, in which they sometimes won, and at others lost, he was advised to send men from Bruges on an expedition to a place called Longpont, the conquest of which would be highly advantageous to him, for by means of it his forces could enter the Quatre Mestiers, and so approach as near Ghent as they pleased. Of this expedition Sir Josse de Haluin was commander, but he was not able to effect his object; for the men of Ghent who were defending Longpont shot so well from their cannons and crossbows, that Sir Josse's men were driven back, and himself killed; the banner, also, of the Goldsmiths' Company of Bruges was taken, flung into the river, and besmeared with filth. Those who escaped returned home quite discomfited. The siege of Ghent still continued, but so obstinate was the resistance on the part of the inhabitants, that the Earl of Flanders considering that besides losing his time he was at a great expense, resolved, as winter was approaching, to break up his encampment and depart; part of his forces he ordered off to Oudenarde, and himself went to Bruges.

When winter was over, he again assembled his army, full 20,000 men, and marched to Gavre, where John de Launoy resided, who immediately sent off to Ghent to inform Rasse de Harzelle that he must send reinforcements as speedily as possible. Rasse instantly collected 6,000 men, and set out to Gavre; however, John de Launoy had left that town, and was pillaging the country on the other side of the river. Rasse overtook him at Deynse, and when they had united their forces they marched together, and fell in with some men of Oudenarde, who were going to join the earl; these they immediately attacked, and slew about 600 of them. In revenge for this, the earl ordered out a large body of his forces, resolving to give battle to the men of Ghent, wherever he should find them.

They met at a place called Nevele. The earl formed his men into five battalions, and, before the battle began, in person exhorted them to behave well, and to be revenged on these mad men of Ghent, who had given them so much trouble. Rasse de Harzelle had formed his men only into three battalions, the first of which he led himself, as he was anxious to begin the battle, and gain all the honour he could.

The engagement was very severe, and lasted long, so that it was some time before it could be ascertained which side had the advantage; all the battalions were intermixed; on the one side they shouted, "Flanders for the Lion!" on the other, "Ghent! Ghent!" There was one time when the earl was in the greatest possible danger of losing all; and when, if he had given ground, all his men would have been defeated beyond a remedy, and very many of them slain; for Peter du Bois, with full 6,000 men, was on the plain, although he could not give any assistance to his townsmen, because of the extensive marshes which were between him and the armies. However, had the earl's men fled, Peter du Bois would have attacked them, and none could have escaped. The men of Ghent had not long the advantage in the combat, for the earl's men, who far outnumbered the enemy, making a vigorous effort, threw them into disorder, and the knights and squires breaking the ranks, literally killed them in heaps; those who escaped the general slaughter retired towards the church of Nevele, where another severe struggle ensued. John de Launoy, like one distracted, rushed into the church and posted himself and as many men as he could in the large tower of the steeple, while Rasse de Harzelle remained at the door of the sacred edifice, where for a time he fought most bravely; but was at last overpowered, and received a thrust from a spear, which killed him on the spot. As soon as the earl arrived at the square before the church, and found that the men of Ghent had retreated into it, he ordered the building to be set on fire; large quantities of straw and faggots were brought, and being placed all round the church and lighted, the flames soon ascended to the roof. The destruction of the Ghent men was now inevitable; for if they stayed in the church they were sure to be burnt, and if they attempted to sally out they were as sure to be slain, and thrown back into the fire. John de Launoy, who was in the steeple, perceiving that he must soon be destroyed, for the steeple itself was beginning to take fire, cried out to those below, "Ransom! Ransom!" and offered his coat, which was full of florins; but they only laughed at him, and said in reply, "John, come and speak to us through the windows, and we will receive you. Make a handsome leap, John, such as you have forced our friends to take this year." John thought for a moment, and then, preferring being slain to being burnt, leaped out of the window; however, both these disasters happened to him; for his enemies received him as he fell upon the points of their spears, and after hacking him to pieces, flung him back into the flames. Of the 6,000 men—of which, to say the least, the army under Rasse de Harzelle and John de Launoy consisted—not more than 300 escaped; the rest were either slain in the field or in the town, or burnt in the church. Peter du Bois, notwithstanding he had a fine army, could not on account of the marshes give his companions the slightest assistance; and after their defeat marched away with his men in close order to Ghent, where the governors were so much enraged with him, that at first they determined to kill him, and make peace with the earl; but they altered their resolution; for which, as you will find, they afterwards paid dearly, as did also the whole country of Flanders.

After the victory at Nevele, the earl dismissed his forces to their different towns; sent the Lord d'Anghien to

Oudenarde, and himself retired to Bruges. The men of Ghent, on hearing that the earl's forces were disbanded, again put themselves in motion at the instigation of Peter du Bois, who said: "Come, let us take the field; let us not be cool in carrying on the war; but show ourselves men of courage and enterprise." On this occasion upwards of 15,000 marched out of Ghent, and came before Courtray, to which they laid siege during the feast and procession at Bruges, in the year 1381. At Courtray they remained ten days, burning the suburbs and the surrounding country, to the great annoyance of the earl; who, as soon as he could get his forces together again, took the road to that city, intending to combat the Ghent army, and raise the siege.

Peter du Bois, on receiving intelligence of the earl's march, thought it best not to continue the siege, as his forces were by no means able to cope with the earl's army; he, therefore, decamped, and took up his quarters at Deynse, giving out that he would there wait for the enemy; at the same time he signified the situation he was in to the town's-people, who ordered out to his assistance a reserve guard amounting to 15,000 men.

The earl, on receipt of this information, did not think proper to pursue the men of Ghent, but dismissed the greater part of his army at Courtray, sending the Lord d'Anghien and the Hainaulters into garrison at Oudenarde. Peter du Bois and the Ghent army, finding that the earl did not advance against them, and that some of his forces were quartered at Oudenarde, left Deynse, and by a roundabout road came to Oudenarde, on their way to Ghent. The day they were passing the town, they detached a body of their men under command of Arnoul le Clerc, in order that they might advance to the barriers to skirmish. The opportunity was gladly embraced by those within the walls, and in the skirmish many knights and squires on both sides were slain and wounded. Three days after their return to Ghent, Arnoul le Clerc marched to Gavre with about 1,200 white hoods, with a view to keep in check those in Oudenarde. He had not long been there before he was informed that some knights and squires had sallied forth from Oudenarde in search of adventures: he, therefore, formed an ambuscade, and by this means fell in with them and slew several. The same day, after he had performed this enterprise, Arnoul le Clerc marched to a monastery near Berchem, of which he took possession without much trouble; but the Lord d'Anghien, with 600 knights and squires from Hainault, a like number from Flanders, and with those of Oudenarde, also made so vigorous an attack upon the place that it was recovered; and of the 1,200 men who were defending it, 1,100 were slain. Arnoul le Clerc also, as he was endeavouring to escape, was thrust through by two spikes, which fastened him to a hedge and killed him.

The news of this victory greatly pleased the Earl of Flanders, who much praised the Lord d'Anghien for his skill and bravery. At Ghent, on the other hand, the loss of so many men, and of Arnoul le Clerc among them, caused much sadness and depression. The inhabitants began to say among themselves, "Our affairs go on very badly; by degrees all our captains and men will be destroyed. We have done wrong in making this war upon the earl. The hatred of Gilbert Lambert and John Lyon is falling upon us. We have too long followed the opinion of such men; they have driven us into this war, and brought us under the anger of our lord to such a degree that we shall never be admitted to mercy nor obtain peace." This was the conversation of several when in private, although they dared not express these sentiments openly, from dread of the ill-intentioned, who were of a different way of thinking, and who, though at the first but poor workmen scarcely worth a groat, had now plenty of gold and silver.

When, however, Peter du Bois saw Ghent thus weakened in her captains and soldiers, and that the principal inhabitants began to be weary of these disturbances, he suspected the people would very readily give up the war; and he knew that if they entered into any treaty with the earl, it would not be possible for him to save his life. In this emergency he remembered John Lyon, and the skill with which his plans had been laid; and as he plainly saw that he himself had not sufficient weight or knowledge to govern the town, he turned his thoughts to a man of whom the city of Ghent had not the slightest suspicion—one who possessed wisdom and skill sufficient for the purpose, though his abilities were at present unknown; for until that day but little attention had been paid to him: his name was Philip Von Artaveld, son of that Jacob Von Artaveld who had governed Flanders for seven years. Peter had heard his old master John Lyon say, that the country was never so well off as during the time of Jacob's reign; and the people were continually adding, that if Jacob were alive things would not be as they are now.

These reflections made a strong impression upon Peter du Bois, and he resolved at once to enter into communication with this Philip Von Artaveld. Accordingly, having arranged in his own mind what he could say to him, he called at his house one evening and thus opened to him the cause of his coming:—"If you will listen to me," he said, "and follow my advice, I will make you the greatest man in Flanders." "How so?" replied Philip. "You shall have," continued Peter, "the sole government of Ghent; for we are, at this moment, in the utmost want of a leader of good name and fair character. Through your means we shall rouse the people by the remembrance of your father's fame; for every one says that Flanders was never so flourishing as during his lifetime." Philip, who was naturally desirous of advancing himself in honour and wealth, replied, "You offer me great things, Peter; and if you are able to place me in the situation you say, I swear by my faith that I will never act without your advice." Peter then asked him whether he could be haughty and cruel, observing that a great man among the commonalty of Ghent would not be thought worth anything if he were not feared and dreaded, and at times even hated, for his cruelty. "By my troth," answered Philip, "I know well how to act this part." "All will be well," said Peter: "you are just the person I want;" and on saying this he returned home.

The next morning early, Peter went to a square where there were upwards of 4,000 of his followers assembled to hear the news, discuss the matters of the day, and appoint a governor. Many persons were named for this office, and among them the Lord de Harzelle; but before anything was decided, Peter, in a loud tone of voice, said: "Gentlemen,—I have paid every attention to what you have said; and firmly believe that, through love and affection for the town, you have proposed such as are worthy to have a share in the government; I know one who is by no means thinking of government; but if he could only be induced to undertake it, no one could do more by his name and influence than he could—I mean Philip Von Artaveld, son of Jacob Von Artaveld, who once so admirably governed the town of Ghent and the country of Flanders." No sooner had Peter done speaking than all approved his proposal, and unanimously declared that he should be their governor. In this manner, then, was Philip Von Artaveld elected sovereign of Ghent; and at the commencement of his reign acquired great popularity, and made himself much beloved by all. But we must leave Flanders for a time, as the affairs of England and Portugal require our attention.

On the death of Henry of Castille, his son John succeeded to the crown; and shortly after his accession a war broke out between him and Ferdinand of Portugal on certain disputes between them, but principally on account of the two daughters of Peter, King of Castille, who were married in England—the eldest, Constance, to the Duke of Lancaster, and Isabella, the younger, to the Earl of Cambridge. Ferdinand declared that it was unjust and illegal for the King of Castille to disinherit his two cousins; and as he was unwilling to repair the injury, he bade him defiance, and declared war upon him. In this war John of Castille defended himself most valiantly, ordering to the frontiers and garrisons of his kingdom large supplies of men: he was also very materially assisted by the King of France. Ferdinand, finding this, thought it advisable to send ambassadors to England, requesting from the king and his uncles such succour as would enable him to carry on the war successfully; and with this view he sent off to the English court a knight in whom he could place the greatest confidence. The knight sailed from the harbour of Lisbon, and having favourable winds, arrived at Plymouth the same day, and, indeed, the very same tide that the Earl of Buckingham landed there with part of his army on his return from Brittany. The earl was rejoiced at meeting the Portuguese ambassador, and journeyed in company with him to the good city of London, where the king was. When King Richard and his lords were made acquainted with the message of the King of Portugal, they seemed much pleased, paid the ambassador every possible respect, and after a short consultation bade him take back to King Ferdinand the following answer: "Many thanks to our fair cousin the King of Portugal, who, to serve us, has made war upon our adversary. What he requires of us is but reasonable, and he shall speedily be succoured. The king will consider in what manner he can best arrange the business."

No further conversation ensued. The foreign knight remained about fifteen days at the English court, being entertained most handsomely by the king, the Duke of Lancaster, and the Earl of Cambridge. Parliament was immediately summoned to meet at Westminster, as well on account of this embassy from Portugal as upon the affairs of Scotland, the truce between the two countries ending on the 1st of June. The prelates and barons of England held many councils upon the affairs both of Portugal and Scotland; and at length it was determined that the Duke of Lancaster should go to the borders and learn what were the intentions of the Scots, for of all the barons of England he best knew how to conduct a treaty—the Scots would do more for him than for any other person; also it was resolved that the Earl of Cambridge should embark for Portugal with 500 spears and as many archers; and if the Duke of Lancaster, without dishonouring England, could conclude a truce with the Scots for three years, he also, about August or September, should go to Portugal to reinforce the army of his brother. The duke, without delay, set out for Scotland attended only by those of his own household; and shortly after, the Earl of Cambridge, having completed the forces for the expedition which he had undertaken to command, made Plymouth his rendezvous, where he remained upwards of three weeks, getting ready provisions and stores, and waiting for favourable weather.

The duke, on arriving at Berwick, sent a message to the barons of Scotland acquainting them that he had come, as was customary, to ride the borders, and he wished to be informed whether they were desirous of doing the same. His herald found King Robert of Scotland and his principal barons assembled at Edinburgh; and as soon as they were informed by him that the Duke of Lancaster was come to treat with them, they granted passports to him and his people to last as long as they should remain on the borders. The duke, upon this, left Berwick, taking the road to Roxburgh: on the morrow he came to Melrose, and as soon as the Scots signified their arrival in the neighbourhood, negotiations began which lasted upwards of fifteen days.

While these conferences were going forward there happened great commotions among the lower orders in England, by which that country was nearly ruined. In order that this disastrous rebellion may serve as an example to mankind, I will speak of all that was done from the information I had at the time. It is customary in England, as well as in several other countries, for the nobility to have great privileges over the commonalty; that is to say, the lower orders are bound by law to plough the lands of the gentry, to harvest their grain, to carry it home to the barn, to thrash and winnow it; they are also bound to harvest and carry home the hay. All these services the prelates and gentlemen exact of their inferiors; and in the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford, these services are more oppressive than in other parts of the kingdom. In consequence of this the evil disposed in these districts began to murmur, saying, that in the beginning of the world there were no slaves, and that no one ought to be treated as such, unless he had committed treason against his lord, as Lucifer had done against God; but they had done no such thing, for they were neither angels nor spirits, but men formed after the same likeness as these lords who treated them as beasts. This they would bear no longer; they were determined to be free, and if they laboured or did any work, they would be paid for it. A crazy priest in the county of Kent, called John Ball, who for his absurd preaching had thrice been confined in prison by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was greatly instrumental in exciting these rebellious ideas. Every Sunday after mass, as the people were coming out of church, this John Ball was accustomed to assemble a crowd around him in the market-place and preach to them. On such occasions he would say, "My good friends, matters cannot go on well in England until all things shall be in common; when there shall be neither vassals nor lords; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves. How ill they behave to us! for what reason do they thus hold us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? And what can they show, or what reason can they give, why they should be more masters than ourselves? They are clothed in velvet and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor clothing. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, while we have only rye and the refuse of the straw; and when we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, while we must brave the wind and rain in our labours in the field; and it is by our labour they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves, and if we do not perform our service we are beaten, and we have no sovereign to whom we can complain or who would be willing to hear us. Let us go to the king and remonstrate with him; he is young, and from him we may obtain a favourable answer, and if not we must ourselves seek to amend our condition." With such language as this did John Ball harangue the people of his village every Sunday after mass. The archbishop, on being informed of it, had him arrested and imprisoned for two or three months by way of punishment; but the moment he was out of prison, he returned to his former course. Many in the city of London envious of the rich and noble, having heard of John Ball's preaching, said among themselves that the country was badly governed, and that the nobility had seized upon all the gold and silver. These wicked Londoners, therefore, began to assemble in parties, and to show signs of rebellion; they also invited all those who held like opinions in the adjoining counties to come to London; telling them that they would find the town open to them and the commonalty of the same way of thinking as themselves, and that they would so press the king, that there should no longer be a slave in England.

By this means the men of Kent, Essex, Sussex, Bedford, and the adjoining counties, in number about 60,000, were brought to London, under command of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball. This Wat Tyler, who was chief of the three, had been a tiler of houses—a bad man and a great enemy to the nobility. When these wicked people first began their disturbances, all London, with the exception of those who favoured them, was much alarmed. The mayor and rich citizens assembled in council and debated whether they should shut the gate and refuse to admit them; however, upon mature reflection they determined not to do so, as they might run the risk of having the suburbs burnt. The gates of the city were therefore thrown open, and the rabble entered and lodged as they pleased. True it is that full two-thirds of these people knew neither what they wanted, nor for what purpose they had came together; they followed one another like sheep. In this manner did many of these poor fellows walk to London from distances of one hundred, or sixty leagues, but the greater part came from the counties I have mentioned, and all on their arrival demanded to see the king. The country gentlemen, the knights and squires, began to be much alarmed when they saw the people thus assembling, and indeed they had sufficient reason to be so, for far less causes have excited fear. As the Kentish rebels were on their road towards London, the Princess of Wales, the king's mother, was returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury; and when they saw her the scoundrels attacked her car and caused the good lady much alarm; but God preserved her from violence, and she came the whole journey from Canterbury to London without venturing to make any stoppage. On her arrival in London, King Richard was at the Tower; thither then the princess went immediately, and found the king, attended by the Earl of Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Robert de Namur, and several others, who had kept near his person from suspicion of the rebels. King Richard well knew that this rebellion was in agitation long before it broke out, and it was a matter of astonishment to every one that he attempted to apply no remedy.

In order that gentlemen and others may take example and learn to correct such wicked rebels, I will most amply detail how the whole business was conducted. On the Monday preceding the feast of the Holy Sacrament in the year 1381, these people sallied forth from their homes to come to London, intending, as they said, to remonstrate with the king, and to demand their freedom. At Canterbury, they met John Ball, Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw. On entering this city they were well feasted by the inhabitants, who were all of the same way of thinking as themselves; and having held a council there, resolved to proceed on their march to London. They also sent emissaries across the Thames into Essex, Suffolk, and Bedford, to press the people of these parts to do the same, in order that the city might be quite surrounded. It was the intention of the leaders of this rabble, that all the different parties should be collected on the feast of the Holy Sacrament on the day following. At Canterbury the rebels entered the church of St. Thomas, where they did much damage; they also pillaged the apartments of the archbishop, saying as they were carrying off the different articles, "The Chancellor of England has had this piece of furniture very cheap; he must now give us an account of his revenues, and of the large sums which he has levied since the coronation of the king." After this they plundered the abbey of St. Vincent, and then leaving Canterbury took the road towards Rochester. As they passed they collected people from the villages right and left, and on they went like a tempest, destroying all the houses belonging to attorneys, king's proctors, and the archbishop, which came in their way. At Rochester they met with the same welcome as at Canterbury, for all the people were anxious to join them. Here they went at once to the castle, and seizing a knight by name Sir John de Newtoun, who was constable of the castle and captain of the town, told him that he must accompany them as their commander-in-chief and do whatever they wished. The knight endeavoured to excuse himself; but they met his excuses by saying, "Sir John, if you refuse you are a dead man." Upon which, finding that the outrageous mob were ready to kill him, he was constrained to comply with their request.

In other counties of England the rebels acted in a similar manner, and several great lords and knights, such as the Lord Manley, Sir Stephen Hales, and Sir Thomas Cossington, were compelled to march with them. Now observe how fortunately matters turned out, for had these scoundrels succeeded in their intentions, all the nobility of England would have been destroyed; and after such success as this the people of other nations would have rebelled also, taking example from those of Ghent and Flanders, who at the time were in actual rebellion against their lord; the Parisians indeed the same year acted in a somewhat similar manner; upwards of 20,000 of them armed themselves with leaden maces and caused a rebellion, which I shall speak of as we go on; but I must first finish my account of these disturbances in England. When the rebels had done all they wanted at Rochester, they left that city and came to Dartford, continuing to destroy all the houses of lawyers and proctors on the right and left of the road; from Dartford they came to Blackheath, where they took up their quarters, saying, that they were armed for the king and commons of England. When the principal citizens of London found that the rebels were quartered so near them, they caused the gates of London-bridge to be closed, and placed guards there, by order of Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London; notwithstanding there were in the city more than 30,000 who favoured the insurgents. Information that the gates of London-bridge had been closed against them soon reached Blackheath, whereupon the rebels sent a knight to speak with the king and to tell him that what they were doing was for his service; for the kingdom had now for many years been wretchedly governed, to the great dishonour of the realm and to the oppression of the lower orders of the people, by his uncles, by the clergy, and more especially by the Archbishop of Canterbury, his chancellor, from whom they were determined to have an account of his ministry. The knight who was appointed to this service would willingly have excused himself, but he did not dare to do it; so advancing to the Thames opposite the Tower, he took a boat and crossed over. The king and those who were with him in the Tower were in the greatest possible suspense and most anxious to receive some intelligence when the knight's arrival was announced, who was immediately conducted into the royal presence. With the king at this time were the princess his mother, his two natural brothers, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and Suffolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the great Prior of the Templars, Sir Robert de Namur, the Mayor of London, and several of the principal citizens. Immediately upon entering the apartment the knight cast himself on his knees before the king, saying, "My much redoubted lord, do not be displeased with me for the message which I am about to deliver to you; for, my dear lord, I have been compelled to come hither." "By no means, sir knight," said the king. "Tell us what you are charged with, we hold you excused." "My most redoubted lord, the commons of this realm have sent me to entreat you to come to Blackheath and speak with them. They wish to have no one but yourself: and you need not fear for your person, as they will not do you the least harm; they always have respected you as their king, and will continue to do so; but they desire to tell you many things which they say it is necessary you should hear: with these, however, they have not empowered me to make you acquainted. Have the goodness, dear lord, to give me such an answer as may satisfy them, and that they may be convinced that I have really been in your presence; for they have my children as hostages for my return, and if I go not back they will assuredly put them to death." To this the king merely replied, "You shall have my answer speedily;" and when the knight had withdrawn, he desired his council to consider what was to be done; after some consultation, the king was advised to send word to the insurgents, that if on Thursday they would come down to the river Thames, he would without fail speak with them. The knight on receiving this answer was well satisfied, and taking leave of the king and his barons, returned to Blackheath, where upwards of 60,000 men were assembled. He told them from the king, that if they would send their leaders the next morning to the Thames, the king would come and hear what they had to say. The answer was deemed satisfactory; and the rebels passed the night as well as they could, but you must know that one-fourth of them were without provisions.

At this time the Earl of Buckingham was in Wales, where he possessed large estates in right of his wife; and the common report in London was, that he favoured these people: some asserted it for a truth, declaring that they had seen him among them, for there was one Thomas from Cambridge who very much resembled him. The English barons who were at Plymouth, preparing for their voyage, when they heard of the rebellion were fearful lest they should be prevented, and consequently as soon as they could weighed anchor and put to sea. The Duke of Lancaster, who was on the borders between Morlane, Roxburgh, and Melrose, holding conferences with the

Scots, also received intelligence of the rebellion, and of the danger he was in, for he well knew his own unpopularity. Notwithstanding this, he managed very satisfactorily his treaty with the Scottish commissioners, who themselves also knew what was going on in England, and how the populace were everywhere rising against the nobility. But to return to the commonalty of England: on Corpus Christi day King Richard heard mass in the Tower of London, after which he entered his barge, attended by the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and Suffolk, and some other knights, and rowed down the Thames towards Rotherhithe, a royal manor, where upwards of 10,000 of the insurgents had assembled. As soon as the mob perceived the royal barge approaching, they began shouting and crying as if all the spirits of the nether world had been in the company. With them, also, was the knight whom they had sent to the Tower to the king; for if the king had not come, they determined to have him cut to pieces, as they had threatened him.

When the king and his lords saw this crowd of people, and the wildness of their manner, the boldest of the party felt alarm, and the king was advised not to land, but to have his barge rowed up and down the river. "What do you wish for?" he demanded of the multitude; "I am come hither to hear what you have to say." Those near him cried out, "We wish you to land, and then we will tell you what our wants are." Upon this the Earl of Salisbury cried out, "Gentlemen, you are not properly dressed, nor are you in a fit condition for a king to talk with." Nothing more was said on either side, for the king was prevailed upon at once to return to the Tower. The people seeing this were in a great passion, and returned to Blackheath to inform their companions how the king had served them; upon hearing which, they all cried out, "Let us instantly march to London." Accordingly they set out at once, and on the road thither destroyed all the houses of lawyers and courtiers, and all the monasteries they met with. In the suburbs of London, which are very handsome and extensive, they pulled down many fine houses: they demolished also the king's prison, called the Marshalsea, and set at liberty all who were confined in it; moreover, they threatened the Londoners at the entrance of the bridge for having shut the gates of it, declaring that they would take the city by storm, and afterwards burn and destroy it.

With regard to the common people of London, numbers entertained these rebellious opinions, and on assembling at the bridge asked of the guards, "Why will you refuse admittance to these honest men? they are our friends, and what they are doing is for our good." So urgent were they, that it was found necessary to open the gates, when crowds rushed in and took possession of those shops which seemed best stocked with provisions; indeed, wherever they went, meat and drink were placed before them, and nothing was refused in the hope of appeasing them. Their leaders, John Ball, Jack Straw, and Wat Tyler, then marched through London, attended by more than 20,000 men, to the palace of the Savoy, which is a handsome building belonging to the Duke of Lancaster, situated on the banks of the Thames on the road to Westminster: here they immediately killed the porters, pushed into the house, and set it on fire. Not content with this outrage, they went to the house of the Knight-hospitalers of Rhodes, dedicated to St. John of Mount Carmel, which they burnt together with their church and hospital.

After this they paraded the streets, and killed every Fleming they could find, whether in house, church, or hospital: they broke open several houses of the Lombards, taking whatever money they could lay their hands upon. They murdered a rich citizen, by name Richard Lyon, to whom Wat Tyler had formerly been servant in France, but having once beaten him, the varlet had never forgotten it; and when he had carried his men to his house, he ordered his head to be cut off, placed upon a pike, and carried through the streets of London. Thus did these wicked people act, and on this Thursday they did much damage to the city of London. Towards evening they fixed their quarters in a square, called St. Catherine's, before the Tower, declaring that they would not depart until they had obtained from the king everything they wanted—until the Chancellor of England had accounted to them, and shown how the great sums which were raised had been expended. Considering the mischief which the mob had already done, you may easily imagine how miserable, at this time, was the situation of the king and those who were with him. In the evening, he and his barons, together with Sir William Walworth, and some of the principal citizens, held a council in the Tower, when it was proposed to arm themselves and fall by night upon these wretches while they were drunk and asleep, for they might have been killed like so many fleas, as not one of them in twenty had arms: and the citizens were very capable of doing this, for they had secretly received into their house their friends and servants properly prepared for action. Sir Robert Knolles remained in his house guarding it, with more than six-score companions completely armed, who could have sallied forth at a minute's notice. Sir Perducas d'Albret was also in London at this period, and would of course have been of great service, so that altogether they could have mustered upwards of 8,000 men well armed. However, nothing was done; they were really too much afraid of the commonalty; and the king's advisers, the Earl of Salisbury and others, said to him, "Sir, if you can appease them by fair words, it will be so much the better; for should we begin what we cannot go through, it will be all over with us and our heirs, and England will be a desert." This counsel was followed, and the mayor ordered to make no stir; who obeyed, as in reason he ought. On Friday morning the rebels, who lodged in the square of St. Catherine's, before the Tower, began to make themselves ready. They shouted much and said, that if the king would not come out to them, they would attack the Tower, storm it, and slay all who were within. The king, alarmed at these menaces, resolved to speak with the rabble; he therefore sent orders for them to retire to a handsome meadow at Mile-end, where, in the summer-time, people go to amuse themselves, at the same time signifying that he would meet them there and grant their demands. Proclamation to this effect was made in the king's name, and thither, accordingly, the commonalty of the different villages began to march; many, however, did not care to go, but stayed behind in London, being more desirous of the riches of the nobles and the plunder of the city. Indeed, covetousness and the desire of plunder was the principal cause of these disturbances, as the rebels showed very plainly. When the gates of the Tower were thrown open, and the king attended by his two brothers and other nobles had passed through, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, with upwards of 400 others, rushed in by force, and running from chamber to chamber, found the Archbishop of Canterbury, by name Simon, a valiant and wise man, whom the rascals seized and beheaded. The prior of St. John's suffered the same fate, and likewise a Franciscan friar, a doctor of physic, who was attached to the Duke of Lancaster, also a sergeant-at-arms, whose name was John Laige.

The heads of these four persons the rebels fixed on long spikes and had them carried before them through the streets of London; and when they had made sufficient mockery of them, they caused them to be placed on London-bridge, as if they had been traitors to their king and country. The scoundrels then entered the apartment of the princess and cut her bed to pieces, which so terrified her that she fainted, and in this condition she was carried by her servants and ladies to the river side, when she was put into a covered boat and conveyed to a house called the Wardrobe, where she continued for a day and night in a very precarious state. While the king was on his way to Mile-end, his two brothers, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, stole away from his company, not daring to show themselves to the populace. The king himself, however, showed great courage, and on his arrival at the appointed spot instantly advanced into the midst of the assembled multitude, saying in a most pleasing manner, "My good people, I am your king and your lord, what is it you want? What do you wish to say to me?" Those who heard him made answer, "We wish you to make us free for ever. We wish to be no longer called slaves, nor held in bondage." The king replied, "I grant your wish; now therefore return to your homes, and let two or three from each village be left behind, to whom I will order letters to be given with my seal, fully granting every demand you have made: and in order that you may be the more satisfied, I will direct that my banners be sent to every stewardship, castlewick, and corporation."

These words greatly appeased the more moderate of the multitude, who said, "It is well: we wish for nothing more." The king, however, added yet further, "You, my good people of Kent, shall have one of my banners; and you also of Essex, Sussex, Bedford, Suffolk, Cambridge, Stafford, and Lincoln, shall each have one; I pardon you all for what you have hitherto done, but you must follow my banners and now return home on the terms I have mentioned," which they unanimously consented to do. Thus did this great assembly break up. The king instantly employed upwards of thirty secretaries, who drew up the letters as fast as they could, and when they were sealed and delivered to them, the people departed to their own counties. The principal mischief, however, remained behind: I mean Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, who declared, that though the people were satisfied, they were by no means so, and with them were about 30,000 also of the same mind. These all continued in the city without any wish to receive the letters or the king's seal, but did all they could to throw the town into such confusion, that the lords and rich citizens might be murdered and their houses pillaged and destroyed. The Londoners suspected this, and kept themselves at home, well armed and prepared to defend their property.

After he had appeased the people at Mile-end Green, King Richard went to the Wardrobe, in order that he might console the princess, who was in the greatest possible alarm. But I must not omit to relate an adventure which happened to these clowns before Norwich and to their leader, William Lister, who was from the county of Stafford. At the same time that a party of these wicked people in London burnt the palace of the Savoy, the church and house of St. John's, and the hospital of the Templars, there were collected numerous bodies of men from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, who, according to the orders they had received, were marching towards London. On their road they stopped near Norwich, and forced every one whom they met to join them.

The reason of their stopping near Norwich was, that the governor of the town was a knight, by name Sir Robert Salle, who was not by birth a gentleman; but who, because of his ability and courage, had been created a knight by King Edward: he was, moreover, one of the handsomest and strongest men in England. Lister and his companions took it into their heads that they would make this man their commander. They, therefore, sent orders to him to come out into the fields to speak with them, declaring, in case he refused, that they would attack and burn the city. The knight, considering it was much better for him to go to them than that they should commit such outrages, mounted his horse and went out of the town alone to hear what they had to say. On his approach they showed every mark of respect, and courteously entreated him to dismount and talk with them. He did dismount, and in so doing committed a great folly, for immediately the mob surrounded him, and at first conversed in a friendly way, saying, "Robert, you are a knight and a man of great weight in this country, renowned for your valour; yet, notwithstanding all this, we know who you are; you are not a gentleman, but the son of a poor mason, such as ourselves. Come with us, therefore, as our commander, and we will make you so great a man that one quarter of England shall be under your control."

The knight, on hearing them speak thus, was exceedingly enraged, and eyeing them with angry looks said, "Begone, scoundrels and false traitors, would you have me desert my natural lord for such a company of knaves as you are? Would you have me dishonour myself? I would rather have you all hanged, for that must be your end." On saying this, he attempted to mount his horse; but his foot slipping from the stirrup, the animal took fright, and the mob upon this cried out, "Put him to death." Upon hearing which, Sir Robert let go his horse, and drawing a handsome Bordeaux sword, began to skirmish, and soon cleared the crowd from about him in an admirable manner. Many attempted to close with him; but each stroke he gave cut off heads, arms, feet, or legs, so that the boldest became afraid to approach him. The wretches were 40,000 in number, and he killed twelve of them and wounded many before they overpowered him, which at last they did with their missiles; and as soon as he was down, they cut off his arms and legs and rent his body piecemeal. Such was the pitiable end of Sir Robert Salle.

On Saturday morning the king left the Wardrobe and went to Westminster, when he and his lords heard mass in the abbey. In this church there is a statue of our Lady, in which the kings of England have much faith. To this on the present occasion King Richard and his nobles paid their devotions and made their offerings; they then rode in company along the causeway to London; but when they had proceeded a short distance, King Richard, with a few attendants, turned up a road on the left to go away from the city.

This day all the rabble again assembled under Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, at a place called Smithfield, where every Friday the horsemarket is kept. There were present about 20,000, and many more were in the city, breakfasting, and drinking Rhenish wine and Malmsey Madeira in the taverns and in the houses of the Lombards, without paying for anything; and happy was he who could give them good cheer to satisfy them. Those who collected in Smithfield had with them the king's banner, which had been given to them the preceding evening; and the wretches, notwithstanding this, wanted to pillage the city, their leaders saying, that hitherto they had done nothing. "The pardon which the king has granted will be of no use to us; but if we be of the same mind, we shall pillage this rich and powerful town of London before those from Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bedford, Warwick, Reading, Lancashire, Arundel, Guildford, Coventry, Lynne, Lincoln, York, and Durham shall arrive; for they are on their road, and we know for certain that Vaquier and Lister will conduct them hither. Let us, then, be beforehand in plundering the wealth of the city; for if we wait for their arrival, they will wrest it from us." To this opinion all had agreed, when the king, attended by 60 horses, appeared in sight; he was at the time not thinking of the rabble, but had intended to continue his ride, without coming into London; however, when he arrived before the abbey of St. Bartholomew, which is in Smithfield, and saw the crowd of people, he stopped, saying that he would ascertain what they wanted, and endeavour to appease them. Wat Tyler, seeing the king and his party, said to his men, "Here is the king, I will go and speak with him; do you not stir until I give you a signal." He then made a motion with his hand, and added, "When you shall see me make this signal, then step forward, and kill every one except the king; but hurt him not, for he is young, and we can do what we please with him; carrying him with us through England, we shall be lords of the whole country, without any opposition." On saying which he spurred his horse and galloped up to the king, whom he approached so near that his horse's head touched the crupper of the king's horse.

His first words were these: "King, dost thou see all these men here?" "Yes," replied the king; "why dost thou ask?" "Because they are all under my command, and have sworn by their faith and loyalty to do whatsoever I shall order." "Very well," said the king: "I have no objection to it." Tyler, who was only desirous of a riot, made answer: "And thou thinkest, king, that these people, and as many more in the city, also under my command, ought to depart without having thy letters? No, indeed, we will carry them with us." "Why," replied the king, "it has been so ordered, and the letters will be delivered out one after another; but, friend, return to thy companions, and tell them to depart from London; be peaceable and careful of yourselves; for it is our determination that you shall all have the letters by towns and villages according to our agreement." As the king finished speaking, Wat Tyler, casting his eyes round, spied a squire attached to the king's person bearing a sword. This squire Tyler mortally hated, and on seeing him, cried out, "What hast thou there? give me thy dagger." "I will not," said the squire: "why should I give it thee?" The king upon this said, "Give it to him; give it to him;" which the squire did, though much against his will. When Tyler took the dagger, he began to play with it in his hand, and again addressing the squire, said, "Give me that sword." "I will not," replied the squire, "for it is the king's sword, and thou being but a mechanic art not worthy to bear it; and if only thou and I were together, thou wouldst not have dared to say what thou hast, for a heap of gold as large as this church." "By my troth," answered Tyler, "I will not eat this day before I have thy head." At these words the Mayor of London, with about twelve men, rode forward, armed under their robes, and seeing Tyler's manner of behaving, said, "Scoundrel, how dare you to behave thus in the king's presence?" The king, also enraged at the fellow's impudence, said to the mayor, "Lay hands on him." Whilst King Richard was giving this order, Tyler still kept up the conversation, saying to the mayor: "What have you to do with it; does what I have said concern you?" "It does," replied the mayor, who found himself supported by the king, and then added: "I will not live a day unless you pay for your insolence." Upon saying which, he drew a kind of scimitar, and struck Tyler such a blow on the head as felled him to his horse's feet. As soon as the rebel was down, he was surrounded on all sides, in order that his own men might not see him; and one of the king's squires, by name John Standwich, immediately leaped from his horse, and drawing his sword, thrust it into his belly, so that he died.

When the rebels found that their leader was dead, they drew up in a sort of battle array, each man having his bow bent before him. The king at this time certainly hazarded much, though it turned out most fortunately for him; for as soon as Tyler was on the ground, he left his attendants, giving orders that no one should follow him, and riding up to the rebels, who were advancing to revenge their leader's death, said, "Gentlemen, what are you about: you shall have me for your captain: I am your king, remain peaceable." The greater part, on hearing these words, were quite ashamed, and those among them who were inclined for peace began to slip away; the riotous ones, however, kept their ground. The king returned to his lords, and consulted with them what next should be done. Their advice was to make for the fields; but the mayor said, that to retreat would be of no avail. "It is quite proper to act as we have done; and I reckon we shall very soon receive assistance from our good friends in London."

While things were in this state, several persons ran to London, crying out, "They are killing the king and our mayor;" upon which alarm, all those of the king's party sallied out towards Smithfield, in number about seven or eight thousand. Among the first came Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Perducas d'Albret, well attended; then several aldermen, with upwards of 600 men-at-arms, and a powerful man of the city, by name Nicholas Bramber, the king's draper, bringing with him a large force on foot. These all drew up opposite to the rebels, who had with them the king's banner, and showed as if they intended to maintain their ground by offering combat.

The king created at this time three knights: Sir William Walworth, Sir John Standwich, and Sir Nicholas

Bramber. As soon as Sir Robert Knolles arrived at Smithfield, his advice was immediately to fall upon the insurgents, and slay them; but King Richard would not consent to this. "You shall first go to them," he said, "and demand my banner; we shall then see how they will behave; for I am determined to have this by fair means or foul." The new knights were accordingly sent forward, and on approaching the rebels made signs to them not to shoot, as they wished to speak with them; and when within hearing, said, "Now attend; the king orders you to send back his banners; and if you do so, we trust he will have mercy upon you." The banners, upon this, were given up directly, and brought to the king. It was then ordered, under pain of death, that all those who had obtained the king's letters should deliver them up. Some did so, but not all; and the king on receiving them had them torn in pieces in their presence. You must know that from the time the king's banners were surrendered, these fellows kept no order; but the greater part, throwing their bows upon the ground, took to their heels and returned to London. Sir Robert Knolles was very angry that the rebels were not attacked at once and all slain; however, the king would not consent to it, saying, that he would have ample revenge without doing so.

When the rabble had dispersed, the king and his lords, to their great joy, returned in good array to London, whence the king immediately took the road to the Wardrobe, to visit the princess his mother, who had remained there two days and two nights under the greatest apprehension. On seeing her son, the good lady was much rejoiced, and said, "Ah, ah, fair son, what pain and anguish have I not suffered for you this day!" "Madam," replied the king, "I am well assured of that; but now rejoice, and thank God, for it behoves us to praise him, as I have this day regained my inheritance—the kingdom of England, which I had lost."

This whole day the king passed with his mother, and a proclamation was made through all the streets, that every person who was not an inhabitant of London, and who had not resided there for a whole year, should instantly depart; for if any of a contrary description were found in the city on Sunday morning at sunrise, they would be arrested as traitors to the king, and have their heads cut off. This proclamation no one dared to infringe, but all instantly departed to their homes quite discomfited.

John Ball and Jack Stráw were found hidden in an old ruin, where they had secreted themselves, thinking to steal away when things were quiet; but this they were prevented doing, for their own men betrayed them. With this capture the king and his barons were much pleased, and had their heads cut off, as was that of Tyler's, and fixed on London-bridge, in the room of those whom these wretches themselves had placed there.

News of this total defeat of the rebels in London was sent throughout the neighbouring counties, in order that all those who were on their way to London might hear of it; and as soon as they did so, they instantly returned to their homes, without daring to advance further.

We must now turn our attention to the Duke of Lancaster, who, during the time of the rebellion in England, had remained on the borders of Scotland, negotiating a peace with the Earl of Douglas, and certain other barons; which business was so ably conducted on both sides, that a truce for three years was agreed to between the two kingdoms. As soon as this truce was concluded, the lords of the two countries visited each other with much respect; and the Earl of Douglas said to the Duke of Lancaster, "My lord, we are well informed of the rebellion of the populace in England, and what peril the kingdom is in from this event; and as we look upon you as a valiant and prudent man, we place at your service five or six hundred spears." The duke did not refuse the offer, and further requested of the earl passports for himself and his people to return through Scotland to Berwick, which were immediately granted. At Berwick, however, the duke was much surprised and enraged at finding the gates closed against him by Sir Matthew Redmayne, the governor, who informed him that his orders were from the king, and that what he had done was very much against his own will. The duke upon this returned to Roxburgh, where the Scottish lords received him courteously; and in order to pay him greater honour, the Earl of Douglas and some other barons delivered up to him the castle of Edinburgh, where he continued to reside until he received intelligence from England authorizing his return, which, to say the truth, was not so soon as he wished. You must know that the duke was thus treated, because it was currently reported through England, during the time of the rebellion, that he had become a traitor to his lord and king, and had turned to the Scottish party.

After the death of Tyler, Jack Straw, John Ball, and several others, the people being somewhat appeased, the king resolved to visit his bailiwicks, castlewicks, and stewardships, in order to punish the principal insurgents, and to recover the letters of pardon which had been forced from him, as well as to settle other matters tending to the peace of the realm. By a secret summons he assembled 500 spears and as many archers, and with them took the road to Kent, in which quarter the rebellion had first broken out. The first place he stopped at was a village called Comprinke; here he ordered the mayor, and all the men of the village, to be called, with whom one of his council remonstrated, telling them how much they had erred, and that because this mischief, which had nearly proved the ruin of England, must have had some advisers, it was better that the ringleaders should suffer than the whole; his majesty, therefore, demanded, under pain of incurring his displeasure for ever, that those should be pointed out who had been most culpable. When the people heard this, and saw that the innocent might escape by pointing out the guilty, they looked at each other, and said: "My lord, here is one by whom this town was excited." Immediately the person alluded to was taken and hanged, as were seven others. The letters-patent, which had been granted, were demanded back, and given up to the king's officer, who tore them in pieces, saying, "We command, in the king's name, all you who are here assembled to depart every one to his own home in peace; that you never more rebel against the king or against his ministers. By the punishment which has been inflicted your former deeds are pardoned." The people with one voice exclaimed, "God bless the king and his good council." In the same manner they acted in many other places in Kent, and, indeed, throughout England, so that upwards of 1,500 were beheaded or hanged; and it was not till all this was over, and everything quiet, that the king sent for the Duke of Lancaster from Scotland.

At this period that gallant knight, Sir Guiscard d'Angle, Earl of Huntingdon, who was tutor to the king, departed this life, and was buried with great pomp in the church of the Augustine Friars. His funeral was attended by the king, the princess his mother, his two brothers, and by a great number of prelates, barons, and ladies of England. In truth, Sir Guiscard was deserving of all the honour he received, for he was possessed of all the virtues which a knight at that time ought to have: he was gallant, loyal, prudent, bold, determined, enterprising.

You have heard how the Earl of Cambridge, with his men-at-arms, were lying in the harbour of Portsmouth, waiting for a wind to carry them to Portugal. At last a favourable wind was gained, when the whole fleet made sail as straight as they could for Lisbon, though they had upon the whole a very rough passage. News of the arrival of the English in Portugal was instantly carried to King Ferdinand, who, without delay, sent his knights and ministers to welcome them and to conduct to him the Earl of Cambridge. The King of Portugal and his knights paid every attention to the earl and his companions, and at the same time well quartered the rest of the troops; for the city of Lisbon is large and plentifully furnished with every accommodation. Moreover, the stewards of the king's household had been careful to provide all things necessary against the arrival of the English; but perhaps we had better leave the affairs of Portugal for the present, as no deeds of arms were done for some time after the arrival of the English, and return to what took place in Flanders at this period.

CHAPTER X

More troubles in Flanders—Disturbances of the lower orders in France—Affairs of Spain and Portugal—Gallant conduct of the Canon de Robersac—Lady Anne, sister of the King of Bohemia, arrives in England—Marriage of the Lady Anne and King Richard celebrated at Westminster—Expedition of the Duke of Anjou—The Castle del Ovo—Affairs of Portugal—Philip Von Artaveld excites the men of Ghent to make war upon Bruges—Perilous situation and romantic adventure of the Earl of Flanders—The King of France, at the instigation of the Duke of Burgundy, prepares to assist the Earl of Flanders—French pass the river Lys, and enter Flanders—The country submits to the King of France—Strange noises heard by Philip Von Artaveld and his army—Death of Philip Von Artaveld—Town of Bruges saved—The French determine to leave Flanders.

DURING the disturbances in England, there was no intermission to the wars which the Earl of Flanders was carrying on against Ghent, and the other places opposed to him. You know that Philip Von Artaveld was chosen commander in Ghent, through the recommendation of Peter du Bois, who advised him when in office to become cruel and wicked, in order that he might be feared; nor was Philip forgetful of this doctrine; for he had not long been governor before he had twelve persons beheaded in his presence. However, he made himself beloved as well as feared, more especially by those who followed the profession of arms; for he refused them nothing in order to gain their favour. Soon after the elevation of Von Artaveld to his new dignity, the Earl of Flanders resolved to lay siege to Ghent, and to reduce it if possible; for this purpose, he collected a very considerable body of men, and entirely invested the city on the side toward Bruges and Hainault. During the time the siege lasted there were many skirmishes, and the men of Ghent frequently sallied forth in search of adventures; but the person who gained the greatest renown was the young Lord d'Anghien, whose banner was cheerfully followed by all the young knights desirous of glory. On one occasion, he marched with full 4,000 men, well mounted, besides those on foot, to besiege Grammont which was attached to Ghent; he had before often harassed it much, but could not take it. This time, however, he came in greater force, and had it stormed at upwards of forty places. He did not spare himself, but was one of the most active, and the first who placed his banner on the walls; about four in the afternoon, the town was taken; and as the Lord d'Anghien and his forces entered the gates, many of the inhabitants endeavoured to escape; few, however, were so fortunate as to do so, and the slaughter of men, women, and children was immense. The town was set on fire and reduced to ashes; nothing was suffered to remain. The Earl of Flanders was much pleased when he heard of the Lord d'Anghien's success, and said to him, "Fair sir, if it please God you will be a gallant knight, for you have made a handsome commencement." But God had willed it otherwise; for shortly after the taking of Grammont, while out on an excursion with some few companions, the Lord d'Anghien was entrapped by an ambuscade of the men of Ghent, when finding no means of escape, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and was slain fighting valiantly by the side of his brave companions.

You may well suppose that the Earl of Flanders was much grieved at his death; indeed, he showed it plainly; for out of affection to him he raised the siege of Ghent; declaring at the same time, that the men of that city should never be at peace with him until he had had his revenge. He then sent to demand the body of the deceased lord, which to please the inhabitants had been carried to the city; but it was refused until he had paid for it 1,000 francs in hard cash.

The same year in which the disturbances which we have just related occurred in England, the Parisians, as we have already observed, rose up in rebellion against the king and his council, because it had been proposed by them to introduce generally throughout the kingdom those taxes and excises which had been raised during the reign of King Charles, father of the present monarch. These the Parisians opposed most vehemently, and when the young king had left Paris, they took arms and slew all who had been concerned in proposing or collecting them. Indeed, such was their violence, that they went to the palace of the Bishop of Paris, and having broken open the prisons, set at liberty all who were confined in them; among others, one Hugh Aubriot, who had been governor-general of the police, and who for his iniquitous conduct had been condemned to the dungeon. Very many serious outrages were committed during this rebellion; fortunately, however, it was not general; for had it been so things would have been very bad. The king, who was at the time residing at Meaux, attended by his uncles of Anjou, Berry, and Burgundy, was much vexed at these disturbances, and resolved to send the Lord de Coucy to appease them. Accordingly, de Coucy set out for Paris, and when arrived there sent for all those who had been most active in the rebellion in order to remonstrate with them; telling them that if the king willed, they would have to pay most dearly for their conduct; but as he much loved Paris, he had no wish to destroy its well-intentioned inhabitants. He told them, moreover, that his reason for coming to them was to make up matters, and that if they were willing to desist, he would entreat the king and his uncles mercifully to pardon them.

To this they answered, that they wished no harm to their lord the king; but that the taxes, as far as related to Paris, must be repealed; and that, when exempted from them, they would assist the king in any manner he might please.

"In what manner?" demanded the Lord de Coucy. "We will pay," they replied, "certain sums into the hands of proper receivers every week, to provide for the payment of the soldiers, and men-at-arms." "And what sums are you willing to pay weekly?" asked de Coucy. "Such sums," replied the Parisians, "as we shall agree upon."

The Lord de Coucy managed these refractory people so well, that they consented to pay into the hands of a receiver 10,000 florins. Whereupon he returned to Meaux to represent to the king and his uncles the proposal of the Parisians, which proposal the king was advised to accept; and the Lord de Coucy immediately went back again to Paris to ratify the agreement.

After this, the Parisians were quiet for some time; but the king did not return to Paris, being much displeased with the inhabitants in this matter. Rouen, likewise, was in a state of rebellion from the same cause. Now all this arose from the conduct of the men of Ghent; for the common people of France every where said publicly, that they were good men who so valiantly maintained their liberties, and that they were deserving of the love and admiration of the whole world. The Earl of Cambridge and his army remained for a considerable time with the King of Portugal at Lisbon; during which the English and Gascons reconnoitred the country, which was quite new to them. The earl had with him in his train his young son, John, who was about ten years old; and it seems to me, that at this time a marriage was agreed upon between this child and Beatrice, daughter of the King of Portugal, who was about the same age. There were great feasts at the betrothing of these two children, and much joy expressed; all the barons and prelates of the realm were present, and young as the married couple were, they were laid in the same bed. The marriage and consequent feasting being over, the council of Portugal ordered the men-at-arms who were at Lisbon to march to other places on the frontiers. The Earl of Cambridge and part of the army went into quarters at the handsome town of Estremoz, and the remainder of the English and Gascons at Besiouse. John of Cambridge remained with the king, who on parting with the English said to them: "My friends, I order you not to make any attack upon the enemy without my knowledge." Upon which, all swore that they would not, and that whenever they had an inclination to engage they would send and ask his permission.

The King of Spain had been early informed of the arrival of the English, and had sent intelligence of it to those French knights on whose services he depended; many of whom, desirous of advancing their fame, came to him with the least possible delay. The English and Gascons had now been some time at Besiouse, when one day the Canon de Robersac said to some knights and squires who were near him, "My dear gentlemen, in my opinion we remain here not much to our honour, our enemy will not think the better of us for having made no attempt to meet them; let us send and entreat the king to allow us to make an attack." They all replied, "We are perfectly prepared to do so." However, on sending to the king they found that he was quite unwilling to grant their request, in consequence of which they were much enraged, and agreed to make an excursion upon their own responsibility. Taking, therefore, 400 men-at-arms, and as many archers, they set out, intending to attack the castle of Fighiere, in which were about sixty Spanish men-at-arms under the command of Peter Gousses and his brother. The Canon de Robersac, proud of this expedition, which had been undertaken by his means, rode on in front; and the most distinguished of those who followed him were Sir Oliver Beauchamp, Sir Matthew Gournay, Miles Windsor, the Lord Talbot, and the Souldich de l'Estrade. On arriving at the castle, they made all necessary preparations, and drew up in order of assault. About four in the morning a vigorous attack commenced; the English entered the ditch, and advanced close to the walls, bracing their targets over their heads to guard themselves from the stones and beams that were thrown upon them, whilst they made good use of their pick-axes and iron crows. The canon himself was present all the time of the siege, showing the courage of a good knight, and performing that day many noble deeds;

the English archers kept the battlements clear, and by means of them one half the garrison was either slain or wounded. The assault continued till noon, and I must say that the English and Gascon knights did not spare themselves; but as they had undertaken the expedition without the consent of the King of Portugal, they determined to conquer the castle, in order that the fame of their victory might reach Lisbon. The canon said, "Ah, ah! gentlemen, we shall to-day win this castle; but if so many gallant men-at-arms as we are take as much time to conquer all the other towns in Spain and in Gallicia, we shall never be masters of them."

On hearing this, the knights and squires exerted themselves to the utmost; the garrison artillery as well as the machines for casting stones and iron bars began to tire, and those in the castle who were left alive resolved to give themselves a little respite, and to treat for a peace. Accordingly, they made a signal that they desired to parley, and the assault was stopped.

Sir Matthew Gournay and Sir Miles Windsor advanced, and demanded of the garrison what they wanted. The governor replied: "We desire to surrender the fort to you, our lives and fortunes being spared." The English knights made answer, that they would advise upon the subject; and when they had held a council, they sent back word to the garrison, that they might retire; but that all their stores must be left behind. To these terms Peter Gousses consented, though reluctantly. The knights of England and the noble canon then took possession of the castle of Fighiere with much joy. They had it repaired in every part, well stored with provisions, and leaving forty men-at-arms as a garrison, with a good captain over them, returned to their own quarters. The English and Gascons remained the whole winter in their garrisons without performing any thing worth mentioning, except the above siege: however, it was no fault of theirs that deeds of arms were not done. John of Castille all this time was not idle, but continued his preparations with the greatest energy. Many knights and squires from France, and many, also, from Brittany, Picardy, Anjou, and Maine, came to his assistance: a passage being opened for them through Arragon, and all kinds of provision prepared for them on the journey.

It has before been related, that King Richard of England had entered into a treaty with Winceslaus, King of Bohemia, respecting a marriage with his sister, the Lady Anne. The time had now arrived when all the arrangements for this marriage were completed, and the Lady Anne, attended by the Duke of Saxony, and a great number of knights and damsels, set out for England. However, on her way thither she was detained a whole month at Brussels, from a report that twelve large vessels, full of Normans, were on the seas between Calais and Holland, instructed to carry her off by the King of France and his council, who were most desirous of preventing this alliance of the Germans with the English. This report, upon inquiry, proved to be quite true; and in excuse for such dishonourable conduct, the French pleaded, that the Prince of Wales, the father of the present King of England, had consented to a similar action in the case of the Duchess of Bourbon, when she was made prisoner by his soldiers, and confined in the castle of Belleperche, and afterwards conducted into Guienne, and ransomed. Upon hearing the report, and ascertaining the truth of it, the Duke of Brabant, the uncle of the Lady Anne, thought it best to send and remonstrate with the King of France and his council; and the result was, that passports were granted for the lady and her attendants to travel through any parts of France she might choose, as far as Calais; and the Normans were remanded into port. Such information was of course very agreeable to the whole party, and the young lady continued her journey to Calais. In this town she stayed no longer than was necessary to gain a favourable wind, and arrived at Dover, where she rested for two days; on the third day she set out for Canterbury, and then continued her journey to London; at which city a most honourable reception awaited her, and she was married to the king in the chapel of the palace at Westminster, the twentieth day after Christmas. Shortly after the marriage, King Richard accompanied his queen to Windsor, where they lived together very happily.

The florins, which had brought about peace between the King of France and the Parisians in the recent rebellion, were paid weekly to an appointed receiver, but none came to the coffers of the king, nor were any sent out of Paris. Now it happened that the king was at this time in great want of money to pay the men-at-arms whom he had sent to the assistance of Don John of Castille; and he ordered the receiver to provide a sum of 100,000 francs; to which order he civilly replied, that he had sufficient money, but that he could not pay it without permission of the Parisians; and the king was consequently obliged to find the money elsewhere. That this money was not paid to the king, was mainly owing to the Duke of Anjou, who was himself anxious to get assistance from the Parisians to defray the expenses of his own projected expedition into Italy; and by his fine speeches he was enabled to get from them 100,000 florins, while the king could not procure one penny. This expedition the duke began early in the spring, and the magnitude of his array was a matter of surprise to every one. At Avignon he was feasted by the pope and cardinals; and here the gallant Earl of Savoy, his cousin, with many barons and knights, joined his party. On quitting Avignon, he and his army journeyed through Lombardy and Tuscany, on their way to Rome. As they began to approach this city, they marched in more compact order than they had done hitherto: for the Romans being informed of the duke's intention, had thrown up strong fortifications to oppose him. The commander of the Romans at the time was a valiant English knight, by name Sir John Hawkwood, who had resided for a long time in that part of Italy: he was well acquainted with the frontier, and had under him a large body of men-at-arms for the defence of Pope Urban, who was residing at Rome.

Now the pope himself was not at all alarmed at the arrival of the duke. When informed that he was on his march with 9,000 lances, and that it was uncertain whether he would not come to Rome to dethrone him, since they were all Clementists, he replied, "Christus protegat nos." The duke, however, did not enter Rome, for he had no wish to make war upon the inhabitants, but solely aimed to accomplish his object on the terms according to which he had left France. Wherever he passed he kept up kingly state, and all praised him for the punctuality of his payments. His adversary, the Lord Charles de Durazzo, was residing in the city of Naples, of which place he signed himself king, since the Queen of Naples had died without leaving any heir by marriage; and he regarded the gift which the queen had made of her dominions to the pope as null, declaring that she had no power to do so. When informed of his rival's approach, Lord Charles made the best possible preparation against him; he stored well with a sufficiency for three or four years the Castle del Ovo, which is one of the strongest forts in the world; and having made all the entrances secure, threw himself into it with a small body of men, for he expected that the duke would soon find himself at the end of his resources in maintaining so large an army; and in truth no prince in Christendom, except the Kings of France or England, would have been able to maintain such an army without hurting his finances—for it is reported that he had with him 30,000 combatants. La Puglia and Calabria immediately submitted to the forces of the duke; and the people of Naples, naturally indolent, did not deign to shut their gates against them; for they imagined that the moment they should be enclosed in the town, whatever might be their numbers, they would be lost, as the houses were not easy to be taken, having before the doors planks which may be removed, and the sea underneath, on which perhaps their enemies would not like to adventure.

But it is time that we return to the affairs of Portugal, and relate what the English and Gascons were doing. After taking the castle of Fighiere, the knights in garrison at Besiouse resolved about the middle of April to make another excursion. They were much surprised at the conduct of the King of Portugal and the Earl of Cambridge, who had kept them now nine months in Portugal, without having formed for them any one expedition; and before they set off again on their own responsibility, they determined to send and remonstrate with the earl upon the subject. Their envoy in the business was the Souldich de la Trane, who, on arriving at Estremoz, where the earl was quartered, said to him, "My lord, my companions have sent me to know what you wish them to do; they are much displeased at remaining so long in indolence, and are desirous of making an excursion." "Souldich," replied the earl, "you know that when I left England, my lord and brother, the Duke of Lancaster, promised me on his faith, that on his return from Scotland he would join us with 3,000 men-at-arms, and as many archers. I merely came to reconnoitre the country; and I can assure you it is equally unpleasant to me to have so long to await his arrival. Salute your companions in my name, and tell them that I cannot wish to prevent them from making an excursion, since they desire it—but they must know that the King of Portugal gives us our pay, and therefore we ought to conform to his orders." "By my faith, my lord," replied the souldich, "he pays but badly, and our companions much complain of it—he now owes us six months' pay." "Nevertheless he will pay," answered the earl, "and money never comes disagreeably."

On this the souldich took his leave and returned to his companions, to whom he related what you have just heard. "Gentlemen," said the Canon de Robersac, when the envoy had done speaking, "I will not desist from making an excursion. They are keeping us from action, in order that we may have no cause to demand our pay." In this sentiment all agreed, and an expedition was determined upon to be undertaken on the morrow. The King of Portugal, on being informed of this determination, sent letters by one of his knights, the Lord John de Ferrande, to the canon, ordering him to desist. The canon was much enraged at this order, and said to the knight, "Suppose I remain in my house, do you think that my companions, who are better knights, and more valiant men than I am, will stay at home, and give up the enterprise? no, indeed, as you will see to-morrow; they are determined to take the field." "My lord," replied Ferrande, "command them, in the king's name, not to do so." "Command them yourself," was the answer of the canon, "for I will not."

Things remained in this state all night, and when morning came the knights and squires, armed and mounted, assembled before the canon's house, who had not yet put on his armour, and who presented himself at the window, saying, "The King of Portugal has sent to forbid our excursion." "By my faith," they answered, one and all, "we will have a ride, since we are quite prepared for it, and so shall you also, for it shall never be said to your reproach, that when we took the field you stayed behind." The canon was then obliged to arm and mount his horse, and so was the Portuguese knight also, though by so doing he lost the favour of the king, and was near being hanged.

The object of their attack on the present occasion was the town and castle of Ban, on arriving at which the whole party immediately dismounted, formed themselves in order of attack, and began a most vigorous assault. The inhabitants came upon the walls, and defended themselves as well as they were able; but they were badly armed, and the castle in consequence was soon taken. From Ban the English and Gascon knights marched to another castle seven leagues distant, called La Courtisse, which was in a state to make a far stouter resistance than Ban, and which would have given them much trouble in taking, had not the governor been slain at the first onset, and on his death the others lost courage, and surrendered the castle. Thus did the canon and his companions gain La Courtisse, and having well supplied it with provisions and other necessaries, marched to the town of Jaffre, about ten leagues from the city of Seville the Grand. This they burnt, and also pillaged a monastery hard by, after which they captured about 20,000 head of cattle, pigs, cows, and sheep, which were found in the marshy grounds of an adjoining valley, and then returned to their own quarters at Besiouse, where they arrived on the evening of the ensuing day with all their booty. The English and Gascons had remained some time at Besiouse when they resolved to send to the King of Portugal to demand their pay. They appointed Lord Talbot, a Welsh baron, as their ambassador, who, on arriving at Lisbon, remonstrated with the king on the subject of his mission; but the only answer which the king deigned to give was, "That they had twice made excursions contrary to his orders, and that because of this he had delayed paying them." This same week the Earl of Cambridge quitted Estremoz and came to Besiouse, when he took up his lodging in a monastery just outside the town. The knights in garrison were rejoiced at his coming, for they were getting very anxious upon the subject of their pay, having been in the country now almost a year, and hitherto received none: indeed this matter began to assume a very serious aspect among them, and after holding several meetings, they resolved to wait upon the earl, and represent their situation to him.

Accordingly, having placed one Sounder at their head, they came to the Cordeliers where the earl was staying, just as he was going to dinner. On being admitted the deputation began to remonstrate in a respectful manner, saying, "My lord, it was at your request we assembled in England; we left our country to oblige you; you are our chief, and to you we must look for our pay;—as for the King of Portugal, we should never have come into his service if you had not been our paymaster. However, if you say that the war concerns him alone, we will soon pay ourselves, for we will overrun the country, be the consequences what they may." "Sounder," replied the earl, "I do not say that you ought not to be paid; but, that if you overrun this country, you will throw great blame upon me and also upon the King of England, who is so strictly allied to the King of Portugal." "And what would you have us do?" asked Sounder. "I wish you," replied the earl, "to choose three knights—an Englishman, a Gascon, and a German, and send them to Lisbon to the king; for when you have represented the matter to him you will have a better right to follow your own inclinations." "By my faith," said the Canon de Robersac, "my Lord of Cambridge speaks both wisely and boldly." The proposal was agreed to, and three knights of the several kingdoms chosen, who set out forthwith to Lisbon, where they found the king, who received them courteously, asked the news, and what their companions were doing. "My lord," replied the knights, "they are all in good health, and would willingly be making some excursions, for this long idleness is not agreeable to them." "Well," said the king, "they shall very shortly have employment; I myself will accompany them." "My lord," replied one of them, "we are sent here respecting our pay; for our men will have their full pay if you wish their services; and if you will not pay them, they assure you by us, that they will pay themselves from your country." At this the king mused a little, and then said, "Sir Knight, it is but just that these men should be paid, but they have much vexed me by disobeying my orders; however, you may inform them, that within fifteen days at the latest, I will give orders for their pay to be delivered to them to the utmost farthing." That day the three knights dined with the king, who feasted them handsomely, and on the morrow they returned to their friends, who were well satisfied when they heard the king's answer and promise. "Now see," said Sounder, "if riot be not sometimes of use; he fares well who is feared."

All this time Don John of Castille was engaged in collecting forces. 2,000 spears, knights and squires, had come to him from France, together with 4,000 infantry; he had besides in his country 10,000 horse, and as many foot. As he resided at Seville, he was, of course, not ignorant of the proceedings of the King of Portugal; and finding himself far better prepared than he was, he sent to him requesting him to fix upon any spot in his dominions where the two armies might meet and decide the difference; or if he preferred it he would offer a place in Spain for the combat. Ferdinand at first merely replied to this message that he would duly consider the option given him, and send his final answer to the King of Spain; however, he was not long before he announced his acceptance of the offer, and that he had chosen a spot between Elvas and Badajos where the battle might take place.

The Spaniards were much pleased at the receipt of this answer, as were also the French. The King of Portugal and his army, in all about 15,000 men, soon repaired to the appointed spot; it was a handsome plain below some olive-trees; and on the fourth day afterwards the Earl of Cambridge arrived with the English in fine array at the same place; there were about six hundred men-at-arms, and as many archers. The King of Spain is reported to have had in his army upwards of 30,000 fighting men, including those mounted on genets; and taking all together, his followers were estimated at 60,000. In this situation the two armies remained opposite to each other upwards of fifteen days, the King of Portugal being afraid to hazard an engagement, in consequence of his forces being so inferior in point of numbers. He well knew that if he were defeated his kingdom would be lost; and as he had now for a whole season been expecting the Duke of Lancaster, who, because of the recent disturbances in England, was not permitted to leave that country, he thought it most prudent to open a treaty, and accordingly instructed the Bishops of Burgos and

Lisbon, with two other commissioners, to negotiate a peace; and they entered upon the business so silently and successfully, that peace was made without any notice being taken of it to the English. On learning the news the Earl of Cambridge and his followers were much annoyed, and would willingly themselves have made war on the King of Portugal, if they had been strong enough; but they were not, and consequently they thought it best to submit. They complained, and not without reason, that the king had behaved ill to them from beginning to end, and that he had dissembled with the Spaniards: but he excused himself by saying that all the blame belonged to the Duke of Lancaster, who never came with the assistance he had promised. Very shortly after this the earl led back his army into England; and the Infanta of Portugal, the betrothed wife of his son John, in consequence of these differences, was given in marriage to Don John, King of Castille.

Though the siege of Ghent had been broken up by the Earl of Flanders on the death of his cousin, the young Lord d'Anghien, that city nevertheless continued to suffer much from want of provision, for the strictest watch was maintained, so that none could be sent into it. The whole of the winter of 1382 the earl and his forces kept the people under the greatest possible privation, and it was thought by all that they would be starved into a surrender. About Lent the earl resolved to recommence the siege, when such was the reduced state of the inhabitants, that they were constrained to meditate a peace; and for this purpose sent to the earl twelve deputies, of whom Philip Von Artaveld was chief, having bound themselves to accept whatever terms the deputies should agree upon, with the exception that no one should be put to death: the earl, however, received the deputies harshly, and told them that the inhabitants of Ghent were not to expect peace from him unless all persons from the age of fifteen to sixty submitted to come out of the city bareheaded, in their shirts, with halters about their necks, on the road between Ghent and Bruges, where he would wait for them, and grant them pardon, or put them to death, according to his pleasure. To this Philip Von Artaveld replied, "We are not commissioned to treat on such terms by our town's-people, nor will they ever accept them;

still, if they be willing to accept them, it shall not be our fault if peace be not made." When the answer of the earl was reported in Ghent, those who wished for peace were most sadly depressed, for Von Artaveld told them that the earl would never pardon them; while those who were inclined for war became more boisterous than ever, and resolved to choose five or six thousand of the most determined men in the town, and attack the earl in Bruges.

"My good gentlemen," said Philip Von Artaveld to the assembled multitude, "prepare your arms, for in the course of to-morrow I am determined to march to Bruges. Within five days we shall know whether we must live or die with honour. I will order the constables of the parishes to go from house to house, and choose all such to accompany us who are most fit for this service." 5,000 men were by this means very shortly prepared; and these, together with 200 carts loaded with cannon, left Ghent on the proposed expedition. Only seven carts of provisions accompanied this large army: that is to say, five loaded with bread, and two with wine; for to such straits had the people been reduced, that there were but two tuns of wine in the whole town. It was a miserable spectacle to witness both those who went and those who stayed behind,—the latter imploring their friends not to return unless they were successful, and declaring, "the moment we hear of your defeat we will set fire to the town and perish in the flames;" and the former comforting their distressed companions, and begging them, "Pray God for us: we place our trust in him: he will assist both you and us before our return."

On Saturday, when the men of Ghent quartered near Bruges, it was the feast of the Holy Cross, and the inhabitants, according to custom, were engaged in making their usual procession. As soon, however, as they heard of the arrival of the men of Ghent, the trumpet sounded, when every one in the city armed himself and made for the market-place. When all were mustered to the number of 40,000, they placed themselves under command of the Earl of Flanders, and marched off towards the quarters of the Ghent men, where they halted. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was going down, when the earl and his army reached the spot; nevertheless, the battle began at once; for the men of Ghent fired three hundred cannons upon them as they approached, and afterwards wheeled about, by which means they so placed the men of Bruges that the sun came full in their eyes and distressed them much; upon this, too, they made a most vigorous attack upon them, and the Bruges men were entirely defeated. Indeed, the conduct of the latter throughout was very weak and cowardly. When the Earl of Flanders and his own men-at-arms saw that the case of the men of Bruges was quite hopeless, they began to be alarmed for themselves and made off as fast as they could in different directions; few had any desire to return to Bruges, for the crowd was so great on the road thither that it was quite painful to see them, and to hear the complaints of the wounded. The men of Ghent were close at their heels, shouting out, "Ghent, Ghent!" and knocking right and left all who obstructed them.

However, after reflecting for a moment, the earl himself, with about forty of his attendants, determined to take the road to Bruges, and prepare the city for defence should the men of Ghent attempt to attack it. Immediately upon entering, he ordered all the gates to be closed, and with as little loss of time as possible issued a proclamation that every one under pain of death should assemble in the market-place. The intention of the earl was of course to save the town; but his plan did not answer, for even before the gates could be closed, the men of Ghent, having pursued their enemies, entered the town with them, and instantly made for the market-place, where they drew themselves up in array. Notwithstanding this the earl still thought that he might be able to save the town; and having left his palace on horseback, with a number of torches, (for it was about midnight,) was advancing towards the market-place shouting, "Flanders for the Lion—Flanders for the Earl!" when his attendants, seeing the place full of Ghent men, said to him, "My lord, return, return; if you advance further, you will be slain or made prisoner." And, indeed, they said right; for the men of Ghent had watched the torches proceeding through the streets, and believing that the earl was coming, were quite prepared to capture him. The earl also saw his own danger, and resolving to follow the advice which had been given him, ordered all the torches to be extinguished, and said to those around him, "I see plainly that our affairs are without remedy: I therefore give to all of you permission to depart and to save yourselves." The torches were put out and thrown away, and all immediately dispersed. The earl himself went up a by-street, where he changed dresses with one of his servants, commanding the fellow at the same time to be silent on the subject should he chance to fall into the hands of the enemy. All this while the men of Ghent were going up and down the streets searching everywhere they could think of in order to find the earl; indeed, he was in the greatest danger, and it was God alone who watched over him and delivered him from his perilous situation. After rambling some time through the streets, and hiding himself in different corners not knowing what course to take, he entered the house of a poor woman—a very unfit habitation for so mighty a lord, for it contained but one room, over which was a sort of garret to be approached only by means of a ladder of seven steps, where, on a miserable bed, the children of this poor woman lay. It was with fear and trembling that the earl entered this hovel; and, making his case known to the woman, said, "Good woman, save me: I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders; but at this moment in the greatest distress. I must hide myself, for my enemies are in pursuit of me, and I will handsomely reward you for any favour you may grant." The poor woman knew the earl well, for she had frequently received alms at his door, and also seen him pass and repass when going out hunting. Moved at his condition, therefore, she admitted him most willingly. And as it turned out, it was very fortunate for him that she did so, for had she delayed her answer but one moment, his enemies would have found him in conversation with her. "My lord," she said, "mount this ladder, and get under the bed in which my children sleep." This the earl did, while the poor woman employed herself by the fire-side with another child in a cradle; and scarcely had the earl concealed himself, when the mob entered the house; for one of them said he had seen a man go in there. "Woman," they said, on coming to the cottage, "where is the man whom we saw entering the house just now, and who shut the door after him?" "By my troth," she replied, "I have not seen any one here this night; but I have just been at the door myself to throw out some water, and I shut it after me; besides I have no place to hide a man in: you see the whole of my house;—here is my bed, and my children sleep above." Upon this one of them took a candle and mounted the ladder, when thrusting his head into the place, he could see nothing except the wretched bed in which the children slept; so fancying that no one was there, he said to his companions, "Come, let us make off, we are only losing our time here; the poor woman has said the truth, there is no soul in the house except herself and her children;" on saying which they all left, and the earl came out of the garret and escaped further danger; though, you may easily imagine, he was in no small fear for his life while the men were in the house.

On leaving his hiding-place the earl thought it best to quit Bruges altogether. I am ignorant how he accomplished this, and whether he had any assistance; but some, I believe, he must have had. When he left the town he was clad in a miserable jerkin; and taking to the fields as soon as he was able, he sat down under a bush to consider which way he should go, for he was quite unacquainted with this part of the country, having never travelled it on foot. As he lay thus upon the ground, he heard some one talking; and, fortunately, detecting the voice to be that of one of his knights, by name Sir Robert Mareschaut, he said to him as he was passing, "Robert, is that you?" The knight, who well knew the earl's voice, replied, "My lord, I have been seeking for you with much anxiety all this day. How did you manage to escape?" "Never mind, Robert," said the earl, "this is not a time to tell one's adventures; endeavour to get me a horse, for I am tired of walking, and let us take the road to Lille, if you know which it is." "My lord," said the knight, "I know it well." All that night they travelled and until early morn before they could procure a horse, and at last found only an old mare belonging to a poor man, on which the earl mounted without saddle or bridle; and, travelling in this uncomfortable manner all Monday, arrived towards evening at the castle of Lille, whither the greater part of his knights who had escaped from the battle of Bruges had retired.

The news of the defeat of the Earl of Flanders, and of the capture of the city of Bruges by the men of Ghent, soon spread to all directions. Many were rejoiced at it, more particularly the common people; and in a very short time all the principal towns in Flanders, except Oudenarde, surrendered to the victors. Philip Von Artaveld was everywhere acknowledged as the chief man in the country, and kept at Ghent as magnificent an establishment of horses, and as grand an hotel, as the earl himself ever did at Lille. Moreover he had his officers throughout the country—bailiffs, receivers, and sergeants, who every week brought to him considerable sums of money. He had also his exchequer chamber, where the money was paid in the same manner as the earl had. Like him also he gave sumptuous dinners and suppers, and spared no expense where his pleasures were concerned. The earl, indeed, was at this time in a very embarrassed situation. Oudenarde alone remained to him; and this town he fortified in the best manner he was able, appointing Sir Daniel de Haluyn governor. Von Artaveld, hearing that the garrison of Oudenarde had been reinforced, vauntingly said that he would provide a remedy,—that it was a disgrace to all Flanders that this town should continue thus disobedient. He declared, therefore, that he would lay siege to it, and never move away his forces until he had put to death all who should be found within its walls. His summons was forthwith issued throughout Flanders; and by the 9th of June, in obedience to his commands, upwards of 100,000 men were assembled before Oudenarde. Sir Daniel de Haluyn, for his part, took every precaution in order to defend the place. He divided the provisions among the garrison, giving to each man a fixed ration; he sent away all the horses, pulled down the houses which were near the walls, and covered them with earth in order that they might serve to guard against the cannon, of which the enemy had abundance; and the women and children who remained in the town (for many were sent away) he lodged in the churches and monasteries.

It was the intention of Philip and his council to starve the garrison out, for they considered that it would cost them too many men were they to attempt to carry the place by storm; however, they at the same time resolved to do as much injury as they could with their engines and cannons. Upon a hill which overhung the town they placed a prodigious engine, twenty feet wide and forty long, called a Mutton, from which they cast heavy stones and beams of timber into the town, which crushed whatever they fell upon. Moreover, in order to alarm the garrison, they fired continually a bombard of a very great size, which shot stones of immense weight, and made such a noise that it might be heard five leagues off in the day-time, and ten at night. In this state things remained all the summer. Now it happened, while the siege was going on, that 1,100 men left the Ghent army with a determination to scour the country, and ruin and destroy the houses of those knights who, having quitted Flanders, had established themselves in Hainault, Brabant, and Artois; this purpose they accomplished, but in so doing incurred the vengeance of the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France. Among other places these men of Ghent destroyed at Marle a house belonging to the Earl of Flanders, containing the chamber where he was born, the font in which he had been baptized, and his cradle, which was of silver. They also beat to pieces and carried away the bathing tub wherein he had been washed. All this vexed the earl much, and it was with no small satisfaction he found that the Duke of Burgundy was willing to assist him, both in consideration of the injury which he himself had sustained from the men of Ghent, and of the relationship which existed between them. At the instigation of the duke, the King of France also undertook to do the same.

Philip Von Artaveld, though successful at the battle of Bruges—though fortune smiled upon him at his defeat of the earl, possessed not any ability for war or sieges; in fact he had never been educated for it, his time having been mostly spent in fishing with a rod and line in the Scheld and the Lys. The siege of Oudenarde sufficiently showed his incapacity for military service: he clearly knew not how to take the town; and such was his pride and presumption, that he thought the inhabitants ought to come out and surrender it to him; but this of course they had no inclination to do, and they had far too much skill and courage to be compelled to give in.

The rebels finding that they were gaining but little at the siege of Oudenarde, and finding also that the Earl of

Flanders had been forming alliances against them, resolved, at the instigation of Philip, to send letters to the King of France, humbly entreating him to take the trouble to bring about a sound reconciliation between them and the earl, their lord. The king, however, was by no means inclined to entertain their petition; indeed, so great was his indignation, that he even caused the messenger who brought the letters to be arrested, on the plea that he came into his presence without a passport, and had him detained in prison for upwards of three weeks. The Flemings, finding this application had failed, next tried to enter into an alliance with England, and for this purpose sent twelve men as ambassadors to the king; but here also they were equally unsuccessful, and the request was treated with like contempt. The ambassadors to England had not long returned to Flanders, when the King of France prepared to give assistance to the earl, and with this intention came into Artois with a large body of men-at-arms handsomely equipped. As soon as the earl heard of his approach, he went to Arras to meet him, where, in presence of the French peers, he paid his homage to the king, who accepted him as his vassal, and addressing him, said, "Fair cousin, if it please God and St. Denis, we will restore you to your inheritance of Flanders, and will abate the pride of Philip Von Artaveld and the Flemings so effectually, that they shall never again have it in their power to rebel." "My lord," replied the earl, "I have the fullest confidence in your power and goodness." Philip, as he lay before Oudenarde, was informed of this determination of the King of France, though he pretended not to be much affected by it. "By what means," said he to his people, "does the young king think to enter Flanders? he is yet too young by a year, to imagine he can frighten us by assembling an army. I will have the passes of the country so well guarded that none shall be able to cross the Lys." Upon this he gave the requisite instructions to his chief men, and himself went to Ypres to encourage the citizens of that place to exert themselves in the common cause.

King Charles for eight days took up his quarters at Arras, during which time he was continually increasing his army by the arrival of men-at-arms from all quarters.

It was the third of November, when he left Arras, and came to Senlis, where a council was held in presence of the Constable of France, and the marshals of France, Burgundy, and Flanders, to consider what course should be taken; for there was a common report in the army that it would be impossible to enter Flanders if the passes of the river Lys should be strongly guarded; besides, it rained at this time so continually, and was so excessively cold, that some of the wisest of the French council said it was wrong to undertake such an expedition, and bring the king so far from home, at this season of the year. The river Lys runs through a country so very marshy that horses can scarcely approach it, and the river itself is fordable in but very few places. "Where does the river rise?" said the Constable of France, in whose presence this information had been given. "Near St. Omer," was the reply. "Since it has a source," he continued, "we can, of course, easily pass it. Order the men to St. Omer at once, and let us enter Flanders." The marshals agreed to this proposition, and in this state the matter remained for a whole day; on the morrow, however, when the lords came to the chamber of the constable to receive orders, how and in what direction they were to march, much discussion took place; and it was then finally settled, that happen what might, they would advance to the river Lys by the shortest way possible, and endeavour to cross it. All the regulations of the march were accordingly determined upon, and proper persons appointed to constitute the king's battalion on the occasion, and to carry and guard the oriflamme of France. When all was settled the vanguard moved on, marching in order of battle towards Commines, for they hoped to cross the river at that place. On arriving at the bridge, however, they found it had been so completely destroyed, that it would not be possible to repair it, if any opposition should be made to the attempt; and on the other side of the river, on a causeway at the end of the bridge, there was Peter du Bois with a battle-axe in his hand, and 9,000 Flemings arranged on either side of him. The constable, seeing how impossible it was to attempt a passage by the bridge, sent some servants to follow the course of the river, and examine its banks up and down; but these, on their return, reported that they could find no place where the cavalry could pass.

During this dilemma several knights and squires silently withdrew from the rest of the army, intent upon hazarding some gallant deeds of arms, and crossing the river whatever it might cost them. They procured from Lille three boats, together with some cords, and having fixed three strong stakes into the river bank at a sheltered situation below Commines, and fastened a cord to each, three varlets crossed the river and fixed on the opposite side three other posts, to which they fastened the other end of the cords, and having done this, returned with the boats to their masters. The Constable of France was still near the bridge of Commines, pondering how he could discover a passage; and when informed that it was the intention of some of his knights to cross the river, he said to the Lord de Sancerre, one of the marshals, "Go and see what these knights are doing, and if it be possible to cross the river in the manner they propose, add some of our men to theirs." The marshal, attended by a large company of knights and squires, came to the spot just as the boats were setting off; and upon seeing him, the Lord de St. Py, the chief of the knights who had planned the scheme, said, "My lord, is it agreeable to you that we should cross here?" "Perfectly so," replied the marshal, "but you are running great risks." "My lord," answered the Lord de St. Py, "nothing venture, nothing win; in the name of God and St. Denis, before to-morrow evening we will cross this river and attack the enemy." Upon saying which he placed his pennon in the boat, and was the first who stepped into it; nine others followed him, being all that the boat would contain, and instantly they passed over by means of the cord which they held; as soon as they had disembarked they concealed themselves in a small alder grove, in order to prevent discovery, and those on the bank drew the boat back by the cord, that another party might cross over.

The constable's anxiety respecting the passage of the river was so great, that before the marshal could return, he sent again to ascertain how the boats were getting on. "Go," said he to the Seneschal de Rieux, his cousin, "go, I beg of you, and see if our people be passing as they tell us." The Lord de Rieux with the utmost pleasure hastened to the spot with about forty men-at-arms; by the time of his arrival about 150 had crossed the river, on seeing which he declared his intention to cross also. The marshal could not refuse him, but sent information of the circumstance to the constable, who immediately ordered the crossbow men at the bridge to skirmish with the Flemings who were on the opposite side, and so occupy their attention, as to keep them from observing what was going on; this plan succeeded admirably—indeed God favoured the undertaking, and consented that the pride of the Flemings should be humbled.

I maintain that all men of understanding must regard the passage of this river as a deed of superior valour and enterprise; before evening came no fewer than 400 men-at-arms—all the flower of the French knighthood—were on the Flanders side, and actually on their march in battle array towards Commines. As they approached the town Peter du Bois and the Flemings were at their usual post upon the causeway, and when casting their eyes towards the meadows, they saw this body of men-at-arms approaching, they were in the greatest possible amazement. "What shall we do," cried some of them, "shall we offer them battle?" "By no means," replied Peter, "let them advance; we are on high ground and they on low, so that we have here great advantage over them. They are not of force sufficient to withstand us in battle; besides, we know the country, they do not." This advice was followed, and the Flemings never moved from their post, while those who had crossed the river continued advancing slowly through the marshes towards Commines. The Constable of France, on the opposite side of the river, watched his men-at-arms as they approached the city with their banners and pennons fluttering in the wind, and his blood ran cold from the great dread he had of their being defeated. In the excess of his anxiety he became almost distracted, and declared that he would rather have died than witnessed the sight. He had before forbidden many who were near him to cross the river; but now, when he saw the condition of those who had passed, he said aloud, "I give liberty to all who wish to cross to do so at once, if they are able." At these words many knights and squires stepped forward, and endeavoured, by placing down planks and by other means, to make a way across the broken bridge: so that the Flemings who were at Commines had at this time enough to do; for on the one hand they saw in the marshes below them a large body of men-at-arms with their lances advanced, and on the other, the vanguard on the opposite side of the bridge were exerting themselves to the utmost to effect a passage. All that night the French remained in the marshes, up to their ancles in mud and filth, and without any sort of refreshment whatever. The Lord de Saint Py acquitted himself most loyally in this expedition; during the night he was continually on the look out, and even went in private two or three times to reconnoitre the enemy: on his return the last time, he said in a low voice to his companions, "Now up, for the Flemings are on their march against us; they think to catch us by surprise, but they shall find us true men-at-arms, and prepared for a battle." His account was quite correct, for they had not to wait long before the Flemings came in sight, with Peter du Bois at their head; and as they approached, the French set up their war-cries, and received them on the sharp points of their long Bordeaux spears, to which the coats of mail of the Flemings made no more resistance than if they had been of cloth. As soon as the Flemings felt these sharp spears, which impaled them, they fell back in dismay; Peter du Bois was one of the first who was wounded; the lance with which he was struck ran him through, and came out at his shoulder, and it was with difficulty he was rescued and carried out of the crowd. The French at last fairly drove the Flemings aside, so that they were quite incapable of making any further resistance, and all along the causeway to Commines killed them as if they had been so many dogs.

While this was going on, the constable and his men were busily employed in attempting to repair the bridge, which they at length effected. There was, indeed, much danger for those who crossed it first; but when some few were over, they managed with planks and hurdles to make it as strong as ever. The next day the whole vanguard passed over, and took possession of the town, which the Flemings were not long in quitting. Bad news flies fast —for the same day on which it occurred, Philip Von Artaveld, as he lay before Oudenarde, heard of this defeat of the Flemings, and the capture of the town; it was reported to him that 6,000 of his men had been slain, and Peter du Bois among the number. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, Philip asked the Lord de Harzelles what was to be done. "You must go to Ghent," was his reply, "collect as many people as you can, and return hither." In the evening some soldiers who had been at the battle of Commines came and confirmed the melancholy intelligence which Philip had heard respecting the defeat. "And so Peter du Bois is dead or taken prisoner!" said Philip. "Neither," replied the soldiers, "but he has been severely wounded in the battle, and has retired to Bruges;" on hearing which Philip immediately set off to Bruges, with thirty men-at-arms, to meet him.

The next morning after Commines was taken, the King of France, with the rear-guard, passed the bridge, and joined the remainder of the army, which was encamped on the hill of Ypres. The inhabitants of Ypres, finding the king so near to them, proposed sending to him the keys of the town, and throwing themselves on his mercy; but the governor, who had been appointed by Philip Von Artaveld, would not listen to a surrender. "Our town," he said, "is sufficiently strong, and we are well provided with everything: we will stand our ground, and meanwhile Philip will assemble his forces to combat the king and raise the siege." High words then ensued between him and the inhabitants, which ended in his being slain, and the latter getting their own way; upon which they appointed two preaching friars, whom they sent to the hill of Ypres, to the king and his uncles, to know if it were agreeable to them to enter into an amicable treaty with the town. The king, following the good advice which was given him, to gain the country by gentle means, agreed at once to accept the town, and pardon all the inhabitants, provided they would pay 40,000 francs to defray the expenses of the expedition. At this result the people of Ypres were much rejoiced, and instantly raised among themselves the sum of money appointed, which they paid to the king or his commissioners, before he entered the town. When the castlewicks of Capel, Bergues, Dunkerque, and many other places, heard that the men of Ypres had surrendered, and put themselves under the obedience of the King of France, who had most graciously pardoned them, they began to be alarmed; and having well considered their own situation, seized upon the governors whom Philip Von Artaveld had set over them, and led them to the king on Mount Ypres, hoping thereby to appease his anger.

On entering his presence, they cast themselves on their knees, and said: "Noble king, we put our lives, towns, and fortunes at your disposal, and we wish them to remain so. In order to show that we regard you as our lord, here are the governors whom Philip Von Artaveld set over us; by force, and not otherwise, has he made us obey him; you may do your pleasure with them, for they have governed us according to their wills." All these towns the king was advised to pardon on the same condition as he had just pardoned Ypres, that is to say, that they should contribute towards the expenses of the war; but the governors were all beheaded. In these treaties of submission, no mention whatever was made of the Earl of Flanders, nor was he ever summoned to the councils of the King of France. I am ignorant whether he was displeased at this or not; but certain it is, that he experienced the same sort of treatment during the whole expedition. From these towns of Flanders the French army gained a very considerable plunder. Cloth, linen, knives, money in gold and silver, silver dishes and plates, were packed up and sent together to places of safety in France. The king and his nobles remained at Ypres four or five days in order to refresh themselves, and then set out to Rosebecque. The inhabitants of Bruges, finding that the whole country as far as Gravelines had submitted to the King of France, were doubtful whether to enter into negotiations or not; however, for the present, they did nothing; for Philip Von Artaveld still had much influence over them; indeed, he was as active as ever in carrying on the war, and collected from Ghent and other places about 50,000 men, with whom he marched to Rosebecque the day before the French army quartered in that part. It was in the depth of winter, the beginning of December, when those two armies encamped against each other, near Rosebecque, and it rained every day. The lords of France were very anxious for a battle; but Philip seemed inclined to delay. On Wednesday evening he gave a magnificent supper to his captains, and exhorted them earnestly to show themselves brave men, to contend valiantly for their rights, and to maintain the franchises of Flanders. All who were present approved his sentiments, declaring that he had well spoken, and that they would do their utmost. They then took their leave, and each returned to his quarters to give instructions to his own company.

Thus passed the first hours of night in Philip's army; but about midnight, strange noises were heard towards Mount d'Or, and some, fancying that the French were making preparations to attack them in the night-time, went out to ascertain whether such were really the case; but there was no appearance of the French being on the move, and though they still heard the noise, they could discover no cause for it. Philip also, who was sleeping in his tent before the fire, was alarmed by the same sounds, and apprehending that they proceeded from the French army, he blew his trumpet and sallied forth with a battle-axe in his hand. As soon as the sound of the trumpet was heard, the guards in front of the camp armed themselves, and sent some of their companions to Philip to know what he wished to have done, since he had aroused them so early. He then repeated what he had heard, and desired some of them to go to the part whence the noise proceeded; but they replied that they had been there already, and could find no cause for it. After this alarm neither Philip nor the Flemings were quite at their ease, but suspected that they had been betrayed and might be surprised at any moment; they therefore armed themselves, made large fires in their quarters, and took breakfast.

About an hour before daybreak, Philip ordered all his forces to draw up in array upon the plain, in case the French should advance. There was in front of them a wide ditch newly made, and in the rear quantities of brambles, junipers, and other shrubs. By the report of the constables, they were about 50,000 in number, all chosen men, who placed but small value upon their own lives, and among them were about sixty English archers who had stolen away from their companions at Calais, in the hope of receiving better pay from Philip Von Artaveld. From the town of Ghent alone were about 9,000 men all well armed; and as Philip had more confidence in them than in the rest of his forces, he placed them nearest his own person. Those from Alost and Grammont came next; then the men of Courtray and Bruges. The greater part were armed with bludgeons, iron caps, jerkins, and gloves *de fer de baleine,* and each man carried a staff bound and pointed with iron. The different townsmen wore liveries and arms, to distinguish them from one another. Some had jackets of blue and yellow, others wore a welt of black on a red jacket, others chevroned with white on a blue coat, others green and blue, others lozenged with black and white, others quartered red and white, others all blue. Thus drawn up and equipped, they waited for day to appear.

This same Wednesday, King Charles entertained his uncles and some of his principal barons at supper; and when supper was over, and most of the guests had departed, he requested Sir Oliver de Clisson, his constable, to resign his office into the hands of some one else, and remain near his person during the battle, which was certain to take place on the morrow; but the constable appeared so much disappointed at this, and excused himself so earnestly, that the king at last consented to withdraw the request. "I will it be so, constable," said the king, after some conversation; "I will not say one word more on the subject; for you see clearer into this business than I do, or those who first proposed it."

When day appeared on Thursday morning, Philip Von Artaveld and his forces quitted the strong position they had taken on the first intimation of alarm, and marched out to Mount d'Or, where they took up their quarters. "We must prepare at once for combat," said Philip on reaching the spot, "for our enemies are near at hand;" and at the same time, pointing to three French knights who were riding by, he continued, "These three horsemen have come to reconnoitre us, I see plainly what are the intentions of the enemy." Philip was right in his anticipations, for the French knights had no sooner returned to their own army, than the word was given to advance in the name of God and St. Denis. The king at this time created many new knights, as also did the different lords in their respective battalions, so that several new banners were displayed on the day of battle. The Flemings began the engagement with a sharp cannonade; but as soon as the first salute was over, the van and rear guards of the French pushed forwards, and by enclosing the Flemings straitened them much. In the general confusion which followed, Philip was soon beaten to the ground and wounded, together with numbers of the Ghent men who were about him. The clattering on the helmets by the axes and leaden maces was so loud that nothing could be heard for the noise of them. I was told that if all the armourers in Paris and Bruxelles had been there, working at their trade, they could not have made a greater noise than these combatants did on the helmets of their enemies. You may readily imagine that the Flemings could not stand up long against such an attack as this, and the result was that a very large number of them were slain both in the battle and in the flight which followed.

It was the 27th of November, the Thursday before Advent, in the year of grace 1382, when the battle of Rosebecque was fought, and the time it lasted was not more than half-an-hour. The King of France at this period was in his fourteenth year. Among the slain was Philip Von Artaveld; he had been wounded, as we have just said, at the very beginning of the battle; but his death was not known for certain, until the king offered a reward of 300 francs to any one who should discover his body. It was then found that he had been pressed down by the crowd, and had fallen into a ditch with a number of his own men on the top of him, and so squeezed to death. His body was dragged to the royal pavilion, and when the king had viewed it sufficiently, it was taken thence and hanged on a tree. Immediately after this defeat of the Flemings, the siege of Oudenarde was raised, and Peter du Bois left Bruges, where he had been confined to his bed from the wounds he had received at Commines, and went to Ghent. On Friday, the day after the battle, the King of France dislodged from Rosebecque on account of the stench of the dead, and advanced to Courtray in order to refresh himself and his forces after their fatigues.

The city of Bruges, with many other places in Flanders, was in the greatest possible state of alarm at the result of the late battle; for the vanguard of the king's army showed plainly that they were bent upon plundering whatever they could. The Earl of Flanders was much attached to Bruges, and would have been sadly grieved to find it pillaged or destroyed; he, therefore, spoke to his son-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, requesting that the town might not be refused, if it should throw itself on the king's mercy; and very shortly after this, the inhabitants themselves sent two friars to the king, to solicit a passport for twelve of the principal inhabitants, who desired to wait on his majesty and lay their case before him. The king immediately granted the request of the friars, and the twelve citizens when admitted into his presence cast themselves on their knees before him, entreating him to have pity on them, and not suffer the town to be destroyed. They apologized for their past conduct, declaring that they had been forced to it by Philip Von Artaveld and the men of Ghent. The king heard their speech through the interpretation of the Earl of Flanders, who was present, and who, on his knees, also entreated him to spare the town; and, at length, the king promised to comply with the request, on condition that the men of Bruges would pay six-score thousand francs, 60,000 of which were to be paid down, and the remainder at Candlemas. By this means was the good town of Bruges saved.

It was said just now that Peter du Bois, after the defeat at Rosebecque, left Bruges and went to Ghent. On arriving at the place he was much surprised at finding the gates open, and immediately inquired why they did not guard the town. "What can we do?" was the reply of those whom he addressed. "We have lost our good captain, and together with him full 9,000 men. This affects us so much that we have no hope left." "Foolish people," answered Peter du Bois; "are ye thus thunderstruck when the war is not near over, nor the town of Ghent so famous as she shall be? Close your gates, and prepare to defend yourselves. Do you suppose that the King of France will come here in the winter-time; and before the proper season shall have arrived we shall have reinforcements in abundance from our friends in Holland, Guelderland, Brabant, and other places." By such speeches did Peter du Bois rally the downcast inhabitants of Ghent, who would, without doubt, had he not been there, have surrendered themselves unconditionally to the King of France.

When the news of the defeat at Rosebecque reached England, the nobles said they were not sorry to hear it; for had the commonalty of Flanders been victorious over the King of France, the common people everywhere would have been so inflated with pride, that all gentlemen would have had cause to lament it.

During the residence of the King of France in Courtray, many councils were held respecting Ghent—whether they should lay siege to it or not. The king was well inclined to reduce the place at once; but the lords of the councils considered that no effectual war could be carried on, as it was the depth of winter, and the knights already much weakened and harassed by the cold. It was, therefore, determined to leave Ghent alone for the present, and to return to their own country. On departing from Courtray, the king was not forgetful, any more than his lords, of the gilt spurs which had been hung up in the church there, and which had belonged to those French nobility who had fallen in the battle of Courtray with Robert d'Artois; he, therefore, ordered the town to be burnt. The Earl of Flanders on his knees entreated him to recal this order; but the king was inexorable, and the town was destroyed without mercy. Many knights, squires, men-at-arms, and children, were carried away as slaves to be ransomed. On leaving Courtray, the king and his forces went to Tournay, thence to Arras, and so on to Paris.

CHAPTER XI

Reception of the King of France by the people of Paris—Mob dispersed and the leaders punished—The men of Ghent again take up arms—Depressed condition of the Earl of Flanders—Wars between the Clementists and Urbanists—Pope Urban raises money from the churches in England—Lord Henry Spencer, Bishop of Norwich, heads an expedition against the Clementists—The Duke of Lancaster, and Thomas, Bishop of London, appointed on a similar expedition to Spain—The Bishop of Norwich arrives at Calais—Dispute between the Bishop and Sir Hugh Calverley—The Bishop's army marches into Flanders to recover that country from the French—Battle with the Flemings before Dunkirk—Siege of Ypres—The King of France prepares to assist the Earl of Flanders against the English—Bold action of Francis Atremen; also of Aymerigot Marcel—The French attack the English at Bourbourg—Expedition fails—The English return to their own country—Peace concluded—Death and funeral of the Earl of Flanders—Border warfare between England and Scotland—Oudenarde retaken from Francis Atremen—French prepare to send troops into Scotland—The Porkers of La Respaille.

As the French army approached the city of Paris, on its return from Flanders, the king and his lords sent forward their servants to order the Louvre and other different hotels to be prepared for their reception. This they were advised to do by way of precaution, in order to try the feelings of the Parisians, as they were not at all to be depended upon; special injunctions were given to these servants, if they were asked any questions about the king, to reply that he would be with them shortly. The Parisians, finding this to be the case, resolved to arm themselves and display to the king, on his entrance into Paris, the force that the city contained. It would have been far better for them had they remained quiet, for this display cost them dearly. They professed that it was done by them with good intentions; but it was taken in a far different sense; for the king, when the news of this assembling of the people was brought to him, said to his lords: "See the pride and presumption of this mob. What are they now making this display for?" To which remark some, who were desirous of making an attack upon the Parisians at once, added: "If the king be well advised, he will not put himself in the power of these people, who are coming to meet him fully armed, when they ought to come in all humility, returning thanks to God for the great victory which he has given us in Flanders." Upon the whole, however, the lords were somewhat puzzled how to act; and, after much hesitation, it was determined that the Constable of France, with several others, should meet the Parisians, and inquire for what reason they had come out of the city in such a body. When this question was put to them, the chiefs of the Parisians made answer, "We have come out in this manner to display to our lord the king the force we possess; he is very young, and has never seen it; and if he should not be made acquainted with it, he can, of course, never know what service he may draw from us when occasion requires it." "Well, gentlemen," answered the constable, "you speak fairly; but we tell you from the king, that at this time he does not wish to see such a display, and that what you have done has been sufficient for him. Return instantly to your own homes; and if you wish the king to come to Paris, lay aside your arms." "My lord," they replied, "your orders shall be cheerfully obeyed." Upon this, the Parisians returned to the city, and the constable and his companions reported to the king and his council the result of their interview. As soon as it was known that the Parisians had retired, the king, with his uncles and principal lords, set out for Paris, attended by a few men-at-arms, the main body being left near the city to keep the Parisians in awe. The Lord de Coucy and the Marshal de Sancerre were sent forward to take the gates off their hinges at the principal entrances of St. Denis and St. Marcel, so that the way might be clear night and day for the forces to enter the city, and master the Parisians, should there be any occasion to do so; they were also instructed to remove the chains which had been thrown across the streets, in order that the cavalry might pass through without danger or opposition. The Parisians, on seeing these preparations, were in the greatest possible alarm, and so fearful of being punished for what they had done, that, as the king entered the city, none dared to venture out of doors, or even to open a window. In this situation things remained for three days; after which the king and his councillors, having resolved to make an example of some of the principal leaders of the rabble, sent for all whom they wished to mark, one at a time, and fined them, some 6,000 francs, others 3,000, and others 1,000; in this way about 400,000 francs were exacted from the people, to the profit of the king and his ministers. In addition to this the Parisians were also taxed with subsidies, aides, gabelles, fouages, with the 12th and 13th penny, and many other vexations, as a punishment for their past behaviour, and as an example to other towns in the kingdom of France.

I must not omit to mention that several of the principal citizens of Paris, who had been foremost in the late movement, were beheaded, and among them one John des Marets, whose execution was a matter of great surprise to most persons, as he had always borne the character of a wise and upright man.

When the King of France departed from Courtray, as we have mentioned, the town of Ghent was in a state of great excitement, and much inclined for war. Peter du Bois, Peter le Nuitre, and Francis Atremen, who had undertaken the government of it, reinforced the army with soldiers from different quarters, and were not in the least dismayed at the situation of their affairs, but quite as vigorous as ever. Having heard that there was a garrison of Bretons and Burgundians in the town of Arbembourg, they determined to pay them a visit. Accordingly, Francis Atremen marched thither with 3,000 men, and after a severe skirmish, won the town, which they pillaged and burnt. They then went back to Ghent with the booty, and shortly after advanced to Dendremonde, Alost, and as far as Oudenarde, plundering the whole country. The Earl of Flanders continued to reside at Lille, and was, of course, much enraged at these ravages of the men of Ghent, as he never supposed that they would have had the courage or power to commit such, since they had lost Philip Von Artaveld; he did not, however, take any steps against them; indeed, he himself seemed at this time in a very desolate condition—the French, to whose interest he had attached himself, did not pay him much respect, and the English were opposed to him, in consequence of his attachment to the French.

About this time Pope Urban VI. left Rome, and fixed his residence at Genoa; and because the King of France and that nation were Clementists, he sought to obtain succour from England to annoy them, for the English, and several other countries, obeyed Urban. For this purpose he sent his bulls to the archbishops and bishops of England, proclaiming that he absolved from all crimes and faults every one who would assist in the destruction of the Clementists. It was necessary, however, that Urban should be provided with a large sum of money, if he wished to put his plans into execution; for it was well known that the nobles of England would not for all the absolution in the world undertake any expeditions unless they were preceded by offers of money. Men-at-arms cannot live upon pardons; and it is to be feared they do not pay much attention to them, except at the point of death. Urban, therefore, determined that with the bulls he would order tenths to be raised by the church, and to be paid over to the nobility, who would thus be put in possession of large sums of money, without affecting the king's treasury or oppressing the common people.

Moreover, because this money was to come from the church, the pope desired to have a churchman to command the expedition; and in order that the commonalty and churches in England might have greater faith in it, the

Lord Henry Spencer, Bishop of Norwich, was appointed to this post. In addition to this, because Urban knew that the King of Spain was opposed to his interest, and favoured much the King of France, he declared that with the money that should be raised in England, the Duke of Lancaster, who in right of his wife called himself King of Castille, should set out for that country to raise a similar army there; and if the duke would undertake this expedition with a powerful body of men-at-arms, he would grant to the King of Portugal, who had commenced war against Don John of Castille, a full tenth of the whole kingdom of Portugal. The bulls which Urban sent into England were received there with great joy. The prelates in the several dioceses preached up this expedition in the manner of a croisade; and the people of England believed it so readily, that none of either sex thought they should end the year happily or have any chance of entering paradise, if they did not give handsomely to it. At London and in that diocese, there was collected a large Gascony tun full of money; and he who gave most, according to the pope's bull, gained the greatest number of pardons; and it was solemnly declared, that all who had given their money, and should die at this time, were absolved from every fault. During the winter and the ensuing Lent, throughout England the sum of 2,500,000 francs was amassed as well by alms as by the tenths from the church; which, I am informed, was quite sufficient to carry on the war both against France and Spain.

In the name of the pope and prelates of England, Thomas, Bishop of London, brother to the Earl of Devonshire, was nominated to accompany the Duke of Lancaster to Spain; this Spanish expedition, however, was not to leave England so soon as that under command of the Bishop of Norwich, which was appointed to land at Calais as soon as possible, and march through France. There were in the pay of the church, and under the command of the Bishop of Norwich, several good knights of England and Gascony, such as Lord de Beaumont, Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Thomas Trivet, Sir John Ferrers, Sir Hugh Spencer, and others, who before they embarked were all summoned to attend the king's council, where they swore solemnly, in presence of the king, to fulfil the object of the expedition; and that they would not harass or make war on any country or people who acknowledged Pope Urban, but upon those only who paid homage to Clement. King Richard bade them remain about a month at Calais, stating that within that time it was his intention to send to them Sir William Beauchamp, who was at present absent in Scotland, and whom they would find of the greatest assistance to them. Immediately after this the bishop embarked, and on the 23rd of April, 1383, arrived at Calais, where he was received with much joy by Sir John Delvernes, the governor.

More than a month had passed away without the arrival of Sir William, when the Bishop of Norwich, young and eager, finding himself at the head of so fine a body of men-at-arms, said to his companions, "For what purpose, my good sirs, are we thus waiting here? Sir William Beauchamp will never arrive: the king and his uncles have totally forgotten us. Let us perform some deed of arms, and loyally employ the money of the church." "It is well said," was the reply of those about him, "we will determine upon an excursion. We cannot issue out of the gates of Calais without entering our enemies' country; for France surrounds us on all sides, as well towards Flanders as towards Boulogne and St. Omer; and as Flanders is now a conquered country, what more honourable thing can we do than endeavour to reconquer it?" "Our first expedition," said the bishop, "shall be into Flanders." "Give orders for it at once," said Sir Thomas Trivet, "and let us march thither in three days." This resolution was adopted by all the council, and notice of it given to the army. Now it happened that Sir Hugh Calverley was not present when this determination was arrived at, and when the bishop informed him of what had been settled, he was by no means satisfied. "Sir," he said, "you are aware on what terms we left England, and that our expedition is solely pointed against the Clementists; I understand that the Earl of Flanders and his people are as good Urbanists as ourselves; if, therefore, we march against them, we shall forfeit our engagement; if you are determined upon an expedition, let us rather march into France."

The bishop, however, was not inclined to give up his point, and after some altercation Sir Hugh became pacified, and said to him on leaving, "If you make an excursion, remember, Sir Hugh Calverley will accompany, and you shall take neither road nor march, but he will be of the party." Orders were then sent to all the quarters in and round Calais, that every one should be prepared for the expedition the next morning. Accordingly, when morning came, the trumpet sounded and all marched off, in number about 3,000, taking the road to Gravelines, where they first attacked and pillaged a monastery, and then took possession of the town. On hearing of the possession of this place by the English, the whole country began to take alarm. The Earl of Flanders, in the greatest perplexity, summoned his council, declaring his surprise, that without sending him any message of defiance, the English should have entered his territories. "No doubt," said some of his attendants, "they consider Flanders as belonging to France, since so much of it has surrendered to the king of that country." "Well, what is to be done?" replied the earl. Upon this the council consulted and determined to send two knights who were with them, and who received pensions from the King of England, to the Bishop of Norwich, to negotiate with him on the subject of his mission. The bishop received the knights courteously, and gave them a handsome entertainment. He had that day with him at dinner all the barons of his army, for he had been informed that the knights of the Earl of Flanders were coming, and he thought it best that they should be all together to receive them. The knights opened the business by saying, "Sir, we are sent hither by my Lord of Flanders." "What lord?" said the bishop. "The Earl of Flanders, sir," was the reply; "for Flanders has no other lord." "By my troth," said the bishop, "we consider Flanders as belonging to the King of France, or the Duke of Burgundy, our enemies, for by force of arms they have conquered it." "Under respect to your grace," answered the knights, "the territory has been loyally remitted into the hands and government of my Lord of Flanders; and he has sent us to you to entreat passports, that we may go to England to the king, and ascertain his reasons for thus making war without sending any message of defiance." The bishop at this time replied, that he would consider of it; and after some consultation with his own council, he sent for the knights, whom on their arrival he addressed thus: "My fair gentlemen, you are come for an answer, and you shall have one. With regard to the request you have made to us from the Earl of Flanders, I inform you, you may return when you please to the earl; but as to Calais or England, you will go thither at your peril, for I will grant no passports. I am not King of England, but the soldier of Pope Urban, and so are all these who are with me, having taken his money to serve him. We are at this moment on the territories of the Duchess of Bar, who is a Clementist. If the people of the country hold that opinion, we will make war upon them; if, on the other hand, they profess themselves followers of Urban, they shall have their share of the absolutions; for Urban, our pope, absolves from all crimes those who aid in the destruction of the Clementists." The two knights were not at all satisfied with this answer; but as the bishop declared they should have no other, they departed.

The very same day on which they took their leave, it was reported to the bishop that there were at Dunkirk, and in its neighbourhood, upwards of 12,000 armed men, under command of the bastard of Flanders, assisted by several other knights and squires; upon which a general resolution was passed that the English should march against them. On the ensuing morning the march was begun, and as they approached Dunkirk, near the seashore, they discovered the Flemings drawn up in a large and well-ordered battalion. The bishop and chief captains wished at once to commence an attack upon them; but Sir Hugh Calverley, anxious as ever to maintain the real object of the expedition, interfered, saying, "In God's name, let us first send a herald to know why they are drawn up in order of battle, and which pope they obey; and if they say Pope Urban, we can then require of them, by virtue of the bull which we have, to accompany us to St. Omer, or whithersoever we may wish to lead them."

This proposal was adopted, and a herald, whose name was Montfort, and attached to the Duke of Brittany, was immediately despatched to the Flemings, with proper instructions as to what to say; the Flemings, however, did not wait to hear what message the herald had brought, but immediately upon his arrival slew him. The English, who were watching in the distance, cried out in the greatest indignation and anger, "They have murdered our herald, and they shall pay for it, or we will all die upon the spot;" and upon this the archers were immediately ordered to advance. In the engagement which ensued, the Flemings defended themselves very well, but the English men-at-arms broke through their ranks, and with their pointed spears killed such numbers of them that they were forced to give way; full 9,000 were left dead upon the field.

By reason of this victory, the English were so swollen with pride that they thought all Flanders was their own; indeed, many places, out of fear, immediately surrendered to them, and when they had conquered all the coast from Gravelines to Sluys, they proceeded to lay siege to Ypres. On taking up their position before the town, they sent to the men of Ghent requesting their assistance: at which message Peter du Bois and the other captains were so much pleased, that on Saturday morning after the octave of St. Peter and St. Paul, they set off to join the English, having with them 20,000 men and a very considerable train of carts. While the siege of Ypres was going on, the Bishop of Liege endeavoured to bring about a peace between the Bishop of Norwich and the Earl of Flanders. I was told at the time, that through his means the Earl of Flanders offered to the Bishop of Norwich and the English, if they would break up the siege and carry the war against the countries of the Clementists, that he would send 500 lances to serve under their orders for three months at his own expense; but the bishop would pay no attention to the offer, and in consequence the negotiation was broken off, to the great regret of the earl, who clearly saw that unless assistance came from France to raise the siege, his good town of Ypres must soon be lost.

Not long after this disappointment, however, the King of France, through the instrumentality of the Duke of Burgundy, undertook to send an army into Flanders; and, for the purpose, issued his summons throughout his kingdom for every man-at-arms to be at Arras or in that neighbourhood by the 15th of August, provided with all things suitable to his rank. Moreover, he wrote to Duke Frederic of Bavaria, requesting him to join in the expedition. While these warlike preparations were being made, the siege of Ypres continued with great vigour. There were many attacks upon the place, and skirmishes, in which several on both sides were killed and wounded; but the governor of the town, Sir John de Saint Py, made so good a defence that no essential damage was done. At the church of Emenin, which was close to the town, and which the earl had garrisoned, a very sharp encounter took place, but in the end the English were victorious, and to the great grief of the earl very many of his knights and squires were made prisoners. The siege was pushed on with unwearied energy, and it appeared fully the intention of the bishop and his companions to conquer Ypres. Day after day the assault continued, but the place still held out. At last the English, finding that they could not take the town by storm, and that they had expended all their artillery, resolved to have a quantity of faggots collected with which to fill up the ditches, so that they might advance and fight hand to hand with the garrison, undermine the walls, and by throwing them down effect an entrance. Workmen were accordingly employed to procure and cut down as much wood as possible in the neighbourhood, which was forthwith placed in the ditches and covered with earth: but this was not done so soon as they anticipated, nor could the assailants accomplish their intentions; for the King of France, having a great desire to raise the siege and fight with the English at all events, hastened his preparations as much as possible; and when the English heard that the French forces were advancing, and that they were upwards of 20,000 men-at-arms, knights, and squires, and 60,000 others, they found themselves obliged, as they were so inferior in point of numbers, to break up their camp and retire to some of the forts which they had already conquered. Intelligence of this intention on the part of the English was brought to the King of France in the city of Arras, and so far from causing his exertions to relax, it made him only the more earnest in hurrying matters forward in order that he might come upon them before they decamped. Just as he was on the point of leaving Arras, the King of France and his army were joined by Duke Frederic of Bavaria and Count Guy de Blois: the latter of whom was at the time in very bad health, and being unable to ride, was carried on a litter. The French forces marched to St. Omer, where they halted and refreshed themselves, and there finding that the English had already broken up the camp at Ypres and retired to Bourbourg, they made the best of their way thither in order to lay siege to the place. As they approached the town the lords of France made a splendid show; banners and pennons were flying in the wind, and each lord was arranged with his men under his own banner. The Lord de Coucy and his state were particularly deserving of notice. Mounted on a beautiful horse, he rode from side to side before his men, addressing them in a most agreeable manner, to the great delight of all who saw him. He had, moreover, led coursers, richly caparisoned and ornamented with housings with the ancient arms of Coucy mixed with those he now bore. Other great lords also kept up a state suitable to their dignity, and on this day more than 400 knights were created.

The English at their posts in the town of Bourbourg saw this immense army approaching them, and were pleased at the expectation of an assault; but they were not quite so well satisfied when they reflected that they were shut up in a town which was defended only by palisadoes; however, like men of courage, they resolved to make the best of their situation, and forthwith arranged themselves in companies round the town. We must for a short time leave the English in this situation just to relate a gallant action of Francis Atremen, who had returned to Ghent when the siege of Ypres was broken up. Francis was anxious to do something by which he might annoy the enemy; and having heard that Oudenarde had been left but carelessly guarded, in consequence of the governor having received orders to attend the King of France before Bourbourg, he thought it a good opportunity to surprise the place. Accordingly, having selected 400 men in whom he had the greatest confidence, he set out thither at nightfall. It was the month of September, when the nights are tolerably long, and by midnight he and his party had arrived in the meadows before the town. Now it happened, as they were crossing these meadows, that a poor woman was gathering grass for her cows, and having overheard some part of their conversation, and judging from it, and from the ladders they were carrying, that they were Ghent men going to surprise the town, she determined to muster all the courage she could, and hasten to inform the guard what she had seen and heard. Being well acquainted with the paths she was soon at the city, and told her tale to the first one of the night guards she met. The man was not quite satisfied with the woman's story, and remained quiet where he was in order if possible to ascertain the truth of it: he had, however, not waited long before the poor woman came to him a second time, begging him for God's sake to be on his guard, and go at once to the Ghent gate and see if his companions were in a proper state; for she had been listening again, and was certain there was no time to be lost. Immediately upon this entreaty the man went off, and at the Ghent gate found the guards playing dice, and not at all thinking that the enemy were so near. "Gentlemen," said he, "a woman has just been to me and given notice that a body of Ghent men are advancing. Are your gates and barriers well fastened?" "Our gates are fast enough," they replied; "but may a scurvy night befal this woman who has alarmed you at such an hour as this; probably some cows or calves have got untied, and no doubt she has mistaken them for Ghent men." While this conversation was going on Francis Atremen and his companions were putting their plans into execution; they had got into the ditches, which, as the water had just been drawn off in order to secure the fish, were quite dry, and having broken down part of the palisades, had placed their ladders against them and entered the town; and when all had entered they marched quietly to the market-place, where they met a knight, by name Sir Florens de Halle, who was on guard there with about thirty men-at-arms. These the Ghent men at once attacked, and slew every one of them, shouting out "Ghent, Ghent!" and by this means they possessed themselves of the town. You may well suppose that the inhabitants who were in their beds were exceedingly astonished when they heard the shouting, and saw their town taken by scalado, without having any remedy for it. Those who could escape did so, leaving all their property to be plundered, and thinking themselves happy if only they could save their lives. The Ghent men by this capture gained great riches, and Francis Atremen became governor of Oudenarde. In the same week a somewhat similar adventure happened in Auvergne, where the English possessed several castles. Aymerigot Marcel, the governor of one of these castles, set off early one morning, attended by only thirty picked men, having formed his plans to take by scalado the castle of Marquel: I will tell you how they managed it. After riding for some time, Aymerigot and his men secreted themselves in a small wood near the castle, where they remained till sunset; and when the garrison had retired within the walls, and the governor was at supper, they came forth from their hiding-place, fixed their ladders, and entered the castle. A cry of "Treason! Treason!" was then raised by some of the inhabitants, and the governor on hearing it became so alarmed that he immediately made his escape through a private passage into the great tower, taking with him the keys of the gates. When Aymerigot and his companions found that the governor had escaped to the tower, and that he had fastened the gates of the castle upon them so that they could not get out, they almost began to repent of what they had done. Addressing himself to the governor through the grating, Aymerigot said, "Give us the keys of the castle gate, and I promise you we will leave it without doing any mischief." "Indeed," replied the governor; "but you will carry off all my cattle: how can I believe you?" "Give me your hand," said Aymerigot, "and on my faith I swear you shall suffer no loss." Upon this, like a fool, the governor put his hand through the grating, and the moment Aymerigot got hold of it he pulled it to him, and calling for his dagger swore he would stick his hand through to the wall if the keys were not given up. The governor, without further delay, gave up the keys, for he was in the greatest possible state of alarm, and Aymerigot and his companions so managed matters that they took possession of the castle, which, shortly after, they ransomed to the Countess Dauphine for 5,000 francs. Orders were now given by the King of France for the attack on Bourbourg to begin. The garrison defended themselves handsomely, but the assailants set fire to the houses of the town, which confounded them so much that they were at length glad to capitulate. The English after this left Flanders, and by way of Calais returned to England.

You must know that the Duke of Lancaster was not very sorry that the expedition of the Bishop of Norwich had failed, for by it his intended voyage to Spain and Portugal had been frustrated. The commons of England, moreover, blamed the bishop and his companions on their return, declaring that from the prosperity they had been blessed with at the beginning, they ought to have conquered all Flanders. Very shortly after the return of the expedition negotiations of peace were entered into between France and England—many conferences were held upon the subject, and at length a truce was agreed to. On the part of France the truce was to include all Spain as well as Scotland, and on the part of the English all their allies and adherents were included wheresoever they might be. Ghent was also expressly mentioned in the deeds, to the great annoyance of the Earl of Flanders, and the truce was to last till Michaelmas in the year 1384. A very few weeks after this settlement of affairs the Earl of Flanders was taken very ill and died. The earl departed this life on the 20th of January, 1383, and his body was carried to Los, an abbey near Lille, to which place also was brought the body of the countess, his lady, who had died five years before, in order that they might be interred together in the church of St. Peter. The funeral was conducted in the most magnificent manner possible—when the body was about to enter Lille a great number of lords, from France, Flanders, Hainault, and Brabant, met it at the gate of the Invalids, and conducted it through the town to the church of St. Peter. These were all armed as if for war, and supported by their squires; other barons also, in the same manner, assisted in bearing the corpse of the Countess of Flanders, from the gate of St. Ladre to the same church. The shield-bearers on the occasion were all high lords, who followed each other in order, and after them came certain squires, who were to make offerings of the war-horses of the earl, then those who offered the steeds of the convoy. These were followed by others, who offered the earl's swords of war and his war-helmets. Then came those who offered the banners of war, both of the earl and the convoy; and it should be observed that all who officially entered the church of St. Peter at Lille with the corpse that evening, remained there all night, and until the mass of the morrow—as well those knights who were armed, as those who bore the banners, and the squires who led the horses. About 400 men clothed in black were appointed to carry the bodies of the earl and countess through Lille to the church, and each of these bore a torch. The mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Rheims, assisted by the bishops of Paris, Tournay, Cambray, and Arras, and likewise five abbots; during the obsequies there were in the church 700 candles, or thereabouts, round the body, each candle weighing a pound; on the catafalque, which was emblazoned on the right side with the scutcheons of Flanders, and on the left with those of Flanders and Brabant, were five banners, and down the church were 1,226 candles, similar to those round the body; a magnificent dinner was provided on the occasion, and every knight and squire was gratuitously entertained the day and night of the obsequies; also all the black cloth they had worn was given them.

Soon after Easter this same year, the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham collected about 2,000 lances, and 6,000 archers, with which they marched by Berwick and Roxburgh and entered Scotland. On their way they burnt all the lands of the Earl of Douglas and of the Lord Lindsay, leaving nothing unmolested as far as Edinburgh. The barons of Scotland were much surprised at this invasion, as they had never been apprised of it; moreover, they expected that the English, according to what had been reported to them of the late truce, ought to be at peace with them. This, however, they knew not for certain, as the French had as yet omitted to notify it to them, and they were well aware that they had themselves entered into no treaty with the English. Much mischief had already been done to their country by the invasion, when the French ambassadors who were appointed to make known the terms of the late truce came into Scotland. King Robert greatly desired to take advantage of the terms of the agreement, and conclude a peace with England; but upon this subject there was a difference of opinion between himself and his barons, many of whom were most anxious to be revenged upon the English for the injury they had already done them, and under command of the Earl of Douglas 15,000 men on horseback assembled, who pillaged and burnt the lands of Lord Percy, the Earl of Nottingham, and Lord Mowbray. As this Scottish expedition, however, had been wholly unauthorized by the King of Scotland, it did not prevent the truces which had been made in France from being proclaimed in that country, which accordingly took place.

Francis Atremen, you must know, did not long keep possession of the town of Oudenarde; he had taken it by stratagem, and he lost it by the same means. During the time the town was in his hands the garrison had done such mischief to the estates of the Lord Destournay that he resolved to retake it, and with this intention formed a considerable ambuscade of 400 knights, squires, and good men-at-arms, whom he had entreated to assist him. These he posted in the wood of Lart, near to the gate of the town, and at the same time filled two carts with provisions, and sent them onwards to the town under the charge of four hardy and determined men, dressed in grey frocks as carters, but armed underneath their frocks. On reaching the gate of the town the supposed carters gave the guards to understand that they had brought provisions from Hainault to victual the place, and the guards thinking all was right drew up the portcullis, and allowed them to advance on the bridge; the carters then knocked out the pins which held the traces of the horses, and driving them on left the carts standing. The guards upon this, finding themselves deceived, attempted to seize the carters, but they were well armed, and quite able to defend themselves. Indeed as soon as they had killed two of the guards, they were reinforced by Lord Destournay and his party, who followed so close upon them, that the guards ran off into the town, crying out, "Treason! Treason!" But before the townsmen could be awakened, the men-at-arms had taken possession of the place, shouting out, "Victory! Victory!" as they came to the square.

About this time the Duke of Anjou died at his castle near Naples; you have heard that he undertook an expedition against Lord Charles Durazzo, in the hope of rescuing Naples from him. This expedition lasted altogether three years; and in it he spent an immense sum of money, without much advancing the object he had in view. On his death, Madame d'Anjou was advised by the nobles of her blood to pay a visit to the Pope at Avignon, and entreat that she might have possession of Provence, which is a territory dependent on Sicily; and upon this advice she resolved to act.

The truces between the French and English were prolonged from Michaelmas to the 1st of May; however, during the winter the French busily employed themselves in preparing to send forces into Scotland. Great numbers of battle-axes were ordered to be forged in Picardy and Hainault; and in Artois, Lille, Douay, and Tournay, large quantities of biscuits were made, and various other stores got ready along the coast from Harfleur to Sluys, which was the principal harbour whence the armament would embark.

When the proper time arrived, Sir John de Vienne, Admiral of France, left Sluys, having with him 1,000 lances, knights and squires; he had also on board a large quantity of arms; for Sir Geoffry de Charny, who had been in Scotland the year previous, had brought back word, that the Scots were much in the want of them. Sir John and his party had favourable winds, and a good voyage; for it was the month of May, and the weather as usual very fine. The truces between the French and English, the Ghent men and the Flemings, and in all other parts, had expired, and it seemed that in every quarter war was sought for; those knights and squires who were on their way to Scotland most earnestly desired it, and were determined, with the assistance of the Scots, to make a good campaign against England. While this expedition was on its way to Scotland, hostilities recommenced in Flanders. A daring body of pillagers, supported by the town of Ghent, committed the greatest havoc, and spread terror through the country. These vagabonds, from having assembled in the wood of La Respaille, received the name of the "Porkers of la Respaille," and became so much dreaded on the borders of Hainault and Brabant, that none dared to travel those roads, and no property was secure in that part of the country. The Duke of Burgundy, in consequence of these disturbances, reinforced the garrisons of his towns and castles in Flanders, and made other preparations, with a view to put a stop to these pillagers, and punish the men of Ghent, by whom they were supported; but Francis Atremen was as active as ever, and his hopes were animated by the defeat of a party of French troops near Ardembourg. At this time, also, war was renewed between King John of Castille and the King of Portugal. Moreover, in Poitou, Limousin, and that neighbourhood, the Duke of Bourbon and the Count de la Marche, with a large army, were actively engaged in recovering places still held by the English. The castles of Aigle and Montlieu soon yielded to them; but Taillebourg offered a far stouter resistance. Near to this town was a bridge over the Charente, which the English and Gascons had fortified, and which the French were determined to gain in order to facilitate their attacks upon the place. They, therefore, ordered vessels ready prepared and armed to ascend the Charente from La Rochelle to skirmish with those on the bridge. The attack was severe; for the bridge had been well fortified, and was also defended with much spirit; however, the crossbow men and Genoese in their vessels shot so ably, that at length the bridge was carried by storm, and all found there were slain or drowned. Those in the castle were much vexed at the loss of the bridge, and indeed they had much need to be so, for by it they were deprived of the passage of the river. Nevertheless they would not surrender, for they felt themselves in a strong place, and daily expected succours from Bordeaux; as it was currently reported, that the Duke of Lancaster or the Earl of Buckingham was on his road to that city with 2,000 men-at-arms, and 4,000 archers; and such would have been the case had not the expedition of the French into Scotland compelled them to change their intention, and remain at home in case their assistance should be required in defending their own country. It is now time that we return to the Admiral of France and mention the reception which he met with on landing in Scotland.

CHAPTER XII

Sir John de Vienne, the Admiral of France, arrives in Edinburgh—The French find Scotland a very poor country, and are by no means pleased at their situation—The Earls of Douglas and Moray—Francis Atremen makes an attempt upon Ardembourg—Another excursion—Marriage of King Charles of France—Siege of Damme—King Robert of Scotland and his nine sons—Sir John de Vienne impatient to invade England—King Richard prepares against him—Fatal accident in the English army at Beverley—Lord Ralph Stafford and Sir John Holland—King Richard enters Scotland—The Earl of Douglas and some Scottish barons show the English army to Sir John de Vienne as it passes a defile—The Scots and English march in opposite directions—Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, causes the King of England to alter his plans and return home—The French and Scots return to Scotland—The former resolve to go back to France—The admiral pays dearly for his expedition to the Scots—Affairs of Flanders—Peace restored.

THE Earls of Douglas and Moray awaited the arrival of the Admiral of France at Edinburgh, and expressed much satisfaction at seeing him and his men. Robert, King of Scotland, was not at Edinburgh at the time, but in the highlands; his son, however, in his absence, gave the French a handsome reception, telling them also that the king, his father, would return shortly. News of the arrival of the French soon spread throughout the country, and gave rise to a great variety of opinions; many said that they were quite numerous enough to fight their own battles, and that the French, if allowed to remain, would soon do them more harm by eating up their provisions than the English did by burning their houses.

I must say, all things considered, it was not right for so many of the French nobility to have come to Scotland at this season; for Scotland is a very poor country, and the people generally envious of the good fortunes of others, and suspicious of losing anything themselves. Whenever the English make inroads into Scotland, which they frequently do, they order their provisions to follow close at their backs, if they wish to live, for nothing is to be had in that country without the greatest difficulty. There is neither iron to shoe horses, nor leather to make harness: all these things come ready made from Flanders, and should the supply fail, none are to be had in the country.

The knights and barons of France, who had been at home accustomed to handsome hotels, richly ornamented apartments, and good soft beds, were by no means pleased at the poverty they had to encounter. "Let us hasten the object of our voyage," they said, "and advance at once into England; a long stay in Scotland will be neither honourable nor profitable for us." "My fair sirs," said Sir John de Vienne, "it becomes us to wait patiently; we cannot return home through England. Take in good humour whatever you can get. You cannot be always at Paris, Dijon, or Châlons; those who wish to live with honour in this world must put up with good and bad alike." The truth is, that the great lords and barons of Scotland were by no means desirous of invading England at this time, and because of this paid very little attention to the French; indeed, the Scots are a difficult people to be acquainted with. The Earls of Douglas and Moray were the principal visitors of the French lords, and paid them more attention than all the rest of Scotland; but this want of courtesy was not the worst thing which the French experienced: they were hardly dealt with in their purchases, and had to pay an extravagant price for whatever they wanted; and whenever their servants went out to forage, they were permitted to load their horses with as much as they could pack up and carry, but they were sure to be waylaid on their return, villanously beaten and robbed, and sometimes even slain. In one month, the French lost upwards of 100 varlets. With all this, the King of Scotland would not come forward, or make any advances towards joining the French on an expedition into England; and before anything could be done, Sir John de Vienne was obliged to pay a large sum of money, and engage under his seal that he would never quit Scotland until King Robert and his people were perfectly satisfied.

Before I go on with the French expedition, I must return to the affairs of Flanders, and relate one or two other matters which happened at this period. Francis Atremen and the men of Ghent were all this time continually devising plans to annoy their enemies. Their attention was particularly directed to places in their own immediate neighbourhood; and it behoved the inhabitants of such cities as Oudenarde, Dendremonde, Damme, Bruges, and Sluys, to keep up a strict guard. About the end of May, Francis, with 7,000 armed men, sallied out of Ghent, intending to take Ardembourg by surprise, and to make prisoners of all the knights and squires in garrison there. It was on a Wednesday, when about midnight the Ghent men came up to the walls of the town and fixed their ladders, which the foremost began to mount. Now it happened that the Lord de St. Aubin and a squire from Picardy, by name Enguerrard Zendequin, who formed part of the garrison, were at this moment parading the town close to the walls, having with them three Picards armed with pikes; and as soon as the Ghent men mounted they detected them. I believe they had been on guard that night and were just leaving. To say the truth, if they had not been there, Ardembourg must have been taken, and all the knights slain in their beds. When they saw the Ghent men on the battlements, and that one of them was actually putting his leg on the wall, in order to enter the town, they were at first somewhat alarmed; but not so much as to prevent them from defending the place; for they saw clearly that if they fled, the town must be conquered. "Forward! Forward!" cried Sir Enguerrard to the pikemen, who immediately attacked the man who was about entering so vigorously that he tumbled back into the ditch. Just at this moment one of the guards of the town came up, who, noticing the large battalion in the ditches and thereabout, sounded his horn, crying out, "Treason! Treason!" The whole town was soon all in motion: knights and squires left their beds as speedily as they could, and sallied forth. Notwithstanding they were discovered, the Ghent men laboured hard to enter the place; it was, however, so well defended that they found themselves obliged to retreat. The garrison after this became more attentive in guarding the town, and in posting their sentinels. On the present occasion, they were much rejoiced at their escape, and greatly honoured the five men who first gave the alarm.

Very shortly after this attempt upon Ardembourg, Francis Atremen and his men went out on another excursion; their intention this time was to take the city of Bruges; but finding that they had no chance of success there, they turned their march to Damme; for the spies, who had been sent about the neighbourhood, reported that the governor, Sir Roger de Guistelles, had left the city, and that there was only an old woman there. This was true enough, for Sir Roger had gone to Bruges, thinking that the inhabitants were quite able to defend themselves; in this, however, he was deceived. As soon as Francis Atremen came to Damme, he divided his men, and taking the smallest division with him, said to the others, "You advance to that gate; and make no attack until you hear our trumpets sound; then break down the barriers as fast as you can." These orders were punctually obeyed. Francis himself, with the smaller division, approached the walls, fixed the ladders, and, as soon as they had entered the town, sounded their trumpets, and made for the gates, without any opposition, while those without destroyed the barriers. Thus was Damme surprised, and all sorts of people entered the town; there was much wealth in the place, and, in particular, cellars full of excellent Malmsey and other wines.

Francis was much pleased on finding himself master of this important place, and instantly issued a proclamation that no harm or insult should be offered to the noble ladies of the town, for there were seven wives of knights there who had come to visit Madame de Guistelles, who was near lying-in.

You may well suppose, that when the news of this success reached Ghent, the people were much rejoiced at it; they considered it a valiant enterprise, and Francis Atremen rose higher in favour than ever. Francis, however, did not long retain quiet possession of Damme, as you shall hear presently; but I must first tell you something about the marriage of King Charles of France, which took place just at this time. The lady selected was the Lady Isabella, daughter of Duke Stephen of Bavaria, and the marriage was chiefly brought about by means of the Duchess of Brabant, who greatly interested herself in the business, having obtained leave for the young lady to come to France, and appointed a meeting between her and the king at Amiens. Indeed, the king heard so much about the Lady Isabella, that he was very anxious to be introduced to her; and the night before the interview he never closed his eyes from his desire of seeing her. It was on Friday morning when the young lady, having been dressed for the occasion, was presented to the king. On coming into his presence she knelt very low, but Charles raised her at once by the hand, and continually kept his eyes upon her. The Constable of France, observing how much interested the king appeared to be, said to the Lord de Coucy, "By my faith, this lady will remain with us, for the king cannot take his eyes off her." When the ladies had retired, the Lord de la Riviere, at the suggestion of the Duke of Burgundy, sounded the king upon the subject: "Sire," he said, "how do you like the young lady? will she stay with us?" "Yes, by my troth, she will," replied the king; "for she pleases us much; and you may tell my good uncle of Burgundy to hasten the business." This report was carried to the duke, who announced it to the ladies, and the whole court was very joyous on the occasion. The Duke of Burgundy, in company with the constable and several others, waited on Madame de Hainault, under whose charge the young lady was, and related the king's intentions towards her, stating that he was so deeply smitten that he said he could take no rest on account of her whom he wished for his wife, and that the next day would cure all his illness. The duchess went off in a fit of laughter on hearing this, and all separated with much joy and satisfaction.

On the morning of the wedding, the Duchess of Hainault dressed the young queen out as handsomely as she could, and in company with the Duchesses of Brabant and Burgundy, conducted her in a most richly covered car to where the ceremony was to be performed. The Bishop of Amiens officiated, and the Lady Isabella had on her head a crown, worth all the wealth of the country, which the king had sent to her a short time before. When mass and the other ceremonies thereto appertaining were ended, the king, with the lords, ladies, and damsels, partook of a sumptuous and magnificent dinner; after which the whole party amused themselves in different ways until evening, when the king retired with his bride. The feasting was continued till the following Tuesday; and it was on this day that news was brought to the king and his council that Francis Atremen had taken the town of Damme. Orders were immediately given to lay siege to the place; indeed, the king determined not to undertake anything until he had regained it. He declared also that he would enter the Quatre Mestiers, whence the mischief sprung, and not leave in it a house undestroyed.

The siege of Damme was forthwith laid in a handsome manner, and Francis Atremen enclosed within it. Almost daily there were attacks and skirmishes, and the French at first were very roughly handled; for Francis had with him several English archers, who sorely galled the assailants, and the ditches were so full of mud and filth that they could not get up to the walls. It was the intention of Francis to hold out the siege till the reinforcement which he expected from England should arrive to raise it; as, however, the Admiral of France was at this time in Scotland with so large an army, it was deemed advisable not to send any forces abroad. After a month's siege, therefore, Francis, finding that he must not rely upon receiving any assistance, and that his own artillery had begun to fail, said to those about him: "We, all who are from Ghent, will return home; but it must be done so secretly that none of the town be informed of our intentions, and so save themselves by sacrificing us; for if they make peace we should all be slain. We must take good care to prevent this. To-morrow, therefore, under pretence of a grand attack being made upon the place, we will secure in the churches all the inhabitants who have no arms; and at nightfall ourselves leave the town, under the plea of beating up the enemy's quarters; and the moment we are on the plain, set off as fast as possible to Ghent." When the morrow came the plan was put into execution, and succeeded admirably; for all the Ghent men escaped out of Damme. The French, therefore, finding the place defenceless, entered it, and being greatly enraged at discovering nothing worth plundering in it, set the town on fire, and burnt it nearly to the ground. On leaving Damme, the King of France and his army marched towards Ghent; they had, however, only reached Artavelle, when it was deemed advisable to leave Flanders for a time and disband the army.

We will now resume the account of affairs in Scotland. King Robert of Scotland, who was blear-eyed and of the colour of sandal-wood, was himself by no means a valiant man, though he had nine sons who loved arms; when, after much delay, he came to Edinburgh, the barons of France paid their respects to him, and to the Earls of Douglas, Moray, Mar, Sutherland, and several more who were at the interview. The admiral then requested the king to fulfil the terms on which they had come into Scotland; stating that on his part he was resolved to enter

England. A very large armament was forthwith summoned, and on the day fixed upon there assembled at Edinburgh 30,000 men-at-arms on horseback.

Sir John de Vienne was very impatient to make an excursion, and to give his men opportunities of performing some gallant deeds of arms in England; and, no sooner did he see the Scots men-at-arms arrive than he said it was time to march. Their departure was proclaimed forthwith, and the French and Scots took the road towards Roxburgh. King Robert was not with his army, but remained at Edinburgh; however, all his children accompanied it. They continued their march until they came to the abbey of Melrose, where they quartered themselves on the east side of the Tweed; on the morrow they advanced to Lambir Law, and then came before Roxburgh. The castle of Roxburgh belonged to the Lord Montague, and the governor of it at the time was a knight, by name Sir Edward Clifford. The Admiral of France, with his whole army, as well as the Scots, halted before this castle, and, after well reconnoitring it, came to the conclusion that it was too strong and well provided for them to gain anything by an attack upon it, and so determined to continue their march down the river towards Berwick and the sea, until they came to two tolerably strong towers, in which lived two knights, father and son, of the name of Strande; a good farm of fine meadows, with a country house, was hard by, which was instantly burnt and the towers attacked. Several feats of arms were performed, and many of the Scots wounded by arrows and stones; the towers at length were taken by storm, and the knights within them made prisoners. After taking these two towers the Scots and French passed on, conquering various places on the road; and when half-way between Berwick and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, learnt that the Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham, the Lord Neville, with the barons of the counties of Northumberland, York, and Durham, were hastening with a large army to meet them.

At this intelligence all the French barons were much delighted; for they were very desirous of an engagement. The Scots, however, were of a contrary opinion, and advised a retreat, desiring to wait for the enemy on their own borders. Sir John de Vienne did not wish to act contrary to their advice; so the army advanced no further into Northumberland, but made for Berwick; at which place there were many men-at-arms, under command of Sir Thomas Redman, the governor. They made no attack upon Berwick, but continued the road to Roxburgh. News soon spread all over England how the French and Scots had entered Northumberland, and were burning and destroying it. The king, therefore, issued his summons, and greater preparations than ever were made for an expedition into Scotland, both by sea and land. Six-score vessels were freighted with stores and provisions, which followed the army along the coast. The king himself took the field, accompanied by his uncles, the Earls of Cambridge and Buckingham, and his brothers, Sir Thomas and Sir John Holland; indeed, he had with him full 40,000 lances, without counting those of the Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham, the Lords Lacy and Neville, and many other barons of the marshes, who, to the number of 2,000 lances and 1,500 archers, were already in pursuit of the French and Scots. The king and his lords had under them full 50,000 archers, without including the varlets. With this immense army they hastened onwards, and had entered Northumberland, when it was reported to them that the enemy had retreated into Scotland. The king, upon hearing this, took up his lodgings at St. John de Beverley, and his army quartered in the neighbourhood; but before I proceed, I must relate an accident which at this time happened in the English army, and which caused a mortal hatred between different lords. There was with the King of England, while his army was quartered in the vicinity of Beverley, a Bohemian knight, who had come over on a visit to the queen, and to whom, for her sake, every attention was paid by the king and his barons. Sir Meles, for such was the knight's name, was gay and handsome, after the German style. Now it happened one afternoon, that two squires attached to Sir John Holland quarrelled in the fields near Beverley, for the lodgings of Sir Meles, and followed him with much abuse. At this moment, two archers belonging to Sir Ralph Stafford came up, and as Sir Meles was a stranger and unprotected, they supported his cause, and much blamed the squires for the language they used. Some angry words followed, which ended in one of the squires being shot through the body by the arrow of one of the archers: the other squire then ran off. Sir Meles went to his lodgings, and the archers returned and related to their lord what had happened. Lord Ralph Stafford was much annoyed at the circumstance; however, he bade the archer escape as fast as he could, saying that he would negotiate his pardon with Sir John Holland. When Sir John heard that one of Lord Ralph's archers had murdered his favourite squire, and that it had happened through the fault of the foreign knight, Sir Meles, he was like a madman, and declared that he would neither eat nor drink until he had taken revenge. Without a moment's delay, he mounted his horse, ordered his men to do the same, and, though it was now very late, made off to the lodgings of Sir Meles. Now, as he was riding along a very narrow lane, it so chanced that he fell in with Lord Ralph Stafford; being night, however, they did not at first recognize each other. "Who comes here?" said Sir John. "I am Stafford," was the answer. "And I am Holland." Sir John then added: "Stafford, I was inquiring for you; thy servants have murdered my squire, whom I loved so much." On saying which he drew his sword, and struck Lord Ralph such a blow that it felled him dead. Sir John then passed on, by no means aware that the blow was fatal. Lord Ralph's servant, however, called after him, and when informed of the event, he merely said, "Be it so. I had rather have put him to death than one of less rank; for I have then the better revenged the loss of my squire." Sir John hastened to Beverley, and being apprehensive of the consequences of the deed, took advantage of the sanctuary of St. John's church.

The melancholy death of his son was soon reported to the Earl of Stafford; and, as you may well suppose, he was beyond measure enraged, for Lord Ralph was his only son, and he was, moreover, a young, handsome, and accomplished knight. The earl immediately sent for all his friends, to have their advice as to what course he should take; the wisest and most temperate did all they could to appease him, adding that on the morrow the fact should be laid before the king.

Thus passed the night. When morning came, Lord Ralph was buried in the church of a village near the spot where he fell. After the funeral, the Earl of Stafford, with full sixty of his relations, and others connected with his son, mounted their horses and went to the king, who had already been informed of this unfortunate event. In answer to the earl's petition for justice, the king replied, "Be assured I will do justice, and punish the crime most severely: never for any brother will I act otherwise." Though this, however, was done at the time in order that the Scottish expedition might not be interrupted, the earl accompanied the king on his journey, and during the whole time appeared to have forgotten the death of his son. The King of England, with his army, on leaving Beverley, passed Berwick, and having crossed the Tweed, took up his quarters in the abbey of Melrose.

In all the preceding wars between England and Scotland this monastery had been spared, but it was now burnt and destroyed; for, as the Scots had allied themselves with the French, the English had determined to ruin everything in Scotland before they returned home. The Admiral of France, on hearing that the English had crossed the Tweed, said to the Scottish barons, "Why do we remain here, and not reconnoitre our enemy? You told us before we came into the country, that if you had from France 1,000 good men-at-arms or thereabout, you would be in a state to combat the English. I will warrant you have now 1,000, if not more, and 500 crossbows, and I tell you that the knights and squires who have accompanied me are determined men-at-arms—the flower of knighthood, who will not fly, but abide the event as God may please to order it." The barons of Scotland, who full well knew the strength of the English army, and had no desire of meeting it, replied, "Faith, my lord, we are convinced that you and your companions are men of valour and may be depended upon; but we understand that all England is on its march to Scotland, and that the English were never in such force as at present. Come with us, and we will lead you to a place whence you may view them; and if after this, you advise a battle we will not refuse it." "By God," then said the admiral, "I will have a battle." The Earl of Douglas and some of the Scottish barons then took the Admiral of France and some of his knights to a high mountain, at the bottom of which was a pass through which the English, with their baggage, would be forced to march. From this mountain they clearly saw the English army, and, as nearly as they could, estimated it at 6,000 men-at-arms, and 60,000 archers and stout varlets: they allowed they were not in sufficient force to meet them in battle, and the admiral said to the Earls of Douglas and Moray, "You are in the right, in not wishing to fight the English; let us consider what must be done, for they are numerous enough to overrun your whole country, and ruin it. Let us march by unfrequented roads into England, and carry the war into their country, as they have done here." The barons assented to the plan, and immediately marched their men in an opposite direction to the English, through forests and over mountains; burning towns, villages, and houses, and laying waste the whole country on the line. When they entered England they committed great devastation on the lands of Mowbray, belonging to the Earl of Nottingham, and on those of several other nobles, continuing their march to Carlisle. All this time the King of England, with his uncles, barons, and knights, kept advancing into Scotland, wasting all the country through which they passed. At Edinburgh they quartered themselves for five days, and on their departure burnt everything to the ground except the castle, which was very strong and well guarded. From Edinburgh King Richard and his lords went to Dunfermline, a tolerably handsome town, where there was a large abbey of black monks; in which the kings of Scotland have been accustomed to be buried. The king lodged in this abbey, and as soon as he left it the army burnt both it and the town. The English after this marched toward Stirling, and crossed the river Tay, which runs by Perth. On Stirling Castle, they made a grand attack, but could not conquer it, and had a number of their men killed and wounded in the attempt. The intention of the English lords was to lay waste all Scotland, and then pursue the French and Scots—for they had been informed of their march to Carlisle—and by this means enclose them between England and Scotland. Meanwhile they overran the country of Scotland at pleasure; for none ventured to oppose them. They burnt the towns of Perth and Dundee, and spared neither monasteries nor churches, but put all to the flames. Just in the same manner as the English conducted themselves in Scotland, did the French and Scots behave in Cumberland and the borders of England. They entered Westmoreland, passing through the lands of Greystock, and of the Baron Clifford, and came at length before Carlisle; which city is well enclosed with walls, towers, gates, and ditches. The Admiral of France and his army made a severe attack upon Carlisle, but there were within those who were capable of making a good defence, so that many handsome feats of arms were performed before the place.

King Richard with his lords thought they could not do better, when their stores were all arrived, than follow the Scots' line of march until they overtook them. Of this opinion were the Duke of Lancaster, his brothers, and indeed most of the army. This plan was ordered to be adopted. But in one night Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, in whom at this time the king placed his entire confidence, undid the whole business. I know not what his intentions were; but I afterwards heard that he said to the king, "My lord, what are you thinking about: do you intend to follow the plan your uncles have devised? if you do so, you will never return alive, for the Duke of Lancaster wishes for nothing more earnestly than for your death. I would recommend you not to cross the Cumberland mountains, and if the duke be so desirous to go thither, let him go with his own division; for never, with my consent, shall you undertake it. You have done enough for once—neither your father nor your grandfather have been so far into Scotland as you have been." These words made so strong an impression upon the king, that he could not get them out of his head. The next morning, when the lords of England were preparing for their march towards Carlisle in search of the French, the Duke of Lancaster, quite ignorant of what Lord Suffolk had been saying, waited upon the king. Peevish and choleric from the preceding conversation, King Richard said to him: "Uncle of Lancaster, you shall not succeed in your plans. Do you think that for fine speaking we will madly ruin ourselves? I will no longer put my faith in you or your councils. If you be desirous of undertaking the march, do so: I will not, for I shall return to England, and all those who love me will follow me." "And I will follow you also," replied the duke, "for there is not a man in your company who loves you so well as I do; and should any person except yourself dare say the contrary, I will throw him my glove."

Orders were then given for returning to England by the way they had come. When news was brought to the Admiral of France that the English were retreating, they called a council, to determine how to act; when it was resolved that, as their provisions had begun to fail, they also should return to Scotland. The French and Scots therefore marched back the same way they came. When arrived in the lowlands, they found the whole country ruined; the people generally made light of it, saying, that with six or eight stakes they would soon have new houses, and that they should get cattle enough for provisions from the forests, whither they had been driven for security.

The French, however, suffered much; for when returned to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, they could scarcely procure provision for their money, and their horses perished from hunger. They were much annoyed at the way they had been treated, and told their commander that they could not longer endure such difficulties; that Scotland was not a country to encamp in during winter, and that if they were to remain the ensuing summer, they would die from scarcity. The admiral saw clearly that the French lords were perfectly justified in their remonstrances; notwithstanding, he had intentions of continuing in Scotland, and of sending an account of his situation to the King of France, who, he imagined, would hasten to him reinforcements, and thus enable him in the course of the summer to carry on an advantageous war against the English.

However, after due consideration, he gave permission to all who chose to depart. The difficulty now was how to do so, for no vessels could be obtained. The Scots were willing that a few poor knights who had no great command should leave the country; and they told the French barons that their dependants might depart when they pleased, but that they themselves should not quit the country until they had made satisfaction for the sums that had been expended in the use of the army. This declaration was very disagreeable to Sir John de Vienne and the other French barons. The Earls of Douglas and Moray, who pretended to be exasperated at the harsh conduct of their countrymen, remonstrated with them, saying that they were not acting as became men-at-arms, nor as friends to the kingdom of France, and that henceforth no Scottish knight would dare to set his foot in France. This remonstrance, however, was of no avail, for the minds of the Scottish people were not softened until the admiral issued a proclamation, by which he took upon himself the debts of his people, declaring that he would never leave the country till everything was completely paid and satisfied.

As soon as the King of France and his council were informed how matters stood, they raised a sum of money sufficient to cover the whole demand of the Scots, and deposited it in the town of Bruges. The admiral then left Scotland, having taken leave of the king, who was in the highlands, and of the Earls of Douglas and Moray, who attended him to the shore. Favourable winds soon brought him and his companions to Sluys, in Flanders, where they landed—the greater part of them so poor that they knew not how to remount themselves.

We must now return to the affairs of Flanders. The Duke of Burgundy, who was the greatest personage in France next to the king, was much distressed at the ill success of the admiral's expedition, and himself desired greatly to invade England during the ensuing summer of 1386. He was well aware, however, that as long as war continued in Flanders no invasion of England could take place; and this inclined him to enter into a treaty with the town of Ghent, which had allied itself with the King of England, who had sent thither the Lord Bourchier to advise and govern it. The citizens of Ghent were by no means averse to peace; they had suffered so much from war that the principal persons of the town were no longer masters of their own property, but it was at the command of a few wicked soldiers, who managed all things at their own pleasure. Peter du Bois, however, showed no inclination to give over the contention, and none dared speak to him of peace, for the moment any one mentioned it he was arrested and put to death. This war which Ghent had carried on against its lord, the Earl Lewis of Flanders, and the Duke of Burgundy, had lasted nearly seven years. It would be melancholy to relate all the misfortunes which occurred from it. Turks, Saracens, and Pagans would grieve to hear them. All commerce was ruined. No means of peace could be imagined, until God by his grace, in answer to the devout prayers of his people, took pity on the country. I have already told you the cause of the war—that it originated in the hatreds of Gilbert Matthew, John Lyon, and their accomplices; and I shall beg of you to have the goodness to attend to me while I report how peace was brought about.

At the time I am now speaking of, the Lord Bourchier governed the city of Ghent for the King of England, and Peter du Bois assisted him in maintaining his authority. There were also in Ghent two valiant men, of good life and conversation, of moderate birth and fortune,—neither of the highest nor of the richest,—who were very much vexed at the continuance of the war, but afraid openly to declare their sentiments, from the examples which had been made by Peter du Bois. One of them was a mariner, by name Roger de Cremin; the other the most considerable butcher in the market, by name James d'Ardembourg: by these two men was the business first brought about. In addition to them I must include a worthy knight of Flanders, by name Sir John d'Elle. These good men, in conversation, mourned over the troubles of Flanders, and resolved to do all in their power to put a stop to them. "Shall things always remain as they are?" said Roger; "there must be an end to it." "Tell me how," answered James, "and I will cheerfully listen to you." "You," replied Roger, "are the principal butcher in the market—the richest and most respected; you can talk secretly on the subject with your most confidential friends in the trade. I, who am a mariner, will do the same; and when we shall have gained over these two trades, which are numerous and powerful, the other trades, and all honest people who wish for peace, will join us." "Very well," said James, "I will sound my people: do you the same by yours." Each performed his promise; and so prudently did they talk with their friends on the subject, that, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, James d'Ardembourg found all his brother butchers inclined to his way of thinking: Roger also brought the mariners to the same opinion. When these two honest men found how desirous their people were for peace, they got Sir John d'Elle to represent to the Duke of Burgundy how matters stood. The duke, on account of the expedition which he wished to make against England, was himself, as we have said before, very desirous of peace with Ghent; and at the representation of Sir John d'Elle agreed to pardon all who had been concerned in the war, and to retain to the city of Ghent its ancient privileges. The duke inquired if Francis Atremen had been present when this matter was brought forward. "No, my lord," said Sir John; "he is just now governor of the castle of Gaure; and I know not if those who sent me would like that he should be made acquainted with the business." "Tell them," answered the duke, "to speak to him boldly on the subject; he will not do anything in opposition to it, for I understand he desires a peace with me." With this good news the knight returned to Ghent, and shortly after went to the castle of Gaure, where he opened the whole matter to Francis Atremen, who, after a short pause, said: "Since my lord of Burgundy is willing to pardon everything, and to secure to the town of Ghent its privileges, I will no longer keep up the agitation, but endeavour by all means to bring about a peace." The Duke of Burgundy heard with much pleasure from the knight the report of his interview with Francis Atremen; and matters were now in a fair way to be settled, for the duke wrote a very amicable letter to those of Ghent, which he sealed with his own seal, and delivered to the knight, who went back to Flanders. Roger Cremin and James d'Ardembourg, by whom the whole business had been managed, appointed a meeting with Sir John d'Elle, on the Thursday morning after his return, when it was agreed that the duke's letter should be read publicly to the commonalty of Ghent. Meanwhile, these two citizens were very active in bringing their plans to a completion, and by their assiduity the greater part of the population was gained over. The business, however, could not be carried on so secretly but that Peter du Bois knew of it, and the moment the information reached him he went to the Lord Bourchier, and said, "My lord, what think you? Roger Cremin and James d'Ardembourg intend assembling the inhabitants tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, in the market-place, with the banner of Flanders in their hands, and are to shout out through the streets, 'Flanders for the Lion! the lord of the country grants peace and pardon to the good town of Ghent for all its misdemeanours!' Now, what are we to do? for, unless we can drive those people out, the King of England will no longer be obeyed in this town." "And how shall we do this?" replied the Lord Bourchier. "We must assemble our people," said Peter, "to-morrow morning in the town-house, arm them, and then march through the town, crying out, 'Flanders for the Lion! The King of England for the country, and lord of the town of Ghent!' By this means we shall get our friends together, and we must kill all traitors and rebels." "It shall be done," was the reply of Lord Bourchier.

God was very gracious to the two honest citizens of Ghent, for they had intelligence given to them of this arrangement, and in consequence changed the hour of meeting in the market-place to seven o'clock instead of eight, in order that they might break the measure of Peter du Bois. The plan on their part was very successful, for on Thursday morning Roger Cremin and James d'Ardembourg first got possession of the market-place, and though Peter du Bois with his companions came there, he was quite thunderstruck at finding that the deans of guilds with their men had united against him; indeed, he now began to fear for his life, and withdrew himself from the crowd as quietly as he could. Roger Cremin advanced to the Lord Bourchier and his party, saying, "Where is Peter du Bois? We wish also to know your intentions. Are you friends or enemies?" The Lord Bourchier was not aware that Peter had made his escape, but on being informed that he was not with them, he replied, "I know not what is become of him; I thought he had been here. For my part, I shall be steady to the King of England, my natural lord, who sent me here, as you will be pleased to remember, in answer to your own entreaties." "That is very true," said Roger Cremin and his party; "and if the town of Ghent had not sent for you, you would be put to death: but in honour to the King of England, neither you nor your men shall run the slightest risk. Retire peaceably to your homes. We are determined to have the Duke of Burgundy for our lord, and to carry on war no longer." Upon this the Lord Bourchier and his men quietly left the market-place, and the Ghent men who had been with him slily slipt away or joined themselves to the better disposed party. Sir John d'Elle now entered the town, and read aloud the Duke of Burgundy's letter, which gave great satisfaction. Francis Atremen was sent for from the castle of Gaure, and he too agreed to the whole treaty. The Duke of Burgundy was informed by Sir John d'Elle of all that had taken place; and, on the 5th of December, he met the deputies of Ghent at Tournay, finally to settle the whole business.

At the entreaties of the Duchess of Burgundy and Madame de Nevers her daughter, the duke resolved to pardon everything that was past; and articles of peace were drawn out, and sealed by both parties. When the conference was at an end the duke and duchess went to Lille, where they stayed some time, and the deputies returned to Ghent. Peter du Bois, seeing peace so firmly established that there was no possibility of any further disturbance and rebellion, was afraid to trust himself any longer in Ghent. True it is that Francis Atremen endeavoured to persuade him that the duke had pardoned everything, and that he had no reason to fear what was past. "Francis," said Peter, "real pardons do not always lie in letters patent; one may pardon by word of mouth, but hatred may still lie in the heart. I am but a man of low birth, and of little consequence in the town of Ghent, and yet I have done all in my power to maintain its rights and privileges. Do you think in two or three years hence the people will remember it? Gilbert Matthew and his brothers, the enemies of my master, John Lyon, will return, and will never view me with any but evil eyes. Never can I trust myself in this town. And will you," he continued, "venture to remain among such traitors, who have broken their faith with the King of England? Be assured, in the end you will surely suffer." "I know not what may happen," answered Francis; "but I have such faith in the treaty, that I shall certainly remain here." Peter du Bois then made a petition to the sheriffs, deacons, councillors, and governors of Ghent, saying, "My fair gentlemen, I have served the good town of Ghent to the very utmost of my power: many times have I hazarded my life for it: and for all these services, the only reward I ask is, that you would have me, my wife, and children, escorted in safety with the Lord Bourchier to England." All present unanimously complied with his request, and Peter shortly after set out for England, well provided with gold, silver, and jewels. Sir

John d'Elle escorted him and the Lord Bourchier, under passport from the Duke of Burgundy, as far as Calais. Thus was peace restored to the good town of Ghent. Roger Cremin, as a reward for his services, was appointed deacon of the pilots, and James d'Ardembourg was made deacon of the small craft; both of which are profitable offices when commerce is uninterrupted.

CHAPTER XIII

Sir John Froissart sets out on his journey to visit Prince Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix —His adventures on the road—He meets with Sir Espaign du Lyon—Their conversation respecting the country through which they pass—The different garrisons and the family of the count—Froissart's reception at Orthes—Interesting description of the court and castle of the Count de Foix—Strange death of the count's only son—Curious story respecting Sir Peter de Béarn—Le Bastot de Mauléon's account of his own adventures—Sir John Froissart sups at Orthes—Wars of Castille and Portugal—The battle of Aljubarota.

I HAVE now been some time without alluding to the affairs of distant countries, those nearer home being so fresh in my memory, and so much more agreeable to speak about; it must not, however, on this account be supposed that nothing was done worthy of record, for valiant men in Castille, Portugal, Gascony, Limousin, and other places, were employing themselves against each other, and many noble deeds were performed in surprising castles, and conquering towns. And for this reason, I, Sir John Froissart, having undertaken, at the request of that most renowned prince, Guy de Châtillon, Count de Blois, to indite and chronicle this history,—a history which will be much in request, and in which all good people will take pleasure when I am dead and gone,—determined, in order to ascertain the truth of these distant transactions, instead of sending others to make the inquiry, to go myself and visit that high and redoubted prince, Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix and de Béarn—for I well knew that if I should be so fortunate as to be admitted into his household, I could not choose a situation better suited for my purpose, since knights and squires from all countries assembled at his court. When I intimated this intention to my good lord and sovereign master the Count de Blois, he gave me letters of recommendation to the count, and I began my journey, inquiring on all sides for news, and by the grace of God arrived safe at the count's residence at Orthes, in Béarn, on St. Catherine's day, in the year 1388.

The Count de Foix gave me a hearty welcome, adding that he was already well acquainted with me, for though he had never before seen me, he had frequently heard me spoken of. He at once retained me in his household, giving me full liberty to act as I pleased, as long as I remained with him. It was at his court I learned the greater part of those events which happened in the kingdoms of Castille, Portugal, Navarre, Arragon, and even in England, also in the Bourbonnais, and everything concerning Gascony. The count himself was very communicative, and readily answered every question put to him, saying, "That the history I was employed upon would in times to come be more sought after than any other; because, my fair son," he added, "more gallant deeds of arms have been performed within these last forty years, and more wonderful things have happened, than for three hundred years before." I will, therefore, continue my history, adding to my own materials all that I learnt at the court of Prince Gaston Phœbus; and if I have, hitherto, dwelt on gallant deeds, on hard-fought skirmishes and battles, and told how castles, forts, and towns were attacked and taken, many more will follow, and of these, by God's grace, I will give a true account.

Between the countries of Foix and Béarn lies the territory of Bigorre, which belongs to France, and is bounded on one side by the Toulousain, and on the other by Comminges and Béarn. In Bigorre is situated the strong castle of Lourde, which has always been regarded as belonging to the English, since that territory was given up to King Edward and his son the Prince of Wales, as part of the ransom for King John of France. When the Prince of Wales, attended by the princess, left England, to take possession of the duchy of Aquitaine, they resided at Bordeaux about a year, and then, at the invitation of the Count d'Armagnac, came into Bigorre, and fixed their residence at Tarbes, a handsome town situated among rich vineyards, and watered by the beautiful river Lisse, which rises in the mountains of Béarn and Catalonia. Five leagues from Tarbes is the town of Morlans, and about six the town of Pau, both belonging to the Count de Foix.

who, during the time the prince and princess were at Tarbes, was himself at Pau engaged in erecting a handsome castle on the outskirts of the town. Now this invitation had been given to the Prince and Princess of Wales by Count d'Armagnac, with a view to prevail on them to intercede with the Count de Foix to release him from a part, if not from the whole of the sum of 250,000 francs, which he owed for his ransom; for he was well aware that the Count de Foix would come and pay his respects to the prince and princess while in his neighbourhood. It turned out as Count d'Armagnac had expected, for the Count de Foix, accompanied by 600 horses, and 60 knights, took an early opportunity of visiting the prince and princess, who were much pleased at his coming, and gave him a most handsome entertainment, but the prince would not consent to mention the subject of the ransom to him: "You were made prisoner," he said to Count d'Armagnac, "by fair deeds of arms, and in open battle; it was you who put our cousin the Count de Foix to the hazard of the fight, and if fortune has been favourable to him and adverse to you, he surely ought not to fare the worse for it. Neither my lord and father nor myself would have thanked you, if you had entreated us to give back what we had honourably won at Poitiers, and for which we returned thanks to God." The count, upon this, finding he could not prevail with the prince, made a similar request of the princess, who gave him a far different reception, and immediately requested the Count de Foix to grant her a boon. "Madam," he replied, "I am but a poor gentleman—and insignificant bachelor, therefore I cannot make great gifts; but if the boon you request do not exceed 60,000 francs, I cheerfully grant it." The princess was anxious to gain the whole amount, but the count suspecting that the boon had reference to the ransom of the Count d'Armagnac, was not inclined to do more.

This and many other things I learned upon my way to visit the Count de Foix. At the time I undertook my journey, reflecting on the diversity of countries I had never seen, I set out from Carcassone, leaving Toulouse on the right, and first entered the territory of the count at Pamiers, where I halted three days. Pamiers is a delightful city situated among vineyards, and surrounded by a clear and broad river called the Liege. Here I fell in by accident with a knight attached to the Count de Foix—a prudent and valiant man, handsome in person, and about fifty years old. We journeyed in company together on the road to Orthes, and the knight, after saying his orisons, entered freely into conversation with me respecting the affairs of France. We crossed Mount Cesse, and passing by the castle of Ortingas, went on to dine at a castle belonging to the Count de Foix. After dinner the knight said to me, "Let us ride gently, as we have but two leagues to our lodgings for the night." "Willingly," said I. "We have this day," continued the knight, "passed the castle of Ortingas, the garrison of which did great harm to this part of the country. Peter d'Achin had possession of it; he took it by surprise, and by it gained 60,000 francs from France." "How so?" said I. "In the middle of August, on the Feast of our Lady," replied the knight, "a fair is holden at Ortingas, when all the country people assemble, and to which much merchandise is brought—now Peter d'Achin and his companions at Lourde had long wanted to gain the town and castle of Ortingas, but could not devise the means. In the beginning of May, however, they instructed two of their men to seek for service in the town, in order that they might have friends within the walls, whenever they should find themselves prepared to surprise the place. When the fair time came, the town was filled with foreign merchants, and in the houses of the masters of these two servants, there was, as usual, much drinking and feasting. Peter d'Achin, thinking this a good opportunity, placed some men in ambush, and sent forward six varlets with two ladders to the town, who, with the assistance of the servants, managed to fix the ladders against the walls, which they mounted; one of the servants then conducted them towards the gate, where only two men were on guard, and placing them in concealment, said, 'Do you remain here till you hear me whistle; then sally forth and slay the guards.' The servant then advanced to the gate, and calling the guards by name, said, 'Open the door—I bring you some of the best wine you have ever tasted.' As soon as the door was opened, he gave a whistle, upon which his comrades rushed into the guard-room and slew the guards so suddenly that they could give no alarm; they then let down the drawbridge, and at one blast of their horn all the party in ambush mounted their horses, and came full gallop into the town, where they found all its inhabitants either feasting or in bed, and so gained the town." "But how did they gain the castle?" I asked. "I will tell you," said Sir Espaign du Lyon, for that was the name of my companion; "when the town was taken, as ill-luck would have it, the governor was absent, supping with some merchants, so that he was made prisoner, and the next day Peter d'Achin had him brought before the castle, in which were his wife and children, whom Peter so frightened, by declaring that unless they surrendered the place he should be put to death before their eyes, that they most gladly complied, and by this means Peter d'Achin got possession of the castle, and a very large booty, besides much money."

With this, and other subjects of conversation, we rode on to Montesquieu, and thence to Palaminich on the Garonne. As we approached this town we thought of entering it by the bridge over the Garonne; but this we found impossible, for the bridge, which was of wood, had been carried away by the overflowing of the river, so that we were forced to return to Montesquieu to dinner, and there we remained the whole day. On the morrow the knight was advised to cross the Garonne in a boat opposite Casseres, which we did, although with some difficulty, for the boat was so small that only two horses with their men could pass at a time. At Casseres we stayed a whole day, and while our servants were preparing supper, Sir Espaign du Lyon and myself took a walk round the town. We had passed through the gate on the side towards Palaminich, when the knight said to me, "Do you observe that part of the wall which is newer than the rest?" "Yes," said I, "why do you ask?" "I will tell you how it happened," he continued. "You have heard of the wars between the Count d'Armagnac and the Count de Foix; well, on the night of the feast of St. Nicholas, 1362, the Count de Foix captured the Count d'Armagnac, and his nephew the Lord d'Albreth, and had them confined in the tower of the castle of Orthes, by which capture he gained 100,000 francs ten times told.

"It happened afterwards that the Count d'Armagnac, father of the present count, with about 200 men, took the town of Casseres by scalado, and when news of this was brought to the Count de Foix, he sent his two natural brothers first, and afterwards came himself with 500 men to recover the place. He arranged his men about the town, and moreover had it encompassed with a fortification of wood, so that no sally could be made from it in the night-time, and in this way, without making any attack, blockaded them within, until their provisions began to fail; for, though they had plenty of wine, they had nothing to eat, and the river was too deep for them to ford. They, therefore, thought it better to surrender, and the count, who listened to their offers, informed them, that as they could not pass through any of the town gates, he would make a hole in the wall through which the garrison might come forth one by one, without arms, in their common dress. With this condition they were compelled to comply. And as they came out through the hole one by one, the count had them brought to him and sent off as prisoners, to different castles and towns, and this, my fair sir," continued my companion, "is the history of this wall being broken down and repaired about ten years ago." When we had finished our walk, we returned to our lodgings and supped; and the next day, having mounted our horses, we pursued our journey, following the course of the Garonne. All the country on the left belonged to the Count de Foix, and on the right to the Count d'Armagnac. On our way we passed Montpesac, a fine strong castle on the top of a rock, below which is the road and the town. On the outside of the castle, about a bow-shot distant, there is a pass called La Garde, with a town between the rock and the river, and an iron gate. Six men could defend this pass against all the world, for only one man at a time can advance between the rock and the river. "Sir," said I to the knight, "this is a strong place, and a difficult country." "Indeed it is," he answered; "but nevertheless the Count de Foix and his men once forced it, being assisted by some English archers." The next object which attracted our attention was a large and handsome castle on the other side of the river, with a town of goodly appearance about it. This was Montesplain, and belonged, as my companion informed me, to a cousin of the Count de Foix, called Sir Roger d'Espaign. "He is a great baron and landed proprietor in this part." "What relation is he," said I, "to Sir Charles d'Espaign, constable of France?" "He is not of that family," said the knight. "Sir Lewis and Sir Charles came originally from Spain; I served, in my youth, under Sir Lewis d'Espaign, in the wars in Brittany, for he took the side of Charles de Blois against the Count de Montfort." We rode on for some time, in conversation about different castles, when, all at once, I could see the river no longer. "What is become of the Garonne?" said I to my companion. "It loses itself," he replied, "between those two mountains: its spring is about three leagues off, on the road to Catalonia, below a castle called St. Béart, the last belonging to France, on the frontiers of Arragon. The governor of St. Béart at this time is a squire named Ernauton, who is called the Bastard of Spain, and is cousin-german to Sir Roger d'Espaign. You will meet him at the hotel of the count at Christmas next, and the moment you see him you will say, that he is formed for a downright man-at-arms. I will now tell you what the Duke of Anjou did when in this part of the country; for if you have not inserted it in your history, it may be as well to do so." We then rode on gently, when my companion began as follows:—"At the first renewal of the war the French gained back from the English all their possessions in Aquitaine, and Sir Oliver de Clisson having turned to the French interest, conducted the Duke of Anjou into Brittany, to the estates of Sir Robert Knolles, and to the siege of Derval. I must tell you, that Sir Garsis du Châtel, a valiant knight and a good Frenchman, had gone to seek the duke, to bring him before Malvoisin, when the duke had issued his summons to march to Derval. It is a truth, as I was informed, that when Sir Garsis found Sir Robert Knolles was not inclined to keep the treaty made by Hugh Broc, and the castle of Derval was not likely to surrender, he came to the duke, and said, 'My lord, what shall we do with the hostages. It is no fault or crime of theirs if the castle be not given up, and it would be a sin to put them to death. Is it right that they should have their liberty?' 'Yes, by my faith,' said the knight, who had much compassion for them. 'Go, then,' said the duke, 'and do what you please with them.' At these words, as Sir Garsis told me, he went to set them at liberty, and on his road fell in with Sir Oliver de Clisson, who asked where he was going? To set the hostages free, was the reply. 'To set them free,' said Sir Oliver, 'stop a little, and come with me to the duke.' On their return, Sir Oliver prevailed with the duke to have the hostages all put to death, and Sir Garsis never dared to say one word in their favour, since Sir Oliver had determined that they should die. Two knights and two squires were immediately beheaded, and when Sir Robert Knolles saw what was being done, he instantly opened a postern gate of the castle; and, in revenge, had all the prisoners beheaded without sparing one. The great gate was then opened, and the drawbridge let down, when the garrison sallied beyond the barriers, and began to skirmish with the French. According to Sir Garsis's account, this skirmish was a very severe affair. The first arrow wounded Sir Oliver de Clisson, who was compelled to retire; and after much hard fighting, the duke marched away, and laid siege to the castle of Malvoisin, which we see here before us. The governor of Malvoisin, at the time the duke laid siege to it, was Raymonet de l'Epée, a Gascon squire, and an able man-at-arms. There were daily skirmishes at the barriers, and many gallant feats were performed by those who wished to advance themselves. The duke and his army were encamped in these handsome meadows between the town of Tournay and the castle, on the banks of the Lisse. During this siege Sir Garsis du Châtel, who was marshal of the army, marched with 500 men-at-arms, 200 archers and crossbows, and full 2,000 common men, to lay siege to the castle of Trigalet, which we have left behind us, and which, after an obstinate resistance, he so completely reduced and destroyed, that no one has ever thought of rebuilding it. The castle of Malvoisin held out about six weeks, and it could easily have made a much longer resistance, but the well which supplied the castle with water being without the walls, they cut off the communication; moreover, the weather was very hot, and the cisterns within quite dry, for it had not rained for many weeks; and all this time the besiegers were on the banks of this clear river, which they made use of for themselves and their horses. The garrison, therefore, alarmed at their situation, determined to open a treaty, and Raymonet de l'Epée, having obtained a passport to wait on the duke, said, 'My lord, if you will act courteously to me and my companions, I will surrender the castle of Malvoisin.' 'What courtesy do you want?' replied the duke; 'go about your business, and take care that I do not get hold of you, for if I do, I will deliver you up to Jocelin, who shall shave you without a razor.' 'My lord,' answered Raymonet, 'if we depart we must carry away what belongs to us.' The duke paused awhile, and then said, 'I consent that you take with you whatever you can carry before you in trunks and on sumpter horses, but not otherwise; and if you have any prisoners they must be given up.' 'I agree,' said Raymonet. Such was the treaty, and all who were in the castle departed, carrying away whatever they could. The duke, on recovering the castle, made a knight of Bigorre, by name Sir Ciquart de Luperiere, governor of it, and afterwards gave it to the Count de Foix, who still holds it." "Has the Count de Foix much wealth?" said I to my companion. "By my faith," he replied, "the count has at this moment a hundred thousand florins thirty times told; and there is not a year but he gives away 60,000, for a more liberal lord in making presents does not exist." "To whom does he make them?" "To strangers, to knights and squires, who travel through his country, to heralds, minstrels, indeed to all who converse with him; none leave him without a present." "Holy Mary!" cried I, "are his revenues so great as to supply him with such a sum?" "The Count de Foix," replied the knight, "has been induced to collect so large a sum of money, because he was continually expecting war with the Count d'Armagnac, and also doubtful of the manœuvres of his neighbours, the Kings of France and England. Moreover, when the Prince of Wales was in Aquitaine he threatened the count that he would make him do homage for the county of Béarn, and on this account, also, he began to amass large sums of money, in order to defend himself should he be attacked. He imposed heavy taxes on the country and on all the towns. Each hearth pays two francs per annum, and in this he has found and still finds a mine of wealth; for it is marvellous how cheerfully his subjects pay it. His whole country is well protected, and justice administered, for in matters of justice he is the most severe and upright lord existing."

Thus conversing, we found ourselves in the town of Tournay, where our lodgings were prepared at the hotel of the Star. When supper was served, the governor of Malvoisin, Sir Raymond de Lane, came to see us, and brought with him four flagons of wine, as excellent as any I had tasted on the road.

In the morning we left Tournay, passed the river Lisse at a ford, and after riding for some time entered a wood on the lands of the Lord de Barbason; when the knight said, "Sir John, this is the pass of Larre, look about you." I did so, and a very strange place it is; indeed I should have considered myself in great danger, if I had not had the knight for my companion. As we continued our journey the knight began as follows:—"During the time Peter d'Achin held the castle and garrison of Ortingas, those of Lourde made frequent excursions from their fort. On one occasion they fell in with a party of knights and squires from Bigorre, who had heard of their ravages, and were desirous to put a stop to them. They met about the spot where we now are, and having dismounted, advanced with pointed lances on each other, crying out, 'St. George for Lourde!' 'Our Lady for Bigorre!' The charge was very severe, for they thrust their spears with all their strength; and, to add greater force, urged them forward with their breasts. When they had used the spears for some time they threw them aside, and began to fight with their battle-axes. This contest lasted for three hours, and it was marvellous to see how well they defended themselves. When any were so worsted, or out of breath, that they could no longer support the fight, they seated themselves near a ditch full of water in the plain, removed their helmets, and refreshed themselves, then, replacing their helmets, they returned to the combat.

"I do not believe there was ever a battle so well fought and so severe as this of Marteras, in Bigorre, since the famous combat of thirty English against thirty French knights in Brittany. They fought hand to hand, and Ernauton de Sainte Colombe, an excellent man-at-arms, was at one time on the point of being killed by a squire of the country, when his servant, seeing his master's danger, came up, and wresting the battle-axe from his hand, said, 'Ernauton, go and sit down, you are not in a state to continue the fight;' and upon saying this, he advanced to the squire, to whom he gave such a blow upon his helmet that he staggered and almost fell down; he then closed with him, and flinging him to the ground, said, 'Surrender to my master or I will put you to death.' 'And who is your master?' said the squire. 'Ernauton de Sainte Colombe, with whom you have been so long engaging.' The squire consented, and surrendered on condition to deliver himself prisoner within fifteen days at the castle of Lourde, whether rescued or not. Ernauton Biscete and Le Mengeant de Sainte Basile fought hand to hand without sparing themselves, till both were killed upon the spot. With their death the combat ceased by mutual consent, for all the men were so worn out that they could wield their axes no longer. In order to preserve the memory of this battle, a cross was erected on the spot where these two knights fought and died. See, there it is," said my companion. Upon which we turned to the right, and made for the cross, when each of us said an Ave Maria and a Paternoster for the souls of the deceased. From this spot we rode on at our ease, not to fatigue our horses; and the knight pointed out to me, on the other side of the river, the town and castle of Montgaillard, and the road which goes straight to Lourde. He then related several particulars touching the siege of Lourde and the death of the governor, whom, on account of his obstinate resistance, the Count de Foix stabbed five times, and then cast into prison, where he died. "Holy Mary!" said I to the knight; "was not this a great act of cruelty?" "Whatever it was," he replied, "so it happened, and ill betide him who angers the count, for he pardons none. He kept his cousin-german, the Viscount de Chateaubon, even though he is his heir, eight months in prison in the tower of Orthes, and then ransomed him for 40,000 francs." "What, sir!" said I; "has not the Count de Foix any children?" "Yes! in God's name! but not in lawful marriage; he has two young knights, bastards, Sir Jenuain and Sir Garcien, whom he loves most dearly." "And was he never married?" "Yes, and is so still; but Madame de Foix does not live with him. She resides in Navarre; for the King of Navarre is her brother." "Had the count never any children by her?" "Yes, a fine son, who was the delight of his father and of the country." "And pray, sir," said I, "may I ask what became of this son?" "Yes," replied Sir Espaign du Lyon; "but the story is too long at present, for as you see here is the town." At these words we entered Tarbes, where we remained a whole day, for it is a very comfortable place.

Early in the morning, after mass, we left Tarbes, and had not journeyed very far when the knight stopped on the plain and said, "We are now in Béarn." At this spot two roads cross each other, one to Morlens and the other to Pau: we hesitated which to take, but at last followed the former. Riding over the heaths of Béarn, which are tolerably level, I asked, in order to renew our conversation, whether the town of Pau were near? "Yes," said the knight, "I will show you the steeple. It is, however, much farther off than it appears, and the roads are very bad, being of deep clay. Below are the town and castle of Lourde." "And who is governor of Lourde now?" "John de Béarn, brother to Sir Peter de Béarn who was murdered." "Indeed," said I, "and does this John de Béarn ever visit the Count de Foix?" "Never since the death of his brother; but his other companions, Peter d'Achin and Ernauton de Sainte Colombe, go thither whenever they have occasion." As we rode on I said to my companion, "Sir Knight, I should much like to know what caused the death of the son of the Count de Foix." At this the knight became pensive, and said, "It is so melancholy a subject that I would rather not speak of it. When you are at Orthes, you will find many there who will tell you the whole history." With this answer I was obliged to content myself, and so we continued our journey until we arrived at Morlens, where we passed the night. The next day we dined at Montgerbal, and, after drinking a cup at Ercie, arrived by sunset at Orthes. The knight dismounted at his own house, and I did the same at the hotel of the Moon, kept by a squire of the count, by name Ernauton du Pin, who received me with much pleasure on account of my being a Frenchman. Sir Espaign du Lyon, soon after our entrance into Orthes, went to the castle to speak with the count, whom he found in his gallery; and as soon as he informed him of my arrival, I was instantly sent for. On entering his presence the count received me most handsomely, and retained me in his household. Our acquaintance was strengthened by my having brought with me a book which I had made at the desire of Winceslaus of Bohemia, Duke of Luxembourg and Brabant; in which book, called Le Meliador, are contained all the songs, ballads, roundelays, and virelays, which that gentle duke had composed. Every night after supper I read out to the count parts of it, during which time he and all present preserved the greatest silence; and when any passages were not perfectly clear, the count himself discussed them with me, not in his Gascon language, but in very good French.

I shall now tell you several particulars respecting the count and his household. Count Gascon Phœbus de Foix, at the time of which I am speaking, was about fifty-nine years old; and although I have seen very many knights, squires, kings, princes, and others, I never saw any one so handsome. He was so perfectly formed that no one could praise him too much. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it became him to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He never allowed any men of abandoned character to be about him, reigned prudently, and was constant at his devotions. There were regular nocturnals from the Psalter, prayers from the rituals to the Virgin, to the Holy Ghost, and from the Burial Service. He had, every day, distributed, as alms at his gate, five florins, in small coin, to all comers. He was liberal and courteous in his gifts, and well knew how to take and how to give back. He loved dogs above all other animals; and during summer and winter amused himself much with hunting. He never indulged in any foolish works or ridiculous extravagances, and took account every month of the amount of his expenditure. He chose twelve of the most able of his subjects to receive and administer his finances, two serving two months each, and one of them acting as comptroller. He had certain coffers in his apartment, whence he took money to give to different knights, squires, or gentlemen, when they came to wait on him, for none ever left him without a gift. He was easy of access to all, and entered very freely into discourse, though laconic in his advice and in his answers. He employed four secretaries to write and copy his letters, and these were to be in readiness as soon as he left his room. He called them neither John, Walter, nor William, but his good-for-nothings, to whom he gave his letters, after he had read them, to copy or to do anything else which he might command. In such manner lived the Count de Foix. When he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a lighted torch before him. The hall was full of knights and squires, and there were plenty of tables laid out for any who chose to sup. No one spoke to him at table unless he first began the conversation. He ate heartily of poultry, but only the wings and thighs. He had great pleasure in hearing minstrels, being himself a proficient in the science. He remained at table about two hours, and was pleased whenever fanciful dishes were served up to him—not that he desired to partake of them, but having seen them, he immediately sent them to the tables of his knights and squires. In short, everything considered, though I had before been in several courts, I never was at one which pleased me more, nor was ever anywhere more delighted with feats of arms. Knights and squires were to be seen in every chamber, hall, and court, conversing on arms and armour. Everything honourable was to be found there. All intelligence from distant countries was there to be learnt; for the gallantry of the count had brought together visitors from all parts of the world. Seeing the hotel of the count so spacious and so amply provided, I was very anxious to know what was become of his son Gaston, and by what accident he died, for Espaign du Lyon would never satisfy my curiosity. Indeed, I made so many inquiries on the subject, that an old and intelligent squire at last informed me. He began his tale thus:—

"It is well known that the Count and Countess of Foix are not on good terms with each other. This disagreement arose from the King of Navarre, who is the lady's brother. The King of Navarre had offered to pledge himself, in the sum of 50,000 francs, for the Lord d'Albreth, whom the Count de Foix held in prison. The count, knowing the King of Navarre to be crafty and faithless, would not accept his security, which circumstance piqued the countess, and raised her indignation against her husband. The countess went to the King of Navarre to endeavour to settle this business; and when, after much talking, she found she could come to no satisfactory arrangement, she was afraid to return home, knowing her husband to be of a cruel disposition towards those with whom he was displeased. Thus things remained for some time. Gaston, my lord's son, grew up and became a fine young gentleman. He married the daughter of the Count d'Armagnac, sister to the present count, by which union peace was restored between Foix and Armagnac. He might be at the time about fifteen or sixteen years old, and was a very fine figure, the exact resemblance of his father. Some time after his marriage he took it into his head to make a journey into Navarre to visit his mother and uncle; but it was an unfortunate journey for him and for this country. In Navarre he was splendidly entertained, and stayed there some time with his mother. On taking leave he could not prevail on her to return, for she had found that the count had bid him convey no such request to her. She consequently remained, and the heir of Foix went to Pampeluna to take leave of his uncle, who detained him ten days, and on his departure made him several handsome presents. The last gift he gave to him was the cause of his death, and I will tell you in what way. As the youth was on the point of setting out, the king took him privately into his chamber and gave him a bag full of powder, which was of such pernicious quality that it would cause the death of any one who ate it. 'Gaston, my fair nephew,' said the king, 'will you do what I am about to tell you? You see how unjustly the Count de Foix hates your mother. Now, if you wish to reconcile them, you must take a small pinch of this powder and strew it upon the meat destined for your father's table; but take care no one sees you. The instant he has taken it he will be impatient for your mother's return, and henceforth they will so love each other that they will never again be separated. Do not mention this to any one, for if you do, it will lose its effect.'

"The youth, who believed all which his uncle told him, cheerfully agreed to do as he said, and then departed from Pampeluna. On his return to Orthes, his father received him gladly, and asked what presents he had received. The youth replied, 'Very handsome ones;' and then showed him all, except the bag which contained the powder. It was customary in the hôtel de Foix for Gaston and his bastard brother, Evan, to sleep in the same chamber; they loved each other dearly, and dressed alike, for they were of the same size and age. It happened one night that their clothes got mixed together; and the coat of Gaston being on the bed, Evan, noticing the powder in the bag, said to him, 'What is this, Gaston?' By no means pleased at the inquiry, Gaston replied, 'Give me back my coat, Evan; what have you to do with it?' Evan flung him his coat, and Gaston during the day became very pensive. Three days after this, as if God were interposing to save the life of the Count de Foix, Gaston quarrelled with Evan at tennis, and gave him a box on the ears. Much vexed at this, Evan ran crying into the count's apartment, who immediately said to him, 'What is the matter, Evan?' 'My lord,' replied he, 'Gaston has been beating me, but he deserves beating much more than I do.' 'For what reason?' said the count. 'On my faith,' said Evan, 'ever since his return from Navarre, he wears a bag of powder in his breast. I know not what he intends to do with it; but he has once or twice told me that his mother would soon return hither, and be more in your good graces than she ever was.' 'Ho,' said the count; 'be sure you do not mention to any one what you have just told me.' The Count de Foix then became very thoughtful on the subject, and remained alone until dinner-time, when he took a seat as usual at the table. It was Gaston's office to place the dishes before him and taste them. As soon as he had served the first dish the count detected the strings of the bag hanging from his pourpoint, the sight of which made his blood boil, and he called Gaston towards him. The youth advanced to the table, when the count undid his pourpoint, and with his knife cut away the bag. Gaston was thunderstruck, turned very pale, and began to tremble exceedingly. The count took some powder from the bag, which he strewed over a slice of bread, and calling to him one of his dogs, gave it to him to eat. The instant the dog had eaten a morsel, his eyes rolled round in his head, and he died.

"The count was much enraged, and not without reason, and it was with great difficulty that the knights and squires who were present, prevented him from slaying his son. 'Ho, Gaston,' he said, 'thou traitor; for thee, and to increase thine inheritance, have I made war, and incurred the hatred of the kings of France and England, Spain, Navarre, and Arragon;' then, leaping over the table, with a knife in his hand, he was about to thrust it into his body, when the knights and squires interfered; and on their knees besought him—'My lord, for Heaven's sake, consider you have no other child. Let him be confined, and inquiry made into the matter. Perhaps he was ignorant of what the bag contained, and, therefore, may be blameless.' 'Well, then, confine him in the tower,' said the count; 'only be careful that he is forthcoming.' As soon as Gaston was placed in confinement, many of those who served him escaped, but fifteen were arrested and afterwards put to death.

"This business made a great impression upon the count; and in presence of all the nobles and prelates of Foix and Béarn, he declared his intention of putting Gaston to death. They, however, would not sanction such severity, and it was at last determined that Gaston should be confined in prison for two or three months, and then sent on his travels for a few years, until his ill conduct should be forgotten, and himself feel grateful for the lenity of his punishment. News of this circumstance spread far and near, and came to the ears of Pope Gregory XI., at Avignon, who immediately sent off the Cardinal of Amiens as his legate to Béarn, in order to accommodate the affair; but the cardinal had scarcely travelled as far as Beziers when he heard that it was useless for him to continue his journey, for that the son of the Count de Foix was dead. Since I have said so much upon the subject," continued my informant, "I must tell you how he died. At the count's orders he was confined in a room of the dungeon, where there was little light; there he remained ten days, scarcely eating or drinking anything. It is even reported, that after his death all the food that had been brought to him was found untouched; so that it is marvellous how he could have lived so long. From the time he entered the dungeon he never put off his clothes, and the count would permit no one to remain in the room to advise or comfort him. On the day of his death, the person who waited upon him, seeing the state he was in, went to the count, and said, 'My lord, for God's sake, do look to your son; he is certainly starving himself.' On hearing which the count became very angry, and went himself to the prison. It was an evil hour: the count had in his hand a knife, with which he had been paring his nails, and which he held tight between his fingers, with scarcely the point protruding, when pushing aside the tapestry that covered the entrance of the prison, through ill luck, he hit his son on a vein of the throat with the point of the knife, as he rushed forward, addressing him, 'Ha! traitor! why dost thou not eat?' Then, without saying or doing more, he instantly left the place. The youth was much frightened at his father's arrival, and withal exceedingly weak from fasting. The point of the knife, small as it was, had cut a vein, and as soon as he felt it, he turned himself on one side, and died. Scarcely had the count reached his apartment when his son's attendants came to him in haste to inform him that Gaston was dead. 'Dead?' cried the count. 'Yes; God help me, he is indeed dead, my lord.' The count would not believe the report, and sent one of his knights to ascertain the truth. The knight soon returned to confirm the account, when the count wept bitterly, crying out, 'Ha, ha, Gaston, how sad a business is this for thee and me! In an evil hour didst thou visit thy mother in Navarre. Never shall I be happy again.' He then ordered his barber to be sent for, and was shaven quite bare; he also clothed himself, as well as his whole household, in black. The body of the youth was borne with tears and lamentation to the church of the Augustine friars, at Orthes, where it was buried."

My heart was much moved at this sad recital of the squire of Béarn. I was truly sorry for the count, whom I found a magnificent, generous, and courteous lord; I thanked the squire for the narrative, and then bade him adieu.

We met frequently afterwards in the hôtel de Foix, and conversed much together. I once asked him about Sir Peter de Béarn, bastard brother to the count, whether he was rich or married. "Married, indeed he is," replied he; "but neither his wife nor children live with him; and I will tell you the reason. Sir Peter has a custom when asleep in the night-time, to rise, arm himself, draw his sword, and begin fighting as if he were in actual combat. The chamberlains and valets, who sleep in his chamber to watch him, on hearing him rise, go to him, and inform him of what he is doing, when he appears quite ignorant about it. Sometimes they remove his arms from the chamber, when he makes such a noise and clatter that one might suppose all the spirits of the nether world were in the room." I again asked whether he had a large fortune with his wife. "Yes, he had," said the squire; "but the lady keeps possession of all except a fourth part, which Sir Peter has." "And where does she reside?" "With her cousin, the King of Castille," he replied; "her father was Count of Biscay and cousin-german to Don Pedro, who put him to death." "Holy Mary!" said I to the squire, "how came Sir Peter to have such fancies that he cannot sleep quietly in bed, but must skirmish about the house?—this is very strange." "Indeed," answered the squire, "they have frequently asked him; but he knows nothing about it. The first time it happened was on the night following a day when he had hunted a wonderfully large bear in the woods of Béarn. The bear had killed four of his dogs, and wounded several others. Upon which Sir Peter drew his sword of Bordeaux steel, and advanced to attack the animal, and after much danger and difficulty slew him. Every one was astonished at the enormous size of the beast, and the courage of the knight who had attacked and slain it. When his wife, the Countess of Biscay, saw the bear, she instantly fainted, and was carried to her chamber, where she continued very disconsolate all that and the following day, and would not say what ailed her; on the third day she told her husband she could never recover until she had made a pilgrimage to St. James's shrine at Compostella. 'Give me leave,' she said, 'to go thither, and to take with me my son Peter, and my daughter Adrienne.' Sir Peter too easily complied; and the lady packed up all her jewels and plate, resolving never to return again. On her way she took an opportunity of visiting her cousins, the King and Queen of Castille, who entertained her so handsomely that she still remains with them, and will neither return herself nor send back her children."

Among the solemn rites which the Count de Foix observes, he most magnificently keeps the feast of St. Nicholas; he holds this festival even more splendidly than that of Easter. All the clergy of the town of Orthes, with the inhabitants, walk in procession to seek the count at the castle, who returns with them to the church of St. Nicholas, when is sung the psalm, "*Benedictus Dominus, Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad prælium et digitos meos ad bellum*," which is repeated as in the chapels of the Pope or the King of France. When I was present on St. Nicholas' day, the Bishop of Pamiers sang mass, and I there heard organs play as melodiously as I ever heard in any place. At the feast of Christmas, which the count keeps with great solemnity, crowds of knights and squires from Germany waited on him, to all of whom he gave most splendid entertainments. I there saw the Bourg d'Espaign, of whose surprising strength Sir Espaign du Lyon had told me; I saw also many knights from Arragon and England, which last were of the household of the Duke of Lancaster, who resided at the time at Bordeaux. I moreover became acquainted with a Gascon squire, called Le Bastot de Mauléon, who lodged at the same hotel as myself, and who, one night, while we were waiting for the count's supper-time, told me part of his history, which was as follows:—

"The first time I bore arms was under the Captal de Buch at the battle of Poitiers; by good luck I made three prisoners, who paid me, one with the other, 4,000 francs. The following year I was in Prussia, with the Count de Foix and his cousin, the captal, under whose command I was. On our return from Prussia we found the Duchess of Orleans, and several other ladies, shut up in Meaux in Brie. The peasants had confined them in the marketplace of Meaux, and would have done violence to them if God had not sent us thither, for the ladies were completely in their power. Upwards of 6,000 Jacks were killed upon the spot. At this time there was a truce between France and England, but the King of Navarre continued the war on his own personal quarrel with the regent of France. The Count de Foix returned to his own country, and my master and myself remained in the pay of the King of Navarre, who made a very sharp war upon France.

"At length a treaty was concluded, according to the terms of which, it was necessary for all men-at-arms and free companies to quit the fortresses and castles held by them. Many companions, who had learned the art of war under different commanders, held councils as to what they should do, for, of course, they must live. All marched into Burgundy, upwards of 12,000 in number, and of these three or four thousand as good men-at-arms as any that could be found, whether to plan an engagement, to seize the proper moment to fight, or to surprise and scale towns and castles. I was with them as a captain in many engagements, and I think we showed what we could do at the battle of Brignais, where we overpowered the Constable of France, with full 2,000 lances, knights, and squires. This battle, indeed, was of great advantage to the companions, who enriched themselves by good prisoners, and by the towns and castles which they took in the archbishopric of Lyons. After this, by an arrangement with the pope and the cardinal, the largest number of the companions marched into Lombardy, to serve the Marquis de Montferrat, who was at that time at war with the Lord of Milan; but myself and several others remained behind, having possession of many towns, and upwards of sixty castles in the Maconnois, Forêts, Velay, and in the lower part of Burgundy.

"Shortly after this I joined Sir John Aymeray in his intended attack upon the town and castle of Sancerre. We had, however, scarcely crossed the Loire, when we found ourselves in the midst of the enemy. Sir John Aymeray was dangerously wounded; we kept our ground as long as we were able, but at last were completely surrounded. Very many were killed and wounded, and a still larger number made prisoners; indeed, the free companies never suffered such loss in France as they did that day. I also served in Brittany under Sir Hugh Calverley, where I made such good prisoners that they paid me 2,000 francs. I then accompanied Sir Hugh into Spain against Don Pedro; and when treaties were entered into between Don Pedro and the Prince of Wales, who wished to enter

Spain, I was then in company with Sir Hugh Calverley, and returned to Aquitaine with him.

"The war was now renewed between the King of France and the prince; it was vigorously carried on, and we had enough to do. I will tell you how I conquered the town and castle of Thurie, in the Albigeois, which castle has since been worth to me about 100,000 francs. On the outside of the town there is a beautiful spring, where every morning the women of the place came to fetch water; observing this, I formed my plan, and taking with me about fifty men from the castle of Cuillet, we rode all day over heaths and through woods, and about midnight I placed an ambuscade near Thurie. Myself, with only six others, disguised as women, with pails on our heads, entered the meadows very near the town, and hid ourselves in a heap of hay. It was about St. John's day, and the meadows were mown. When the usual hour for opening the gates arrived, and the women were coming to the fountain, each of us took his pail, and having filled it, placed it on his head, and made for the town, our faces being covered with handkerchiefs, so that no one could know us. Many women as they met us said, 'Holy Mary! you are out early this morning.' We replied in feigned voices, and passed on to the gate, where we found no other guard but an old cobbler mending shoes. One of the party then sounded his horn, as a notice to those in the ambuscade to advance.

"The cobbler, who at first paid no attention to us, on hearing the horn cried out, 'Holla! who blows that horn?' 'Some priest,' we answered, 'who is going into the country.' 'True,' he replied, 'it is Sir Francis, our priest—he likes to be early in the fields in search of hares.' Our companions joined us at once, and on entering the town we found no one prepared to defend it, so it quietly passed into our hands."

Soon after Bastot de Mauléon had finished his narrative, the watch of the castle sounded his horn to assemble those in the town of Orthes who were engaged to sup with the Count de Foix. We who were at the inn immediately got ourselves ready, and having lighted our torches, set out for the castle. Too much praise cannot be given to the state and magnificence of the Count de Foix; during my stay at his court I found him such as far to exceed all that I can say of him, and I saw many things which gave me the greatest pleasure. On Christmas day there were seated at his table four bishops of his own country, two Clementists and two Urbanists. The bishops sat at the top of the table, and next to them the count himself, and then several noble viscounts and others. At another table were seated knights and squires from Gascony and Bigorre; at another many knights from Béarn; Sir Espaign du Lyon and three others were chief stewards of the hall. The count's bastard brothers waited, and his two bastard sons, Sir Evan and Sir Garcien—the former placed on the dishes, and the latter served him with wine. There were many minstrels in the hall, as well those belonging to the count, as to the strangers who were present. This day the count gave to the minstrels and heralds five hundred francs among them; he also clothed the minstrels of the Duke of Touraine with cloth of gold trimmed with ermine; the dresses were valued at two hundred francs. Dinner lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon.

During my residence at Orthes, it was my own fault if I did not collect information from every country, for the gentle knight, Sir Espaign du Lyon, to whom I told all my wants, made me acquainted with such knights and squires as were able to give me true information of all those things I was desirous of knowing. I learnt much concerning Portugal and Castille, of which I shall give an account.

Not long after the departure of the Earl of Cambridge from Portugal, King Fernando fell ill and died; he had no other child than the Queen of Spain, and upon his death the King of Castille received information that the realm of Portugal had fallen to him as the rightful successor of the deceased monarch. Many councils were holden on the subject, but the king himself said, "The Portuguese are an obstinate race; I shall never gain them but by conquest." Now it happened that the Portuguese, as soon as they found themselves without a king, resolved to send a deputation to a bastard brother of King Fernando, a valiant and wise man, by name Denis, a monk, and master of the order of Avis, declaring that they would rather be governed by him than by the King of Castille. Lisbon and four others of the principal cities of Portugal resolved strenuously to support the interest of Denis; his election consequently took place, and he was crowned king in the cathedral church of Coimbra, with the unanimous consent of the commonalty of Portugal. The news of this was soon carried to the King of Castille, who was exceedingly enraged on two grounds; first, because his queen was the legal heiress of Portugal, and secondly, because the people had crowned a King of Portugal by election. He therefore made this a pretext for war, and demanded of the town of Lisbon 200,000 florins, which King Fernando had promised him when he espoused his daughter. He well knew that the King of Portugal would not be supported by the nobles, for the commonalty had elected him against their will. His intention was therefore to conquer Lisbon; and with this view he at once marched his army into Portugal, and invested that city. The King of Portugal was by no means alarmed at the approach of the Castillians, for they could not deprive him and his people in Lisbon of the advantages of the sea: he was advised, however, to send ambassadors to England, to the Duke of Lancaster, to renew the alliance which had subsisted between the King of England and his brother Ferdinand; while, on the other hand, the King of Castille made application for assistance to France and Gascony.

The English parliament met about Michaelmas at Westminster. At the period of which I am speaking the wars in Flanders were going on between the Duke of Burgundy and the Ghent men. The Bishop of Norwich, Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Thomas Trivet, and others, were just returned to England, and truces had been concluded between the Flemings, French, English, and Scots, to last till Michaelmas, 1384. Now, notwithstanding these truces, the English had so much on their hands, that they did not know which way to turn; for, besides the business of Portugal, a deputation from Ghent was in London, to request one of the king's brothers, or the Earl of Salisbury, as governor, to assist them. At this parliament there were many debates, as well respecting the Flemings, as the Portuguese and the Scots. The Duke of Lancaster, in particular, laboured hard to obtain command of a large body of men-at-arms and archers, whom he wished to carry into Portugal, and explained to the prelates, barons, and commoners of the realm how they were bound to assist him and his brothers in recovering their inheritance, as they had engaged to do so when their nephew the king was crowned, which was apparent by deeds then sealed. He complained bitterly of the wrong which had been done to his brother and himself by delay in this matter; and of the paltry manner in which the Earl of Cambridge had been supported when he went into Portugal. The duke's speech was attentively listened to, and some of the most able in the council declared that he was right, but the necessities of the kingdom, being more pressing, must first be attended to; however, after much debating, it was settled that the Duke of Lancaster should cross the sea in the summer with 700 men-at-arms and 4,000 archers, and that they should all receive one quarter of a year's pay in advance; but that should anything inimical from France or Scotland fall out in the meantime, this expedition to Portugal must be deferred.

When the time came the Duke of Lancaster collected his men and stores at Southampton; however, something happened which forced him to delay his expedition. The Admiral of France, Sir John de Vienne, with 1,000 good men-at-arms, had embarked at Sluys, and landed in Scotland, whence he made war upon England, which obliged the whole force of that kingdom to march against him. This has been related before; I do not, therefore, wish to mention it again, but to return to the affairs of Spain and Portugal.

While the King of Spain was before Lisbon, news was brought him by some Spanish merchants on their return from Flanders and Bruges, of the large armament the Duke of Lancaster was collecting to raise the siege of that city. This intelligence was believed, for the Spaniards well knew how anxious the duke was to renew the war with Castille; nevertheless, the siege was continued, and the king sent letters and messengers to France soliciting assistance; in particular he wrote to Béarn, so that from the territories of Foix and Béarn there came to him in less than four days, upwards of 300 lances, the flower of the chivalry of that country. These barons and knights fixed their rendezvous at Orthes, and I heard from those who saw them march away, that they were the handsomest and best equipped company that had for a long time left Béarn. The Count de Foix was much grieved when he saw them depart, for though he had at first consented that they should receive pay from the King of Castille, he was afraid that his country would be too much weakened by their departure. He sent and invited them to dinner, by way of wishing them a good journey; after mass, he led them into his cabinet, and said to them, "My fair sirs, you are resolved to leave my country and assist the King of Castille in his wars. Your departure, whilst I have on hand my dispute with the Count d'Armagnac, makes me very uneasy." "My lord," they replied, "we are obliged to go, for we have received pay from the King of Castille, but this war between Spain and Portugal will be soon ended, when we hope, if it please God, to return in good health to serve you." "Soon ended!" exclaimed the count, "not so, indeed, it is now but beginning. There is a new king in Portugal, and they have sent to England for support. The dispute is one which will last a long time, and keep you well engaged." "My lord," they answered, "since we have gone so far we must conclude the business." "God help you," said the count, "but come, let us go to dinner." After dinner the count renewed the conversation, and openly requested them to give up the expedition, and leave the Kings of Spain and Portugal to fight their own battles. "My lord," replied the knights, "under your favour, we cannot act thus; we must do something for the King of Castille, as we have received his pay. "Well, well," answered the count, "that is true enough; but I will tell you what will happen to you in this expedition—you will either return as poor and naked as you can be, or you will be slain or made prisoners." The knights burst into loud laughter, saying, "At any rate we must try our fortunes." The count then quitted the subject, and conversed upon the manners of the Spaniards, remarking that they were a nasty people, and envious of the good fortunes of others. Spices and wine were then called for, of which all who were present partook. The count then took leave of the knights, and shaking each by the hand, recommended them to the care of God.

During the time the King of Castille lay before Lisbon, (and he was there about a year,) the town of Santarem rebelled against him, declaring that neither Spaniard nor Frenchman should enter it, for the great oppression it had suffered. The King of Castille on hearing the intelligence was very melancholy, and calling his marshal, Sir Reginald de Limousin, said, "Take one or two hundred spears, and see what they are doing at Santarem." Sir Reginald obeyed, took two hundred lances, and when near to the city, sent a herald forward to announce his coming. The inhabitants at the barriers answered the herald, saying that Sir Reginald had full liberty to enter the town, but he must be unarmed. Sir Reginald on hearing this said, "It is quite indifferent to me whether I enter armed or unarmed; all that I want is to speak with the inhabitants, and learn their will." He then rode forward to the town, when the men of Santarem received him handsomely, and stated that they had been compelled to act as they had done, in consequence of the pillaging of the Bretons who were quartered in the town. "You may therefore tell the king," they continued, "that we have unanimously resolved, whatever may be the event, never to acknowledge or receive any Frenchman or Breton, or any other than the king himself, or such as he may depute who will treat us kindly." Sir Reginald returned and reported what he had heard; upon which the king replied, "By my faith, they have acted like wise men." Very shortly after this the king broke up the siege of Lisbon, and sent intelligence to the men of Santarem that he should come and pay them a visit. All were exceedingly rejoiced at hearing it, and decorated the town against his arrival, strewing the streets with fresh herbs. The king made his entry at vespers; he was lodged in the castle called the Lion, and his men in the town, that is to say, as many as could, for the greater part were obliged to be quartered in the fields, and in the adjoining villages.

During the residence of the King of Spain at Santarem, there arrived a handsome company of men-at-arms from Béarn, of whom the Spaniards became very jealous; and I must not omit to mention, that the same week the king broke up the siege of Lisbon, three large ships entered the port, having on board about five hundred English, three parts of whom were under no command, and without pay—mere adventurers, who having heard of the war between Castille and Portugal, resolved to go and try their fortune there. The Lisboners and the King of Portugal were much rejoiced at their arrival; and the king, on seeing them, asked if the Duke of Lancaster had sent them. "By my faith, sir," replied the squire, by name Northberry, who seemed to be chief of the party, "it is a long time since the duke has known anything of us, or we of him. We are people from different countries, who come to seek the chance of arms and adventure. There are some of us who have come from Calais to serve you." "On my troth," said the king, "you and they are welcome: your arrival gives us much joy, and know that we shall very shortly employ you. We have been for a time shut up here; but we will take the advantage of the field, as the Spaniards have done." The king then invited these new comers to dine in the palace of Lisbon, gave orders that they should be well lodged, and their pay for three months advanced to them. After this he issued his orders throughout the realm, for all men capable of bearing arms instantly to come to Lisbon, under pain of his displeasure. Very few, however, paid attention to those orders; notwithstanding which, the King of Portugal resolved, at the advice of his council, to take the field and hazard a battle. Accordingly, on Friday morning, he and his troops with the English men-at-arms set out for Santarem. On receiving intelligence of their approach, the Spaniards, French, and Gascons prepared to receive them. It was proclaimed throughout the army, by sound of trumpet, for every one to be ready on Saturday morning, as on that day the King of Castille would march to combat his enemies. When morning came, the king heard mass in the castle, and then in handsome array marched into the plain. When the two armies were near each other, scouts were sent forwards on both sides. The Spaniards were superior in numbers, and the Englishmen seeing this, and finding that a battle was inevitable, advised the King of Portugal to take advantage of the hedges and bushes, and not to draw up his forces on the plain: which advice was approved. They were then near Aljubarota, a large village to which they had sent their stores, sumpter-horses, and baggage. About a quarter of a league without the village is a considerable monastery, whither the inhabitants go to hear mass. The church is on a small eminence beside the road, surrounded by large trees, hedges, bushes, and with some little assistance might be made a stronghold.

The king desired to follow the advice of the English, and as they were of opinion that the spot could be made sufficiently strong, and that they might securely wait for the enemy there, trees were immediately cut down fronting the plain, and so laid that the cavalry could not pass them; leaving one entry not too wide, on the wings of which they posted all the archers and crossbows. The men-at-arms were on foot, drawn up beside the church where the king was. The king addressed his men at some length, and then issued orders to the army, that he was willing to confer the order of knighthood, in the name of God and St. George, on any who were desirous of that distinction. Upon which, sixty new knights were created, and the king placing them in front of the army said: "My fair sirs, the order of chivalry is more exalted and noble than imagination can suppose, and no knight ought to suffer himself to be debased by cowardice or by any villanous or dirty action; but when his helmet is on his head he should be bold and fierce as a lion; and because I wish you to show your courage this day where it will be needful, I order you to the front of the battalion, where you must exert yourselves that we may both obtain honours, otherwise your spurs will not become you." Each new knight in turn as he passed by answered, "Sire, we will, with God's grace, so act, that we may gain your love and approval." None of the English were knighted this day; they were invited by the king to become knights, but excused themselves for that time.

The Saturday had been a fine clear day, but the sun was now declining, and it was about the hour of vespers, when the first battalion of the Castillian army came before Alijubarota, where the King of Portugal and his men were drawn up in battle array. The French knights who were with the Castillians were about 2,000 in number, as gallant lances as could be seen. The moment they saw the enemy, like men who knew their business, they formed in close order, and advanced within bow-shot. The attack was very sharp; and those who were desirous of glory assaulted the place which the English had fortified; the entrance of which being very narrow, there was a great pressure of the assailants against each other, and much mischief done by the English archers, who shot so fast that the horses were larded, as it were, with arrows, and fell one upon the other. The English men-at-arms and Lisboners now came forward, shouting out, "Our Lady for Lisbon." They were armed with well-steeled Bordeaux lances, with which they pierced through everything, and wounded knights and squires. The King of Portugal was mounted on a tall courser, decorated all over with the arms of Portugal, and having his banner set up before him: he was much pleased at seeing that the enemy were being defeated, and kept encouraging his men: "Go on, my good fellows, defend yourselves well, for if there be no more of the enemy than what I see, we shall not make much of them." Now, this first battalion of which I have been speaking expected to have been more quickly supported by the Castillians than they were; and true it is, that if the King of Castille, with the main body of his army, had advanced to check the Portuguese in another quarter, the day must have been theirs. It is also true that the battle began too soon; it cannot be denied that the knights and squires from France, Brittany, Burgundy, and Béarn, fought valiantly, although they were overpowered.

As the King of Castille and his people were drawing near to Aljubarota, news of the defeat of the first battalion reached them; on hearing which the king was much enraged, and instantly called out, "March banners in the name of God and St. George. Let us hasten to the rescue of our friends." The Castillians at this began to quicken their march. The sun was now setting when the King of Castille advanced in puissant array, with banners displayed, and his men on barbed horses, shouting out, "Castille," and entered the fortified pass, where they were received with lances, battle-axes, and such a flight of arrows, that they were thrown into confusion, and many wounded or slain. The battle raged with violence, and the Portuguese had enough to do. The King of Portugal fought on foot in the encounter, and having placed himself at the pass with a battle-axe in his hand, performed wonders, knocking down three or four of the stoutest of the enemy, insomuch that none dared to approach him. The Spaniards, as you may suppose, had a hard afternoon's work, and the fortune of war was greatly against them. All who entered the fort of the Lisboners were cut to pieces, for the Portuguese would not ransom any, whether poor or noble. The number of the slain was immense. Not even at Najara, where the Prince of Wales defeated the king, Don Henry, were so many nobles of Castille killed as at this battle of Aljubarota, which was fought on a Saturday, the feast of our Lady, in August, 1385. The King of Castille, after the battle, retreated to Santarem, regretting and bewailing the loss of his men, and cursing the hardness of his fate, when so many noble knights of his own kingdom, as well as of France, lay dead upon the field.

By this fortunate victory which the King of Portugal gained over Don John of Castille, he won so much the affection of all Portugal, that those who, before the battle, had dissembled their sentiments, now came to Lisbon, to which city the king had retired, took the oaths and paid their homage to him, declaring that he was worthy to live, and that God must love him since he had given him victory over a king more powerful than himself, and that he deserved to wear a crown.

CHAPTER XIV

Siege of Brest—Leon, King of Armenia, comes to the French Court to request assistance against the Turks—The Duke of Lancaster invited to claim the Crown of Castille, in right of the Lady Constance his wife—More of the troubles in Castille and Portugal, related by Lawrence Fongasse to the Duke of Lancaster.

DURING the time that these matters were passing in Castille, and in other countries, Sir Oliver de Clisson, constable of France, ordered a block-house to be built before the castle of Brest in Brittany, which the English held, and which they would quit neither for the King of France, nor for the Duke of Brittany, to whom it belonged. The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, and the King's Council, had frequently written on the subject to the Duke of Brittany; for at that time, as you are aware, the young King of France was under the government of his uncles. They had entreated the duke to exert himself to conquer this castle, which, to his great discredit, was in the hands of the English. In compliance with these entreaties, the duke had once besieged Brest; but, as he did not push the matter forward, the

Constable of France determined to undertake the siege, and accordingly sent thither great numbers of knights and squires, under command of the Lord de Malestroit, the Viscounts de la Belliere, Morfonace, and the Lord de Rochederrien. These four valiant men laid their siege as near to Brest as possible, and erected a large blockhouse of wood, surrounding the place with palisadoes and walls, so that the garrison was shut out from all communication except by sea.

At this time there was in the Toulousain a valiant knight from France, by name Sir Walter de Passac, by whose means St. Forget and several other English garrisons in the environs of Toulouse were recovered by the French. Sir Walter took St. Forget in the following manner. Having assembled his forces, he marched from Toulouse straight to the garrison, which at the time was under command of a Béarnois, called Le Bourg de Taillesac, a grand marauder. The lords of Sir Walter's party immediately commenced an attack, and the crossbow men shot so briskly, that scarcely any of the garrison dared show themselves in its defence for fear of the arrows; however, the French did not gain the place at this first assault. In the evening they retired to refresh themselves, and the next morning the trumpet sounded for a renewal of the attack, when the French lords, with their men, marched gallantly to the foot of the ditches. It was a fine sight to mark them advancing with their heads covered with their shields, and with their lances measuring the depth of the water in the ditches. When the first party had passed through, the others did not delay following. The second party carried pickaxes and iron crows to batter down the walls; and while engaged, they fastened their shields over their heads to ward off the stones and other things that were thrown at them from the battlements. The crossbows shot so well as seldom to miss what they aimed at, and several on the walls were mortally struck on the head by the bolts. The attack was so long and successfully continued, that a large breach was made in the wall. At this those within became so alarmed that they offered to surrender on having their lives spared, but they were not listened to, and every one was put to death; for Sir Walter had ordered that no quarter should be given.

On gaining the castle, Sir Walter had it restored to its proper owner, who had lost it last year from neglect of well guarding it; in which manner many other castles had formerly been lost.

On leaving St. Forget, the French marched to the castle of La Bassere; of which Ernauton de Batefol was captain, who had strongly fortified the place, in expectation of a visit. The French, having carefully examined the castle, posted themselves against that part which appeared to be the weakest. The crossbow men were ordered to advance before those intended for the assault, and they did their duty so well that few dared to appear upon the battlements. Ernauton himself was at the gate when the attack was sharpest, performing such wonders in arms that the French knight cried out, "Here is a squire of great valour, who becomes his arms well, and makes excellent use of them; it will not be amiss to treat with him to surrender the castle, and seek his fortune elsewhere; let him be informed that if Sir Walter de Passac conquer the castle by storm, no power on earth can save him, for he has sworn to put to death all whom he shall find in any fort or castle." A message was then sent to Ernauton, who professed his readiness to quit the castle, provided himself and the garrison were spared and escorted to Lourde; and these terms being agreed to, the French quietly took possession of the place. After taking several other castles in those parts, Sir Walter disbanded his army and himself retired to Carcassonne.

Foreign countries may well wonder at the noble realm of France—its fine situation, its number of cities, towns, and castles, as well in the distant parts as in the heart of the country. In travelling from Toulouse to Bordeaux, there are very many rich and beautiful towns. Some of these being English and others French, they carried on continual war with each other; they would have it so, for the Gascons were never for thirty years running steadily attached to any one lord. True it is, that the whole country of Gascony submitted to King Edward of England, and his son, the Prince of Wales; but it afterwards, as will have been seen in this history, revolted from its English masters. King Charles, son of King John of France, by his wisdom, prudence, and kind treatment, gained the affection of the principal Gascon barons, which the Prince of Wales lost through his pride. I, Sir John Froissart, was at Bordeaux when the Prince of Wales marched into Spain, and myself witnessed the great haughtiness of the English, who are affable to no other nation but their own; nor could any of the gentlemen of Gascony or Aquitaine, though they had ruined themselves by these wars, obtain office or appointment in their own country; for the English said, they were neither on a level with them, nor worthy of their society; which made the Gascons very indignant. It was on account of the harshness of the prince's manner, that the Count d'Armagnac and Lord d'Albreth, with many other knights and squires, turned to the French interest. King Philip of France, and the good John his son, had lost Gascony by their overbearing pride; and in like manner did the prince. But King Charles, of happy memory, regained them by good-humour, liberality, and humility; and the more firmly to strengthen his connexion with this people, he married his sister, the Lady Isabella de Bourbon, to the Lord d'Albreth, by whom he had two children.

About this time Leon, King of Armenia, arrived in France, not indeed with king-like estate, but as driven from his throne and kingdom, which had been all conquered by the Turks except a castle, situated on the sea-shore, called Courth. This castle is the key, or entrance, into Alexandria and the territories of the Sultan. The king, on his first arrival, was well entertained by the King of France and his lords, who gained from him information respecting Greece and Constantinople; for he was well questioned respecting the power of the Turks and Tartars, who had driven him from his kingdom. To these inquiries he answered, "that the Cham of Tartary had always made war upon him, and at last had overpowered him." "And is the Cham of Tartary so powerful?" "Indeed he is, for with the assistance of the sultan, he has conquered the Emperor of Constantinople." "Is Constantinople, then, under the laws of the Tartars?" asked the French lord. "No," replied the king, "after the war had continued for some time, it was agreed that the emperor, who was son of Hugh de Lusignan and Mary of Bourbon, should give his son in marriage to the cham; but, notwithstanding this union, he was to enjoy his own laws and privileges." The King of Armenia was then asked, if the Sultan of Babylon and the Cham of Tartary were the most powerful princes among the infidels, known to the Greeks? "By no means," he replied, "for the Turks have always been looked upon as the most wise and potent in war, as long as they are under an able chief. And this has been the case with them for the last hundred years, although the cham completely governs the Emperor of Constantinople, the Turkish chief keeps him also under subjection. The name of their present leader is Amurat." "Does Amurat maintain a large army?" "Yes, he was not thirty years old before he had an army of 100,000 horse, which he always kept in the field, never quartering in any large town; moreover, he had 10,000 Turks to serve and defend his person." "Why does Amurat remain on terms with the cham, since he is so great a conqueror?" "Because the cham is afraid of him, and dares not make war." The French lords then asked the king if Armenia were so totally lost, that he had no means of recovering it? "Yes indeed," was his reply, "unless a force superior to the Turks and Tartars cross the mountains and conquer Greece; for excepting the town of Courth, which is the entrance to my kingdom, and as yet remains to Christendom, the infidels have possession of all the rest, and where churches used to be they have placed their idols, and their Mahomets." The King of Armenia then informed the barons of France how the Turks, under Amurat, had invaded Hungary, and that 20,000 of them were so vigorously attacked by the Hungarians, that they were all slain. After this he resumed the account of his own melancholy situation.

The King of France and his uncles took compassion upon him, because he had come from so distant a part of the world as Greece to seek aid and comfort, and because being a king he had been banished from his realm, without any means of keeping up his state, or even supporting himself. "We wish," said the King of France, "that the King of Armenia, who has come to us in hopes of assistance, have allowed him wherewithal to maintain his dignity, as he is a king like ourselves; and when we are able, he shall have men-at-arms to aid him in the recovery of his kingdom: for we have a very good inclination to assist him, being bound to support the Christian faith." The speech of the king was approved by all, and the sum of 6,000 francs yearly was voted to the unfortunate monarch of Armenia. He had moreover 5,000 presented to him, to provide himself with plate and other necessaries. The palace of St. Ouen, near St. Denis, was given to him for his residence. He passed much of his time with the King of France, particularly at all the grand festivals.

You have before heard how Don John, son of Don Pedro, King of Portugal, and bastard brother to the late king, had gained possession of the crown, through the boldness of four of the principal towns in Portugal; for the nobles and knights ought not to be inculpated in the matter, as they had ever borne themselves loyally to Don John of Castille, who had married Beatrice, daughter and heiress of Don Ferdinand. Many, however, were of opinion that she was a bastard, being the daughter of a Portuguese lady, whose husband was still living, but this opinion was the more extraordinary, as Don Ferdinand considered her legitimate, having received a dispensation from Pope Urban VI. to that purpose.

Now after the King of Portugal had defeated the Spaniards at the battle of Aljubarota, which took place near the monastery of Alcobaçar, he returned in triumph to Lisbon, crowned with laurels like a Roman conqueror of old. The Portuguese highly honoured him for his courage, and after many grand festivals, a parliament was held by the barons, knights, and magistrates from the principal towns, on the state of the kingdom, and on the means by which they could best persevere in what they had been so fortunate in commencing. This conference was holden in the cathedral church of St. Dominick at Lisbon; when it was determined to send a message to the Duke of Lancaster, who claimed the crown of Castille, in right of the Lady Constance, his duchess, to the effect, that if he wished not to surrender his right, which had now for some time been in suspense, he must without delay hasten to Portugal, accompanied by men-at-arms and archers. Accordingly, letters were drawn up in French and Latin, addressed to the King of England, the Duke of Lancaster, and his uncles of Cambridge and Buckingham; and when fairly engrossed and sealed, they were delivered to the Grand Master of the Order of St. James, and Lawrence Fongasse, a prudent squire, who engaged to carry them into England, if God permitted, and if they should escape from enemies and robbers; for there are as many, if not more, by sea as by land. Having freighted a vessel called a lin, which keeps nearer to the wind than any other, these ambassadors embarked for England. The wind was favourable, they were three days without seeing anything but sky and water, and on the fourth discovered the land of Cornwall. By God's aid they at length arrived in safety at Southampton, where they anchored. As soon as they had disembarked, they were summoned by the bailiff of the town, who demanded whence they came, and whither they were going. On answering that they were from Portugal, and sent by the king and his council, they were made very welcome, provided with horses for their own use as well as for their attendants, and with guides to conduct them to London, as they were quite ignorant of the country and the roads.

On arriving at London, they dismounted in Gracechurch, at the hotel of the Falcon, kept by Thomelin de Winchester; and the same evening after dinner presented their letters to the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, who entertained the ambassadors honourably, and agreed the next day to attend them to the king. When the morrow came they waited on the duke by six o'clock, and after mass rowed up the Thames to Westminster, where the king and the greater part of his council resided.

The duke first entered the royal presence, and addressing the king, said, "My lord, here is the Grand Master of St. James and another from Portugal, who bring you letters; will you please to see them?" "Willingly," replied the king. Upon which, the two ambassadors, kneeling, presented the letters, which the king opened and read. They also gave letters to the Earls of Cambridge and Buckingham. The king replied very graciously to the ambassadors, saying, "You are welcome to this country. You will not return immediately, nor without having letters to your satisfaction."

After this they quitted the council chamber, and amused themselves in the palace, waiting for the Duke of Lancaster, who remained in conference till high noon. They then dined with the duke and his two brothers in his barge. The Earl of Cambridge was made acquainted with the Grand Master and Lawrence Fongasse, having known them in Portugal, and after dinner he entered into conversation with them respecting the marriage of the Lady Beatrice, who was to have been his daughter-in-law, and how she went on.

When the Earl of Cambridge had finished his conversation, the Duke of Lancaster, who was himself even the more nearly affected by these circumstances, having married the elder heiress of the late King of Castille, called the Grand Master and Lawrence Fongasse to him, and began to converse with them on the affairs of Portugal; but, as Lawrence spoke French very fluently, he addressed himself to him, saying, "Lawrence, I entreat you to relate to me all that has happened in Portugal since my brother left; for the King of Portugal writes me word, that no one can give such exact information as you can, and by so doing you will greatly oblige me." "My lord," replied the squire, "your pleasure shall be obeyed." And he immediately began as follows:—

"The kingdom of Portugal has been in great trouble since the departure of the Earl of Cambridge; but, thanks to God, all has turned out well, and affairs are now on a steady footing. If the Lord had not interfered, matters must have ended badly from the fault of Don Fernando, our last king. Fernando fell desperately in love with the wife of one of his knights, by name Lorenzo d'Acunha, and would have her for his wife. The lady made the best defence she could, but at length he succeeded, for he told her that he would make her Queen of Portugal, and that if he was smitten with her charms, it was not to lower her, but, on the contrary, to exalt her. 'Ah, my lord,' she replied, with tears, and on her knees, 'I can never have the honour of being Queen of Portugal; for, you know as well as all the world, that I have a husband.' 'Leonora,' said the king, 'that shall not prevent it; for I will have you divorced from your husband, before I make you my bride.' The lady could obtain no other answer, and when she reported this conversation to her husband, he became very melancholy; and, at length, fearing the king's designs, left Portugal for Castille. Upon which, the king, having managed to obtain the sanction of the Bishop of Coimbra, married the lady, and had her crowned queen; of her he begot the Lady Beatrice, now Queen of Spain. It is true King Fernando, in his lifetime, made all the principal men of his realm swear obedience to his daughter Beatrice, then only five years old, and pledge themselves that they would acknowledge her as heiress of the kingdom after his decease; but the greater part well knew that this daughter was a bastard, and born in adultery. I believe that had the child been a boy, the commonalty would have been more inclined towards him; for they declared they would rather die than live under subjection to Castille. Portugal and Castille can never be united, the inhabitants hate each other with as much bitterness as the English and Scots."

"At the time you are talking of, Lawrence," said the duke, "where was Don John, the present king?" "In Portugal," replied the knight, "at the head of a noble establishment of gentlemen, who bear an order of chivalry from beyond sea. There are full 200 knights of this order, who are dressed in white mantles, with a red cross on them. He is the chief, and called the Master of Avis. The king gave him the appointment; but thought nothing more about him. Certainly, had the king guessed that he could have been what he now is, the love he bore the Lady Leonora and her daughter would have induced him to put him quietly to death. With regard to the quarrel between the Castillians and the Portuguese, if I say the truth, I must own that the former have been alone to blame." "How so?" asked the duke. "For this reason," said the squire: "when they saw the King of Portugal give his daughter in marriage to the King of Castille, it seemed to them as if he had done so by way of buying peace, and that he was afraid of them. Upon which they grew proud and arrogant, and continually taunted us, that when we fell into their possession they would treat us like Jews. This raised so greatly the hatred of the Portuguese towards the Castillians, that when our king lay at the point of death, the citizens of the principal towns declared, 'It were better to suffer anything rather than be under the subjection of Castille.' When Fernando was dead, the Lisboners, being well acquainted with the intention of the other three towns, Coimbra, Oporto, and Ourique, sent for Don John and said to him: 'Master of Avis, we will make you our king, although you be a bastard. We think the Lady Beatrice your niece, and Queen of Castille, is more of a bastard than you; and we had rather give up all to you, that you may defend us, than have the Castillians for our masters. Accept, therefore, the crown as our gift.' The Master of Avis, after much persuasion, gave his consent. 'Well, be it so,' he replied, 'I am willing to comply with your desire.'

"The funeral obsequies of the late king had not long been finished, when Don Fernando Audère, the chief counsellor of the Queen of Castille, entreated the Castillian nobility who were present, not to leave Lisbon for a day or two, in order that he might confer with them upon the means he should use to send to King John of Castille, as his queen was now the legal heiress of Portugal. Many of the nobles paid no attention to what he said; afraid of the people, for they had heard them declare, that they would only have the Master of Avis to rule over them. The citizens of Lisbon, Coimbra, Ourique, and Oporto, went to the cathedral of St. Dominick, and the Grand Master with them, to hold a conference. 'My good people,' said Don John, 'if you wish to have me for your king, and are resolved to persevere in it, you must now bestir yourselves, and begin by acting to show your strength. You have seen how Fernando Audère is working on the nobles, to send for the King of Castille, to whom he says the crown of Portugal now belongs, in right of my niece; but I maintain that if you assist me, it shall be mine.' The Lisboners replied, 'We will have you for our king. Swear before us, that you will be good and merciful, and maintain strict justice; that you will defend with heart and hand, in conjunction with our aid, the rights and privileges of Portugal.' The king replied, 'My good people, I heartily swear to follow what you have said; but let us hasten to the mint, where John Fernando Audère resides with Leonora d'Acunha; for I must have him put to death, as he has acted contrary to our interests in supporting the claims of others than those you wish well to.' 'We will do so,' they answered, 'for, in truth, he has behaved to you like a rebel, and he shall die; that those who are your enemies may take example.' On saying this, the people left the church of St. Dominick, in all about 1,500, headed by the new king, and marched to the mint, where they broke open the doors and entered by force the apartment of Leonora, who, alarmed at the crowd, threw herself on her knees before Don John, and begged for mercy. 'Lady,' said Don John, 'you have nothing to fear; we are not come hither to harm you; but to put to death that traitor, John Fernando Audère.' Upon which, those who had been ordered to do so, sought out the knight and slew him. All then returned peaceably to their homes, and the king retired to the palace.

"The Lady Leonora immediately quitted Lisbon, and on arriving at Seville found the parliament there assembled to consider the state of Portugal, for King John declared that kingdom was now fallen to him by the death of Don Fernando, who had so settled it when he married the Lady Beatrice. Moreover, he was determined to enter Portugal with a force sufficient to conquer it, and make it his own. Accordingly, he summoned all persons capable of bearing arms, from the ages of fifteen to sixty, to Seville, when upwards of 60,000 men assembled. Lorenzo d'Acunha, on hearing that his wife Leonora was in Castille, waited on the king's council to know what he should do; at their advice he set out instantly for Portugal, as the only means of safety, leaving the Lady Leonora with her daughter. Don John was very pleased at seeing him, made him governor of Lisbon, and restored to him all his property."

The Duke of Lancaster took great pleasure in the conversation with Lawrence Fongasse, and declared that for these two years he had not heard any foreigner so explicit. "Continue, therefore," he said, "I entreat you, for the King of Portugal writes me word that you can give me the fullest information respecting that country." "My lord," returned the squire, "there have been few deeds of arms done in Castille and Portugal, but on occasions when I have been a principal actor in them; and since it pleases you that I continue my narration, I will do so:—

"King John of Castille assembled his forces as speedily as he could, and marched before Lisbon, prior to the coronation of the king, in order to alarm the inhabitants, and make good his own claim to the throne. At Santarem, which is on the borders, he halted two days, when the garrison opened their gates, and surrendered to him. Wherever he marched he carried his queen with him, to show the Portuguese that it was in her right he claimed the crown, and that he had a just cause for so doing. The army of Don John was very numerous, and the Castillians and French who assisted him before Lisbon so closely surrounded the place, that no one could come out or go in without danger of being taken. When any Portuguese were made prisoners by the Castillians, in a skirmish or otherwise, their eyes were torn out, their legs or arms, or other members, cut off, and in this maimed state they were sent back to Lisbon, and bid tell the townsfolk that they had been so treated in despite of the Lisboners, and the Master of Avis, whom they were so eager to crown king, and that they would keep the siege until they had won the town by storm or famine, when they would show mercy to none, but put all to death, and give up the city to fire and flame.

"During the siege, which lasted upwards of a year, there were every week two or more skirmishes, in which many were killed and wounded on both sides. The town was besieged by sea as well as by land; the Spaniards made an advance up to the very gates of Lisbon, when Lorenzo d'Acunha sallied forth with his pennon, accompanied by many gallant friends, and excellent deeds of arms were then done with lances and darts." "By my faith, Lawrence," said the Duke of Lancaster, "of all the arms used by the Castillians and your countrymen, I like the lance best; they are very expert at it, and I must say they do great execution." "Indeed, my lord, you say the truth; for I saw more bodies transfixed at these assaults, than I ever witnessed before in my whole life. We lost one whom we much regretted; Lorenzo was struck with a dart, which pierced through his plates, his coat of mail, and jacket, though stuffed with silk, and his whole body, so that he was felled to the ground. The skirmish ceased on account of the knight's death, and thus was the Lady Leonora, in one year, made a widow of both her husbands. The siege of Lisbon still continued, and no succour seemed likely to come to the place from any quarter; at last the king was advised to set out for England, as it was expected that assistance would be gained there, and that your grace would bring reinforcements." "That is very true," replied the Duke of Lancaster, "I was on the point of sailing when the war in Flanders broke out. The men of Ghent called on England for aid, and the English gave to them all, or at least the greater part of those troops which I was to have led into Portugal. The Bishop of Norwich carried them with him." "I vow to God, my lord," said the squire, "those in Lisbon thought that something had happened in England to prevent your coming to us. We managed, however, as well as we could, and during the siege of Lisbon Lord d'Acosta rendered us great assistance." "Tell me, Lawrence," said the duke, "how the siege of Lisbon was raised." "My lord," replied the squire, "the siege lasted, as I have said, upwards of a year, for the King of Castille had sworn that he would never break it up until Lisbon was under his power, or until some more powerful lord should force him to it. Now considering what happened, he religiously kept his vow, as I will explain.

"A most destructive pestilence burst out in his camp, so that persons died suddenly, even while in conversation with one another. Upwards of 20,000 were carried off by this plague, which so alarmed the king, that he was advised to break up the siege, and retire to Santarem or elsewhere. He consented to this very unwillingly, but the principal lords of his own army compelled him to leave Lisbon. When our king saw the Castillians marching away, he made the townsmen and garrison arm, and sallying out on horseback, fell on the rear of the army, broke the ranks, and killed and wounded many. He also issued a proclamation that no one, under pain of death, should touch or carry into Lisbon any of the provisions which the Spaniards had left behind them, that the town might not be infected: of the money and plate, I believe, better care was taken.

"After this the Master of Avis was crowned king in the cathedral church of St. Mary, at Coimbra, on Trinity Sunday, 1384. There were great rejoicings on the occasion—sixty knights were created, and the barons, counts, knights, and squires, who held fiefs of the crown, renewed their homage. The King of Castille, on hearing that the Portuguese had crowned the Master of Avis king, was very angry, and said to those about him, 'I see clearly, that, by fair means or foul, I must conquer what is my own, if I wish to possess it.' After his coronation the king went to Lisbon, where he remained some time, attending diligently to the affairs of the kingdom, and endeavouring to acquire the affection of his subjects; he also garrisoned all the strong places that were upon the borders, and these garrisons had frequent skirmishes with the Castillian and French troops stationed near. There was one celebrated skirmish between the garrison of Trancoso and the Castillians, which I must not omit to mention, for I well remember everything that happened, as on the day I was banner-bearer to John Ferdinand de Portelet, governor of Trancoso, who began the skirmish. You must know that the King of Castille had placed good garrisons in all his towns on the frontiers, and these, by collecting at times into one body, much harassed the country. It happened one day that seven Spanish captains of high birth and great valour, got together a body of 300 lances, well mounted, with which they entered Portugal, made many prisoners, and gained a large booty; they might have returned into Castille had they so pleased, but their pride and presumption urged them to boast that they would see what the garrison of Treutouse was made of. The governor, on hearing that the enemy were in the plain, called for his arms, and had the trumpet sounded to alarm the knights in the town. All armed in haste, and mounting their steeds, sallied out, in number full 200 spears. They drew up in good array, and showed plainly that they were in earnest; on demanding of some runaways where the Castillians might be found, it was answered that they were not far off, as they were only marching at a foot pace on account of the quantity of booty they had with them. Sir John was rejoiced at hearing this, and said to his companions, 'My lords, let us advance, I beg of you, for I will never enter town or castle till I have seen our enemies, and offered them battle;' he then added, 'Lawrence, display my banner.' I instantly obeyed, and as we rode on at a good pace, we soon saw the dust the Castillians made, and came up with them. On perceiving us they halted, when both parties dismounted, and the horses were given to the pages and varlets. The Castillians were in number about 300, all well mounted. Before any blow was struck there was a parley between the leaders of each troop; but as nothing satisfactory could be agreed to respecting the plunder and the prisoners, a fight began; neither party spared itself, both were extremely active, and the field of battle very extensive. Javelins were thrown with such force that they knocked down almost all they hit. Many gallant deeds were done—the Castillians on their part behaved admirably; the fight lasted for three hours without either side being shaken; indeed, they engaged so long, and so equally, that it was difficult to conjecture which would be victorious. However, thanks to God, no banner or pennon was damaged in our army; but our adversaries began to give way, upon which our men, fresh as ever, shouted out 'St. George for Portugal,' breaking through the ranks of the Castillians, and beating down all who opposed them. Such deadly strokes they gave with their leaden mallets and battle-axes, that they gained a complete victory, and the pages, seeing the discomfiture of their masters, took advantage of the horses, and galloped off. Of the seven captains only one escaped, and he was indebted for his safety to his good page, who, seeing his danger, brought him a horse, and led him out of the battle; all the rest were put to death, for quarter was shown to none. Thus were the Castillians defeated by Sir John Fernando de Portelet, though they were superior in numbers; the battle was fought on a Wednesday, in the month of October, near the town of Trancoso, in the year of our Lord 1384. When all was over, and the field cleared, our men mounted their horses, and gave liberty to all whom the Castillians had captured; they also allowed them to carry away as much of the plunder as they pleased; but the cattle, which amounted to more than 800, were driven to the town as a supply for the garrison. On re-entering Trancoso we were received with so much joy, that the inhabitants could not make enough of us, for having freed the country of its enemies. We had also another successful engagement in the plains of Seville; but I must first relate the most brilliant success that for these 200 years has happened to a King of Portugal, and which our king had about four months ago, when the enemy were upwards of four to one, all of them excellent men-at-arms, and of high renown, which makes victory more glorious. But, perhaps, my lord, you have heard enough of the battle before, and I had better end the conversation?"

"Oh! by no means," replied the duke; "continue your narrative, for I shall cheerfully listen to you. Indeed, I have in my household a herald called Derby, who was, as he says, present at the battle, and tells us that our countrymen performed wonders; but I doubt it much, for I cannot conceive that there can have been many there, since my brother Cambridge, when he left Portugal, brought back all the English and Gascons which had accompanied him."

"On my truth," answered Lawrence, "there were not with our king at the battle of Aljubarota, more than 200 foreign, including English, Gascons, and Germans. The ablest captains among them were two Gascons and a German; there were a few English archers, but I never heard of any one of note except the squires Northberry and Hartsel, who assisted at the council whenever the king had it assembled." "Tell me how this famous battle was fought," said the duke. "Willingly," replied the squire, "for it was for this cause I was sent hither:—

"I have already told you that before the coronation of our king at Coimbra the King of Castille had raised the siege of Lisbon on account of the great mortality in his army, and had retired to Santarem; nevertheless, he was greatly mortified, and when he heard of the coronation of King John, he determined to make more vigorous efforts against him. Accordingly, he sent envoys to France, Poitou, Brittany, Normandy, and many other places whence he thought men-at-arms would come to serve him; and more particularly to Béarn, from which part many gallant knights and squires did come; so that the army when at Santarem amounted to upwards of 700 lances, and 30,000 Spaniards, all well mounted, and eager to do us mischief. When news of this reached Portugal, the king held a council to consider how he should act; when the nobles declared for marching to meet their enemies, and not shutting themselves up in any town of the kingdom. A day was fixed for all men-at-arms to assemble at Oporto; but you must know that not many paid attention to the order, for the country was not unanimous in the choice of a king, and many waited to see which of the two would be victorious. Indeed, some of the nobility had even joined the King of Castille, thinking his to be the juster cause. Notwithstanding this, the King of Portugal assembled all the forces he could muster at Coimbra; on leaving which he took the road towards Aljubarota, at a gentle pace, on account of the heavy luggage following them. The Castillians soon arrived at the same spot. My lord, the Portuguese have always had great confidence in God, and in the good fortune which would attend them at Aljubarota; and it was for this reason they now encamped themselves there." "Aye?" said the duke, "pray tell me why."

"In former days," said the squire, "Charlemagne, who was King of France, Emperor of Germany and Rome, and a great conqueror, overthrew at Aljubarota seven infidel kings, slaying upwards of 100,000 of those unbelievers. By this defeat he won the city of Coimbra and all Portugal, which he turned to the Christian faith, and in honour of this victory over the infidels, he erected and endowed a large monastery of black monks, the revenues of which they were to receive as long as they should remain in Portugal. There was also another celebrated battle at this place about 200 years ago, which was won by a brother of the King of Castille, called the Count of Portugal; for at that time Portugal had no kings. Now when King John of Portugal had arrived at Aljubarota, all these stories were told him, and inspired him with courage. 'Gentlemen,' he said to his assembled army, 'you have crowned me your king, now show yourselves loyal; for since I am on the plains of Aljubarota, I will never retreat till I have combated our enemies.' The army unanimously answered, 'My lord, we will remain steady to you, and be assured we will never turn our backs.' The two armies then approached each other, for the Castillians were desirous of battle, and as soon as they came near to us they dismounted, and driving their horses away, laced their plates and helmets, and with vizors down, and presented lances, charged us very boldly. Between us was a ditch, not so wide but a knight could leap over, which ditch was of some advantage to us, for our wings lanced very sharp darts as the enemy attempted to pass it, and wounded several so sorely, that they were checked in the attempt. When all had crossed, the battle raged in earnest, for it was thought that the King of Castille with the main body was close behind; but it was not so, and they were all slain before his arrival. The commonalty of our country attacked the rear with axes, while our men-at-arms charged in front, and in less than half-an-hour the business was over, and a body of 4,000 good men all slain—not one was suffered to escape. Shortly after, the King of Castille and his army, consisting of 30,000 men, well mounted, came up; it was now night, and they were ignorant of the loss of the van. Desirous of displaying their horsemanship, and by way of gallantry, more than 500 of them leaped over the ditch; but, my lord, not one of them ever returned. Among them were some of the highest rank, and several noblemen who had left Portugal to serve under the King of Castille. Our men, on seeing the enemy thus defeated, advanced and crossed the ditch, now nearly filled with water from the number of bodies which had choked up the current; they then mounted their horses, and pursued the enemy; but the pursuit did not last long, for it was soon so dark that they were afraid of following, lest they should fall into ambuscades."

"What became of the King of Castille, Lawrence, after this defeat? Did he not attempt to rally his men? Did he shut himself up in any of his towns? and did not the King of Portugal pursue him?" "No, my lord, we remained that night on the field of battle, and until noon the next day, when we marched to Leyria, and thence to Coimbra. The King of Castille fled to Santarem, entered a barge, and embarked on board a large vessel to Seville, where the queen was. His army was dispersed in all directions, so that it was impossible to rally them. They will be long before they recover their loss; indeed, they never will recover it, unless succoured by the King of France. It is to counterbalance this alliance that the King of Portugal and his council have sent us hither, to renew and strengthen our connexion with the King of England and your lordship." The duke said, "You shall not leave this country without a satisfactory answer; but tell me about the engagement which the Portuguese had with the Spaniards near Seville, for I love to hear of feats of arms."

"After the glorious victory at Aljubarota," continued the squire, "King John returned in triumph to Lisbon. The King of Castille with his queen left Seville, and went to Burgos, and the remains of his army shut themselves up in different castles and towns. The garrisons of both sides made frequent war on each other. It chanced that the Count de Novaire, Constable of Portugal, entered Castille, not far from Seville, having with him about forty spears. When they arrived at the barriers of Valverde, the count made a display of his strength, as a signal that he wished for battle; but those within appeared to pay no attention to him, though they secretly armed and prepared themselves. Our people having paraded before the place for some time in vain, turned about and began to retreat homewards; they had not marched a league, however, before they saw the whole garrison of Valverde following them at full gallop, under the command of a gallant man-at-arms, Diego de Padilla, Grand Master of the Order of St. Jago. The constable and his men instantly dismounted, and grasping their spears, drew up in a line. The Castillians, who were very numerous, wanted to capture their horses and varlets, saying, 'We cannot more effectually distress them than by making them return on foot;' but the grand master would not consent to it. 'If we have the horses,' said he, 'we will have their masters also; therefore dismount, they cannot withstand our numbers.' While the Castillians were thus consulting, our men, without paying any attention to their horses, quietly crossed a small brook which was in the rear, and posted themselves on its banks. The enemy upon this began the combat by lancing darts, and whatever else they could lay hands on, and continued doing so from noon till evening. When the constable found that they had expended all their artillery, he crossed the rivulet with his banner displayed, and attacked them with lances; our charge was so severe that they were speedily vanquished; the grand master and sixty others were left dead upon the field, the rest took to flight. By such feats of arms and conquests have the Portuguese entered the career of glory, since the accession of Don John to the crown of Portugal. They say God is with them; indeed, my lord, they never fail to declare that he is on their side; for ever since the death of King Ferdinand, in all matters of arms, whether of consequence or not, victory has been for them. Our king is wise and prudent; he loves and fears God, and has a great affection for the Church; he is frequently on his knees in his oratory, and hearing divine service; he is a learned man, and understands some little of astronomy: but above all he will have justice impartially administered in his dominions, and the poor maintained in their rights. I have now, my lord, told you everything relative to our king and country, as I was charged to do when I left it." "Lawrence," said the duke, "I before told you, and I now repeat it, that your coming hither, and your conversation, have given me great pleasure. You shall not depart without having everything you require fully answered." "I thank you, my lord," replied the squire.

When the conversation was ended, the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and wine and spices brought in, of which the ambassadors partook, and then departed to their hotel of the Falcon.

CHAPTER XV

The Duke of Lancaster prepares to aid the King of Portugal in his war against Castille—Proceeds with his duchess and his two daughters to St. Jago—The Duke and Duchess of Lancaster acknowledged King and Queen of Castille by several places—The young King of France desires to invade England—Grand preparations for the expedition—The men of Ghent and Francis Atremen—The English prepare to oppose the French—War in Castille continued—Interview between the Duke of Lancaster and the King of Portugal—Grand entertainments—The King of Portugal desires the duke's daughter, Philippa, in marriage—Sir Thomas Moreaux, Marshal of the duke's army, attacks Pontevedra and other places.

Not long after the conversation between the Duke of Lancaster and the Portuguese squire, related in the previous chapter, the duke had a conference with his brother, the Earl of Cambridge, on the affairs of Castille and Portugal. The earl, who had been in the country upwards of a year, said that during the reign of Don Ferdinand, while he was in Portugal, the Canon de Robersac, Sir William Windsor, and other knights, had told him of the murmurs of the common people relative to the succession, and on this account had pressed him to carry away his son. "The Portuguese squire," said the duke, "has informed me most circumstantially of all this matter; and we cannot gain a more convenient entrance to Castille than through Portugal. Arragon is too distant; and, besides, the King of Arragon has always been more attached to France than to us: since Portugal asks for assistance it is not right that it should be refused."

A parliament was held at Westminster on the subject; when it was determined that the Duke of Lancaster should have, at the public expense, 1,000 or 1,200 lances, all chosen men, 2,000 archers, and 1,000 lusty varlets; and that they should receive half a year's pay in advance. The king's uncles were well satisfied with this grant; in particular the Duke of Lancaster, to whom the command of the army was given. The ambassadors were now anxious to return to Portugal, and the King of England wrote very affectionate letters to the King of Portugal by them, declaring the strict union he wished to be maintained between the two kingdoms. The ambassadors found the king at Oporto on their return, when they related to him all they had heard and seen in England, and delivered their letters.

The King of Portugal, impatient for the aid of the English to retaliate on the Spaniards, did not delay calling his council; when it was resolved that Don Alphonso Vietat, High Admiral of Portugal, should prepare seven galleys and eighteen ships and sail to England, in order to bring back the Duke of Lancaster and his army. The duke was much pleased at this, for he was impatient to leave England, as he perceived that affairs were very badly managed, and the young king governed by wicked counsellors. Having arranged his affairs and taken leave of the king and his brothers, he came to Bristol, where he had assembled his forces, and provided 200 vessels to transport them, under convoy of the Portuguese fleet, to the continent. The duchess consented to accompany her husband, for she expected on her arrival in her native country to be queen of Castille. She had with her her own daughter, Catherine, and two other daughters of the duke by his former marriage; their names were Isabella and Philippa. Isabella was married to Sir John Holland, constable of the army. Among the knights who accompanied the duke were Sir Evan Fitzwarren, Sir Henry Beaumont, Sir Richard Burley, Sir William Windsor, Sir Hugh Calverley, and many others with pennons, without including the banners. It was the month of May when they embarked, and they had the usual fine weather of that pleasant season. They coasted the isles of Wight and Guernsey, so that they were distinctly seen from the Norman shores, and a fine sight it was. Just as pilgrim-falcons who have long rested hungry on their perch are desirous of flight in search of prey, so (if I may use the comparison) were those English knights and squires impatient to try their arms in the field. As they coasted Normandy they said to each other, "Why not disembark in some of these Norman ports, where we shall meet with knights ready to offer us combat?" These speeches were so often repeated, that at last they came to the ears of the duke; who being aware that the French were blockading Brest, ordered his admiral to steer towards Brittany, with a view to raise the siege of that place, which they did, and on the fourth day after their landing continued their voyage to Coruña, in Galicia, where they cast anchor in the road to wait for a tide, as it was too low water when they arrived to approach the shore.

You must know that the province of Galicia was much alarmed at the arrival of the Duke of Lancaster, who, on landing, remained before Coruña upwards of a month, and was then advised to march towards St. Jago, where the body of St. James reposes, which many make such long journeys to visit. The gates of the town were closed when the marshal with the van of the army approached, and he sent forward a herald to hear what the townsmen had to say. The herald found at the barriers a captain of the guard, by name Don Alphonso Sene, to whom he said, "A few paces hence is the marshal of my Lord of Lancaster's army, who would wish to speak with you." "Let him advance," said the captain, "and I am agreeable to parley with him." The marshal then left his army with only twenty lances, and rode to the barriers, where he found the captain and some of the townsmen waiting, whom he addressed as follows: "Captain and men of St. Jago, the Duke of Lancaster, and the duchess, your queen (she being the eldest daughter of Don Pedro), send me to know how you mean to act, whether you will open your gates and receive them as your legal sovereigns, or force me to assault your walls, and take your town by storm; and know, that if you suffer the place to be stormed, all within will be put to the sword, that others may take warning." The captain replied, "We wish to follow the dictate of reason, and acquit ourselves loyally toward those to whom we owe obedience. We well know that the Duchess of Lancaster is daughter to Don Pedro, and if that king had reigned peaceably in Castille, she was heiress to the crown; but things are altered, for the whole kingdom turned to the obedience of his brother Henry; and after his decease, we all swore to acknowledge Don John, his son, who now reigns over us. However, let us know how those of Coruña have acted, and we will do the same." It was then reported that they had entered into a composition, declaring that they would act in the same manner as those of St. Jago should do. "Well," replied the captain, "we agree to this: there are many large towns and cities in the realm; ride on; we will act as they shall." "Oh, this will never do," said the marshal. "The duke and the duchess will not be satisfied with such a treaty as this; they have resolved to reside in this town, and keep the estate as monarchs should in their own kingdom. Answer me briefly. What do you mean to do? surrender, or have yourselves and your town destroyed?" "My lord," said the captain, "allow us a little time to consult, and you shall have an answer." "I consent," said the marshal; and not long after, the town agreed to capitulate, and the marshal reported the intelligence to the duke and duchess, who were waiting in the plain, and who assented to what the marshal had done.

The army then advanced towards the town, and about two French leagues from the place they were met by a long procession of the clergy, bearing relics, crosses, and streamers, and crowds of men, women, and children, and the principal inhabitants carrying the keys of the town, which they presented on their knees to the duke and duchess, whom (whether feignedly or not I cannot say) they acknowledged as king and queen. They then entered the town of St. Jago, and rode directly to the church of St. James, where the duke, duchess, their children, and attendants, kneeling, offered up their prayers to the holy body of St. James, and made rich gifts at the altar.

It was told me that the duke, duchess, and the ladies Constance and Philippa, were lodged in the abbey, and held their court there. Sir John Holland and Sir Thomas Moreaux, with their ladies, lodged in the town; the other barons and knights as they could, and the men-at-arms quartered in the plain round the town; those who could not find houses built huts of the boughs of trees, and made themselves comfortable with what they could get. Meat and strong wines were in abundance; the archers drank so much that they were the greater part of their time in bed drunk; and very often from taking too much new wine, they had fevers, and in the morning such headaches, as to prevent them from doing anything the remainder of the day.

Sir John de Chatelmorant, Le Barrais de Barres, and several other French knights, who had been guarding Coruña, on hearing that the duke had been peaceably received at St. Jago, resolved to remain there no longer, but to set out to make the best of their own condition by plundering the country.

The King of France, his uncles and council, had been well informed of the intended expedition of the Duke of Lancaster before he had sailed from England, and on account of it, that the King of Castille might have assistance, the Duke of Burgundy had concluded a peace with the Flemings. Moreover, the young French king had a great desire to invade England; and in this desire he was joined by all the chivalry of the realm; but especially by the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable of France, the Count de St. Pol, and the Lord de Coucy, who said, "Why should we not for once make a visit to England, and learn the way thither as well as the English have learned the way into France? This year, therefore, 1386, we will go, as well to compel the Duke of Lancaster to return home, as to alarm the English, and see how they behave." Greater armaments were prepared in France than ever before. Heavier taxes were imposed. The whole summer, until September, was employed in grinding flour, and making biscuits. Many of the high men of France were ordered to pay a third or fourth of their property, in order to build vessels of a sufficient size. There was not a vessel of any sort, from the port of Seville to Prussia, that the French could lay hands on, but was taken by fair or foul means, for the service of the King of France. Provisions were got together from all quarters;

great quantities of wine, salted meats, oats, hay, onions, verjuice, biscuit, flour, butter, the yolks of eggs in powder, and rammed in barrels, and many other necessaries, were sent from Flanders. Lords and knights at great distances were requested to accompany the expedition. Indeed, never since God created the world were there seen such numbers of large ships together as filled the harbours of Sluys and Blanckenburgh when they assembled, for when counted there were 1,287 ships, whose masts and canvas from sea appeared like a thick forest.

The constable's ship was building at Treguier in Brittany, and he had there also constructed a town of framework of large timber, which was to be put together on landing in England, for the lords to retreat to as a place of safety, and to keep off any danger that might arise from nightly attacks. This town was so constructed, that when they dislodged it could be taken to pieces; and many carpenters and other workmen who had been employed upon it, were engaged at very high wages, to see it properly taken down and put together.

Whoever had been at Damme, Bruges, or Sluys at this time, and had seen how busily all were engaged in loading the vessels with hay in trusses, garlic, onions, biscuits in sacks, pease, beans, cheese-bowls, barley, oats, rye, wheat, wax candles, housings, shoes, boots, helmets, spurs, knives, hatchets, wedges, packages, hooks, wooden pegs, boxes filled with ointments, tow, bandages, coverlids for sleeping on, horseshoe nails, bottles of verjuice and vinegar, iron stone ware, pewter and wooden pots and dishes, candlesticks, basins, vases, fat pigs, hasters, kitchen furniture, utensils for the buttery, and for the other offices, and every article necessary for man and beast, would have been struck with astonishment.

The conversations which were overheard between the French showed that they considered England would be ruined and destroyed beyond resource, the men put to death, and the women and children carried in slavery to France. The King of England and his council were duly informed of these grand preparations, and it was confidently believed that the French would not fail to invade the country. Some, however, were of opinion that they intended merely to regain Calais; and others, that this armament was not destined for either England or Calais, but that when it was completed it would invest the town of Ghent. Indeed, as I was informed, the men of Ghent were seriously alarmed; but they were to blame if they showed any signs of fear, for the Duke of Burgundy wished them nothing but prosperity, although Francis Atremen, shortly after the peace, was slain at Ghent. The duke was no way implicated in his death, for he bore him no hatred, although during the war of Ghent he had performed many gallant deeds in the service of his townsmen, as have been related in this history. If Francis Atremen came to such an end, no one was to blame but himself: for had he believed Peter du Bois, this misfortune would not have befallen him. Peter gave him notice what he might expect at the conclusion of the peace between the Duke of Burgundy and Ghent, on their return to Ghent from Tournay. When Peter was making his preparations to accompany the Lord Bourchier to England, he said, "Francis, what do you say? Will you not go to England with us?" "No," replied he, "I shall remain in Ghent." "And how," said Peter, "do you suppose you will live here in quiet? There are many who mortally hate both you and me." "Never mind," replied Francis; "my Lord of Burgundy has pardoned all, and offers me, if I choose to reside with him, to be equerry of his stables, with four horses at my command." "In God's name!" said Peter, "I do not speak of my Lord of Burgundy, nor of his knights, for they are well inclined to keep peace, but of the Ghent men. Take my advice, and do not remain here." "I will consider of this," answered Francis; "but I am determined not to go to England." Thus the conversation ended. Francis Atremen stayed in Flanders, and Peter du Bois went with Lord Bourchier to England.

Now, soon after peace had been proclaimed, an edict was published in all towns dependent on the Duke of Burgundy, forbidding any one to wear armour or a sword, or to have arms carried by their followers. Francis Atremen having been one of the principal rulers during the war of Ghent, was accustomed, whenever he walked the streets, to be followed by thirty or forty varlets, who were well pleased to execute any order he might give them. He had kept this state so long that he was loth to give it up, and when the duke issued his proclamation, he never imagined that it in any way concerned him; for, seven or eight days after the proclamation, the duke's bailiff came to him and said, "Francis, why do you now go armed through the town of Ghent, followed by your varlets? We command you, in the name of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, that you lay your arms aside." Francis, who, in fact, meant no ill, but kept up this state through pomp, replied, "Bailiff, I shall willingly obey your orders, as it is right; but I thought I was so well considered by the town that I might have had my sword and armour borne after me without its being objected to." "You are mistaken," said the bailiff; "it is the town's-people, to whom you have done so many services, who have interfered, and who tell me they are surprised that I can suffer it, for it seems to them that you want to renew a war to which they have no inclination." The bailiff at this departed. Francis returned to his house, and ordered his varlets to lay aside their arms. He became melancholy, and when he went abroad was alone, or with only one varlet attending him.

Not long after this conversation with the bailiff, a festival was kept at the monastery of St. Peter without Ghent, whither Francis went alone. He was watched and followed by a bastard of the late Lord de Harzelles, anxious to revenge his death, of which it was commonly reported that Francis Atremen was guilty. The bastard was provided with arms, and when at a proper distance out of the town, and no one near, he called out to him, "Francis, you are a dead man: you put my father to death, and I will do the like to you." As Francis turned round, the bastard, who was a stout fellow, struck him such a violent blow on the head, that it split his skull to the neck and felled him dead. The bastard walked quietly away, and nothing was said about the matter.

When news of this reached England, Peter du Bois but slightly pitied Francis, for he said, "Before I left Ghent, I told him what would happen; but he would not mind me." We must now return to the preparations going forward at Damme and Sluys, where money was no more spared than if it rained gold. The great barons of France sent their servants to Sluys to get all things ready for them. Each lord strove to have his vessel the best supplied, and the most ornamented with painting and gilding, with their arms emblazoned on them and on the flags. Painters made a good harvest, for they were paid whatever they asked. The masts were painted from top to bottom; and some, by way of magnificence, were even covered with sheets of fine gold, above which were emblazoned the arms of the different lords to whom the vessels belonged. It was told me that Sir Guy de la Tremouille expended upwards of 2,000 francs in painting and ornamenting his ship.

All that was going forward was known in England, and with many additions to the real truth. The people in several places were much alarmed, and in many towns the priests made processions three times a week, when with much devotion they offered up their prayers to God to avert this peril from them. There were upwards of 100,000 who were most desirous that the French should come to England, saying, "Let them come, and not a soul of them shall return to tell the story!" The King of England was, at this time, in Wales with the Earl of Oxford, who, in fact, governed England, for without his consent nothing was done. Indeed, the king's councillors did with him as they pleased, and carried him wherever they liked. Neither had his uncles of Cambridge and Buckingham been able to retain any influence, for they could not act without knowing whether what they intended was agreeable to the king's councillors. All these discords were known in France, and tended to hasten the invasion.

As soon as it was discovered in England that the French were ready to put to sea, the lords, prelates, and principal citizens held an assembly, in which they debated what was proper to be done. The king was requested to return to London, and, not daring to refuse, he came at once to the palace of Westminster.

Before the parliament was holden, a council was called to consider how the great discontent which appeared in the country might best be appeased. In the parliament the Earl of Salisbury, a wise and prudent man, spoke as follows: "Your majesty and my lords present need not be surprised if our adversary the King of France proposes to invade us; for since the death of that most potent and sagacious prince, Edward of happy memory, our sovereign lord, this realm has incurred several risks of being destroyed by its own subjects. It is perfectly well known in France that we disagree among ourselves, and are torn by faction, which makes them imagine that their enterprise cannot fail of success. While we remained united, the king with the people and the people with the king, we were ever victorious and powerful. It is therefore necessary, and never was anything in England more pressing than this, that we should act in unity, if we wish to preserve our honour. This realm has long been in its flower, and you know that what is in flower has greater need of attention than if in fruit. We must therefore act as if it were in flower, for since these last sixty years, those knights and squires who have gone out of it have acquired more renown than any others. Let us exert ourselves, and preserve our honour untarnished as long as we live."

The speech of the earl was attentively listened to, and all the lords said that his advice ought to be followed. I will not attempt to tell all that was debated, for I do not pretend to know everything; but I do know that, after proper care had been taken for the defence of Calais, all the coast of England, where it was thought the French would land, was well guarded. The Earl of Salisbury, whose estate was in the Isle of Wight, was ordered thither to defend it with men-at-arms and archers. The Earl of Devonshire was sent to Southampton, with 200 men-at-arms and 600 archers, to defend that haven. The Earl of Northumberland to the port of Rye; the Earl of Cambridge to Dover; the Earl of Buckingham to Sandwich; the Earls of Stafford and Pembroke to Orwell; Sir Henry and Sir Faulx Percy to Yarmouth; and Sir Simon Burley was appointed governor of Dover Castle. Every port and harbour from the Humber to Cornwall was well provided with men-at-arms and archers, and watchmen were posted on all the hills near the sea coast opposite to France and Flanders. The manner of posting these watchers was as follows:—They had large Gascony casks filled with sand, which they placed one on the other, rising like columns: on these were planks, where the watchmen remained night and day on the look out; and their orders were, the moment they should observe the fleet of France approaching the land, to light torches, and make great fires on the hills to alarm the country; and the forces within sight of those fires were to hasten to th spot. It had been resolved to allow the King of France to land, and even to remain unmolested for three or four days; they were first to attack and destroy the fleet and all the stores, and then to advance to the king—not to combat him immediately, but to harass his army, so that it might be disabled and afraid to forage; the corn countries were all to be burnt—and England at best is a difficult foraging country—so that the French would soon be starved and destroyed.

Such was the plan laid down by the council of England. Rochester bridge was to be broken down, for a deep river runs under it, which flows through Sussex and Kent, and falls into the Thames, opposite the island of Sheppy. If the taxes were burdensome on towns and persons in France, I must say they were not much lighter in England, and the country suffered from them a long time afterwards, though at this time the people paid them cheerfully, in order that they might be more effectually guarded. There were 10,000 men-at-arms, and 100,000 archers, in England, notwithstanding the Duke of Lancaster had led so large a force to Castille. But I must now leave off speaking of France and England, and return to the affairs of Portugal.

You have heard of the arrival of the Duke of Lancaster with a large army at Coruña, and how that city and several others submitted to him; also you have heard how he and his family took possession of St. Jago de Compostella, where he intended to reside until he should have some intelligence from the King of Portugal. Now, Don John was much rejoiced when he heard that the duke was at St. Jago, for he thought that, when united, they could carry on an advantageous war against Castille; he therefore ordered the most friendly letters to be written to the duke and duchess, and to be forwarded instantly by special messengers. The receipt of such letters gave great pleasure to the duke and duchess, for they depended much on the King of Portugal, knowing that without his aid they would never be able to do anything effectual respecting Castille. The duke, in his answer, gave the king to understand that he much desired to have an interview with him.

All this time the King of Castille was strengthening his position by every means in his power. He stated his situation to the court of France, and was most urgent in his demands for assistance. The King of France and his council, in their reply, desired the King of Castille not to be uneasy, for before the month of January was over, it was their intention to give the English so much to do at home, as to prevent them from knowing which way to turn themselves; and when England should be completely destroyed they would come to his aid. With this answer the King of Castille contented himself as well as he could; indeed, he could not help himself, for no knights and squires came to him from France, all were so anxious to invade England. During the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster at St. Jago, several of the knights and squires made excursions into the country, and supported themselves in the best manner they were able, on what they could find. It fell out that Sir Thomas Moreaux, in company with several other knights, 200 spears and 500 archers, on one of these excursions, came before the town of Rouelles, seven leagues from St. Jago, for he had heard that it would not acknowledge the Duke of Lancaster, and had slain his foragers. When near the town Sir Thomas and his companions dismounted. The watch had before sounded his horn, which had prepared the inhabitants, who closed their gates and mounted the battlements. The marshal, seeing from their appearance that the place must be assaulted, desired one of his party to ride round the town and ascertain where the assault could best be made. The town was found to have two gates directly opposite each other; and it was determined to divide the forces, and commence an attack upon both at the same time. The gates were defended with great gallantry. The men of Rouelles, from the battlements, cast down stones and darts, so that the archers and crossbow men were unable to do much. However, as the barriers were defenceless, for all had retired within the walls, the English destroyed the palisades and advanced to the gates, which they battered in such a manner as to make them shake again; but the inhabitants, aware of the mischief which might ensue from the gates being forced, came down from the battlements and placed against them faggots and large beams of wood. Women and others brought earth and stones, with which they filled casks, and these they arranged against the gates, so closing up the whole of the entrances. While this was going on, others on the battlements over the gateways threw down large stones and bars of iron, so that none dared venture very near. Thus did these peasants hold out the town against the English, who at night-time were obliged to retreat to a deserted village, a league distant, to seek for lodgings. As soon, however, as they were gone, the townsmen, knowing that the attack would be renewed the next day, resolved to surrender; and when the English returned on the morrow, many of them went out to meet them, and cast themselves on their knees before the marshal, who, after some parley, agreed to accept the town.

On another occasion the town of Villeclope submitted to the marshal, who after taking it returned to St. Jago, which was the head-quarters of the English; and, moreover, the duke was desirous of having him near his person. The duke's councillors now became anxious that an interview with the King of Portugal should take place. "You write to each other, my lord," they said; "but this is not enough: have an interview, for you will do more in one conversation than by four months' writing." Ambassadors were accordingly chosen; and just as they were on the point of setting out, having received their credential letters, there arrived from Portugal a knight and squire attended by twelve lances, who delivered letters to the duke and duchess, which letters being read, they found that, in addition to the strong expressions of friendship and affection, the King of Portugal had sent them a present of two handsome ambling white mules. The English embassy was not put aside by this arrival, but merely retarded for four days; on the fifth, the ambassadors set out accompanied by the Portuguese; and the duke, as a token of friendship, sent to the King of Portugal two of the most beautiful pilgrim-falcons that had ever been seen, and six English greyhounds excellently trained for hunting all sorts of beasts. The King of Portugal was well pleased at the arrival of the English knights, and commanded that they should be comfortably lodged. The next day they were invited to dine at the palace, and after a most sumptuous entertainment they adjourned to the council chamber, when the English knights addressed the king as follows:—"Sire, with all the compliments the Duke of Lancaster has charged us to pay you, he ordered us to say that he is very desirous of having a personal interview with you." To which the king replied that he was equally anxious upon the same subject, and added, "I beg of you to hasten everything as much as possible, in order that a conference may take place." It was then agreed that the King of Portugal should go to Oporto, and the Duke of Lancaster advance along the borders of Galicia, and somewhere between there and Oporto the meeting was to be held.

The English knights remained three days at Coimbra, and then returned to St. Jago, to relate to the duke and duchess all that had passed. When the day of meeting approached, the Duke of Lancaster left his army under command of his marshal, and, attended by 300 spears and 600 archers, and Sir John Holland, with many knights, rode to the frontiers of Portugal, to a town called Melgaço. The King of Portugal also arrived at a town of the frontier called Moncao. Now, between Moncao and Melgaço runs a small river, over which is a bridge called Pont de More. On a Thursday morning the King of Portugal and the duke had their first interview at this bridge attended by their escorts. On the king's side had been built a bower covered with leaves, in which he entertained the duke at dinner. It was a very handsome entertainment. The Bishop of Coimbra, the Bishop of Oporto, as also the Archbishop of Braganza, were seated at the king's table with the duke, and a little below were Sir John Holland and Sir Henry Beaumont. There were many minstrels present, and the feasting lasted until night. The King of Portugal was that day clothed in white lined with crimson, with a red cross of St. George, being the dress of the order of Avis, of which he was grand master. When the people elected him their king, he declared he would always wear that dress in honour of God and St. George: his attendants also were all dressed in white and crimson. Again, on Friday, after hearing mass, the parties met at the same spot, and before dinner had a conference on the state of affairs—how they should carry on the war, and when they should begin it. They resolved to order their marshals to continue their attacks during the winter, which the king was to pass in Portugal, and the duke at St. Jago; and early in March it was agreed that they should unite their forces, and combat the King of Castille wherever he might be; for the English and Portuguese, when united, would be about 30,000 men. When this had been determined, the king's council introduced the subject of a marriage with the king, for the country was very desirous that he should marry, and it was thought that he could not make a better choice for himself, nor one more agreeable to all parties, than by intermarrying with the house of Lancaster.

The duke, who saw the attachment the king and the Portuguese had for him, and that he also had need of their assistance in order to regain his kingdom of Castille, replied with a smile, addressing himself to the king, "Sir King, I have two girls at St. Jago, and I will give you your choice: you may take which of them shall please you best. Send your council thither and I will return her with them." "Many thanks," said the king: "you offer me even more than I ask. I will leave my cousin Catherine; but I demand your daughter Philippa in marriage, and will make her my queen." At these words the conference broke up, as it was dinner-time. They were seated as on the preceding day, and most sumptuously and plentifully served according to the custom of the country. After dinner, the king and the duke returned to their lodgings. On Saturday, after mass, they again mounted their horses and returned to Pont de More in grand array. This day, the duke entertained at dinner the king and his attendants. His apartments were decorated with the richest tapestry, with his arms emblazoned on it, and as splendidly ornamented as if he had been at Hertford, Leicester, or at any of his mansions in England. When this festival was over, they took a most friendly leave of each other until they should meet again. The king returned to Oporto, and the duke to St. Jago. The Count de Novaire escorted him with one hundred Portuguese lances until he was out of all danger, when he took his leave.

The duchess was very impatient for the duke's return, as she desired to hear how the conference had passed: she asked him what he thought of the King of Portugal. "On my faith," replied the duke, "he is an agreeable man, and has the appearance of being a valiant one: he is much beloved by his subjects, who say they have not been so fortunate in a king for these hundred years. He is but twenty-six years old, and, like the Portuguese, strong and well-formed in his limbs." "Well, and what was done respecting the marriage?" said the duchess. "I have given him one of my daughters." "Which?" asked the duchess. "I offered him the choice of Catherine or Philippa, for which he thanked me, and has fixed upon Philippa." "He is in the right," said the duchess, "for Catherine is too young for him." The duke and duchess passed the time as well as they could. Winter was approaching, which in Galicia is scarcely felt. It is always so warm there that some fruits are eatable even in March; and beans, peas, and grass, are high and flourishing in February. Hay harvest is over before midsummer day, and by that time the corn in several places is completely ripe.

Although the Duke of Lancaster lived quietly at St. Jago with his duchess and children, such was not the case with his army, for the different commanders made various excursions over the country, conquering towns and castles, of which for a time they held possession. I will tell you something about this; for I heard the particulars of the campaign from some English knights who were engaged in it, and from that gallant knight of Portugal, whom I have before mentioned. When the duke and his army returned to St. Jago, Sir Thomas Moreaux, the marshal of the army, told him, that he was unwilling to remain in idleness, and that he desired to make some excursions. He gave orders accordingly, and declared he would penetrate into Galicia farther than he had hitherto been. He began his march from St. Jago with 600 lances and 1,200 archers, taking the road to Pontevedra. The townsmen were well aware of the intended attack, for all the inhabitants of the flat countries fled before the English; and when the marshal came in front of the place, they were in deep consultation, whether to surrender or to defend themselves. They were still divided in opinion, when the watch sounded his horn to announce the arrival of the English. This broke up the assembly, and every one ran to the battlements, armed with stones, darts, and javelins, with a full determination to defend the town, and not to surrender until pushed to extremities. The marshal and his companions, when before Pontevedra, drew up with a view of instantly attacking it. The archers were ranged round the walls, with bows bent for shooting; the men-at-arms well armed and shielded descended the ditch. On the marshal's trumpet sounding the assault commenced, and those who were in the ditch scrambled up to the walls with pickaxes and iron crows to undermine them. The townsmen showered down upon them stones and flints, and they would have done more to annoy them, if the archers had not made good use of their bows. The bailiff of the town was most severely struck by an arrow, which pierced his helmet and head. This accident, however, did not cause the defence to be weakened, on the contrary, it made the besieged the more active. At nightfall the English returned to their quarters fully determined to renew the attack on the morrow, and to gain the place by capitulation or storm. During the night, the inhabitants held a meeting, and after much discussion, it was agreed that by sunrise in the morning they should send out seven of the principal inhabitants to treat with Sir Thomas Moreaux, respecting a surrender. They met him as he was advancing to renew the attack; and casting themselves on their knees, said, "My lord, we are sent hither by the inhabitants of Pontevedra, who offer to place themselves under the power of the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster on the same terms as those of Coruña have obtained."

The marshal had with him one who understood perfectly the Galician language, and who repeated to him, in English, all that had been said. He therefore replied, "Return quickly to your tower, and let those who have sent you come to the barriers; I will grant them a respite until to-morrow at sunrise." They promised to comply with his commands and departed. The inhabitants presented themselves at the barriers, and had not long done so when they saw Sir Thomas Moreaux with about forty lances advancing; who on his arrival dismounted, and addressed them as follows:—"Inhabitants of Pontevedra, you have sent out seven of your brother townsmen, who have told us that you are willing to submit yourselves to the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster. Now, tell me what sovereignty my lord would have, if he had not his own officers in the town? Know, that it is my intention, as well as that of those around me, to give you a wise, valiant, and prudent governor, who will do ample justice to all; and I mean to thrust out the officers of the King of Castille; let me hear then if you consent to these terms." They requested leave to consult, and having done so, replied, "My lord, we have the fullest confidence in you, but we are afraid of pillagers." "You shall lose nothing by us," said Sir Thomas, "all we want is your obedience." This speech settled the business, Sir Thomas and his companions entered the town, his army taking up their quarters in tents and huts within the walls. The inhabitants sent them twenty-four horse-loads of wine, as much bread, and poultry in abundance. The marshal remained the whole day at Pontevedra, of which place he appointed an honest Galician governor. On the morrow he returned to his army, and determined to march against another town, by name Vigo, six leagues distant from Pontevedra. He sent forward, requesting the inhabitants to surrender, and on their refusal to pay any attention to his message, he swore by St. George, that they should be attacked in earnest. It was near ten o'clock when they came before the town.

Vigo, though not a large place, is still sufficiently strong, and had there been within its walls knights and squires who understood their profession, I do not believe the English would have gained it so easily; for, when the inhabitants felt the arrows of the English, and saw many killed and wounded by them, they were panic-struck, and said, "Why do we let ourselves be killed and wounded for the King of Castille? We may as well have the Duke of Lancaster, who married the daughter of Don Pedro, for our king, as the son of Don Henry of Transtamare. If we be taken by storm, our lives will be forfeited, and our town plundered; nor does there seem succour coming to us from any quarter." On saying this, some of the townsmen mounted over the gateway, and from a window made signs that they wanted to parley. They were observed, and the marshal having inquired what they wanted, they said, "Marshal, order your men to retire; we will submit." The marshal at once agreed to accept them, adding, that he must appoint an able governor, to counsel and defend them should there be any need of it. They then entered the town to refresh themselves, and remained there a whole day.

After the conquest of Vigo, the English marched thence, skirting the mountains and borders of Castille, towards the large town of Bayona. When near the place they formed themselves in two divisions, and sent forward a herald to learn the intention of the inhabitants. On arriving at the barriers the herald found plenty of people there, though badly armed, and to them he delivered his message. "You men of the town," he said, "what are your intentions? Will you suffer yourselves to be attacked, or will you submit quietly to your sovereigns the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster?" Upon this the people collected together, and began to say, "What shall we do? shall we defend ourselves or surrender?" An old man, of much experience among them, said, "My good sirs, in our situation we need not hold long councils; the English are very courteous in allowing us time to deliberate: I think it most advisable that we quietly submit, for we are not in a state to defend the place, and by offering no foolish resistance we may obtain peace on more advantageous terms." The people agreed to follow this advice, and requested the old man to return an answer to the herald, which he did. "You will return to your lords," he said to him, "and assure them, that we willingly put ourselves under their obedience. Now go, and do your business well, and we promise you twenty florins." The herald was delighted, and as soon as he had received the florins set off gaily to rejoin the army. The English in like manner gained several other places on the borders.

While the marshal was thus overrunning the country, and turning Galicia to his interest, the duke and duchess with their children resided quietly at St. Jago, hearing frequently from the King of Portugal. John of Castille at the same time held his court at Valladolid, attended by the French knights, whom he frequently consulted on the state of his kingdom. "My fair sirs," he said to them, "I greatly marvel that no succour comes to me from France. The English keep the field; and, if no reinforcement arrive to prevent it, my country will be lost." The French knights, to comfort him, replied, "Be not uneasy, if the English gain on one side, they lose on another, for we have certain intelligence, that the King of France, with upwards of 100,000 armed men, has at this moment invaded England; and when he shall have succeeded in reducing that country to a state of subjection, his army will embark on board their navy, which is very considerable, and come to your assistance, and in one month he will reconquer more than you have lost during the year. Never mind if the English keep the field, and borrow from you a little of your kingdom; before St. John's day shall come, they will be forced to restore the whole of it back to you." Such was the conversation which passed frequently at Valladolid between the King of Castille and his council, with the French knights. The king believed all they said, and they indeed thought that they had said the truth; for they concluded that the King of France had invaded England, according to the rumours spread through Castille. But we must leave off speaking of Spain and Portugal, and return to the affairs of France.

CHAPTER XVI

Hostile preparations on the part of France and England—The King of Armenia endeavours to promote peace—The French armament broken up—Duel at Paris, for life or death, between Sir John de Carogne and James le Gris—Affairs of Brittany—Marriage of the Lady Philippa of Lancaster to the King of Portugal, performed with great magnificence at Oporto—The Duke of Lancaster continues the war in Castille—Tilt between Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye—Discontent of the people of England against King Richard and his council—Treachery of the Duke of Brittany towards Sir Oliver de Clisson.

At this period (1386), so great a number of ships was collected for the invasion of England, that the oldest man living had never heard of the like. Knights and squires were arming on all sides, and leaving their homes, saying, "We will invade these cursed English, who have done us so much mischief; we will now avenge ourselves for the losses they have caused."

The middle of August had been fixed upon as the time for the invasion taking place, and when it came the king took leave of Queen Blanche, the Duchess of Orleans, and the other princesses. He heard a solemn mass in the church of Notre Dame at Paris, and then went to Senlis, and thence to Lille; Sir Oliver de Clisson was still in Brittany, making his preparations and equipping his fleet at the port of Treguier, whence he intended to embark with his wooden town which you have heard of. The flower of Breton chivalry was to accompany him; and the constable had declared that no one ought to be employed in this expedition unless he was a good man-at-arms, and could be depended upon.

If the preparations for the invasion were great in France, those in England for its defence were not less so. The taxes in England were equally heavy with those in France, still the people paid them without complaining; for they were raised for the defence of the country. 2,000,000 of florins were collected and paid into the hands of the Archbishop of York, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Nicholas Bramber, Sir Simon Burley, and others who were appointed receivers and paymasters of the money. Sir Simon Burley was governor of Dover Castle, and from his situation received frequently intelligence from France, by means of the fishermen of the town. They informed him that the King of France was certainly determined on the invasion; that he intended to land one division at or near Dover, and another at Sandwich; and that his forces were immense. He, as well as the rest of England, believed that all this was true; and one day he set out for Canterbury, to visit the abbey and Christ church, which is very near. The abbot inquired, "What news?" when Sir Simon told him all he had heard, adding, that "the shrine of St. Thomas, so respectable and rich, was not safe in Canterbury; and if the French came, some of the pillagers would no doubt carry it off. I advise you to have it carried for safety to Dover Castle." The abbot and all the convent were so much enraged at this speech that they replied, "How, Sir Simon, would you wish to despoil this church of its jewel? If you are afraid yourself, you can shut yourself up in your castle of Dover; however, the French will not be bold enough to adventure so far." But Sir Simon persisted so long in his proposition, that the common people grew discontented, and held him for an ill-inclined person; which, as I shall relate, they afterwards showed more plainly.

The report was now daily current in Flanders and Artois, "The king will embark Saturday, Tuesday, or

Thursday." Every day of the week they said, "He will embark to-morrow, or the day after." The Duke of Touraine, the king's brother, and many other great lords, had taken leave of the king at Lille, and returned to Paris; for the duke had been appointed regent during his intended absence. The Duke of Berry was still loitering, for he had no great desire to go to England; at which the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were much vexed: for very great expenses were incurred by the delay.

While the French were thus waiting for the Duke of Berry's arrival, the King of Armenia, who resided on his pension in France, made a journey to England, in hopes of bringing about a peace, or, at least, a truce between the two kingdoms. On his arrival at Dover, he was well received, and conducted by some knights to the king's uncles, who entertained him handsomely; and, at a proper opportunity, asked him what were his reasons for visiting England. To this he answered, "that he had come to wait upon the King of England and his council, in the hopes of doing good, and to see if by any means he could negotiate a peace between them and the King of France; for this war between them," he added, "is not very becoming: its long continuance has greatly emboldened and raised the pride of the Turks and Saracens. No one now makes any opposition to them; and this is the reason that I have lost my crown and kingdom. I would willingly explain this matter to the King of England."

The English lords then asked him if the King of France had sent him. "No," replied the King of Armenia, "no one has sent me. I am come of my own accord, and solely with a view to do good." They then asked where the King of France was. "I believe he is at Sluys," replied the king, "and I have sent to him messengers, entreating him not to put to sea until I return. I therefore beg of you to gain for me an interview with your king." Thomas, Earl of Buckingham, answered, "King of Armenia, we are here solely to guard and defend the frontiers, and we do not concern ourselves in any way with the government of this realm. Some motives of good, or the appearance of them, have brought you hither—you are welcome; but you must not expect from us any definite answer to what you ask, though we will have you conducted to London without danger or expense." The King of Armenia thanked them, and as soon as he was able set out for London.

When his arrival in London was known, the king's council assembled at the Wardrobe to learn the news, and ascertain what could have brought him to England at this time of trouble and alarm. The King of Armenia, on entering the presence-chamber, explained fully his reasons for coming to England, stating that his great desire was to avert the pestilence which was ready to befal the country, and to make peace between the crowns of England and France. He paid many compliments both to the king and his council; but the reply he received was very brief. "Sir King, you are welcome to this country; the king, however, has not all his council present at this moment, but when they are assembled you shall have your answer." The King of Armenia upon this returned to the house where he lodged. Within four days the King of England was advised what answer to make, which was entrusted to the Archbishop of Canterbury to deliver; who, on the King of Armenia being called, spoke as follows: "King of Armenia, it is not usual, nor has it ever been admitted, that in such weighty matters as those now in dispute between France and England, the King of England should have requests made him, while an army is ready to invade his country. Our opinion is that you return to the French army, and prevail on them to retire; and when we shall be fully assured that they have done so, do you return hither, and we will pay attention to any treaty you shall propose."

The King of Armenia, the day after he had received this answer, set out for Dover, making two days' journey of it. From Dover he sailed to Calais, and thence made his way to Sluys. He related to the King of France and his uncles the journey he had made to England, and what answer he had met with; but the king and his lords paid no attention to it, and sent him to France, for they were resolved to sail the first fair wind for England, after the arrival of the Duke of Berry and the constable. Hitherto the wind had been unfavourable; it would never have served them to land in those parts where they intended, though it was very fair to carry them to Scotland. After considerable delay the Duke of Berry arrived, and shortly after the constable. The moment the king saw the constable, he said, "Constable, what say you? when shall we set sail? I have a great desire to see England." "Sire," replied the constable, "we cannot sail until the wind be favourable. This south wind, which is completely against us, has blown so long that the sailors say they have never seen it so constant in one point as it has been these two months."

Winter had now set in, and the French lords and their army lay exposed to the cold, and were in much danger; for the Flemings, more especially the lower orders, wished them away; indeed, serious discontent was arising in Bruges and many other places against the French. This, and the impossibility of reaching England with such unfavourable winds, as winter was now advancing, induced the French to determine to defer till April or May following the intended invasion. The king was much vexed, but he could not amend it; the men-at-arms separated, some pleased and some angry; but the servants of the principal lords stayed behind, for the benefit of their masters, and to sell off their stores, in which great losses accrued, for what had cost one hundred francs was disposed of for ten, or even less. When news of this reached England, those who were afraid of the French coming were greatly rejoiced, while others were sorry, for they expected to have made themselves rich from them. A grand feast was given in the city of London to all who had been appointed to guard the different harbours. The king kept his Christmas in a solemn manner at Westminster, and there created three dukes: the Earl of Cambridge, Duke of York; his brother, the Earl of Buckingham, Duke of Gloucester; and the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ireland.

About this time there was much said in France respecting a duel which was to be fought at Paris, for life or death. I will relate the cause of the duel as I was informed respecting it. It chanced that Sir John de Carogne, a knight of the household of Peter, Count d'Alençon, took it into his head that he should gain glory if he went a voyage to the Holy Land; he therefore took leave of his lord and of his wife, who was then a young and handsome lady, and whom he left in his castle of Argenteil, on the borders of Perche. The lady remained with her household in the castle, living for some time most respectably. Now it happened (this is the matter of quarrel) that the devil entered into the body of James le Gris, also a squire of the household of the Count d'Alençon, and induced him to commit a crime, for which he afterwards paid dearly. He cast his thoughts on the lady of Sir John de Carogne, and one day paid her a visit at her castle. The servants made a most handsome entertainment for him, and the lady, thinking no evil, received him with pleasure, led him to her apartment, and showed him many of her works; James, fully intent upon accomplishing his wicked design, begged the lady to conduct him to the dungeon, as his visit was partly to examine it. She instantly complied, and as she had the fullest confidence in his honour, took none of her attendants with her. As soon as they had entered this alone, James fastened the door, and when he had succeeded in his brutal purpose, he made his escape from the castle, leaving the lady bathed in tears. She determined to say nothing of what had happened to those in the castle, but to await her husband's return.

At length the Lord de Carogne came back from his journey, and was joyfully received by his lady and household. When night came Sir John went to bed, but his lady excused herself; and on his kindly pressing her to come to him, she walked pensively up and down the chamber; and at last, throwing herself on her knees at the bedside of her husband, bitterly bewailed the insult she had suffered. The Lord de Carogne would not for some time believe it, but she urged it so strongly, that he said, "Certainly, lady, if the matter has passed as you say, I forgive you; but the squire shall die."

On the morrow Sir John sent messengers with letters to his friends, and the nearest relatives of his wife, desiring them to come instantly to Argenteil; on their arrival the lady related most minutely everything that had taken place during her husband's absence, and it was agreed that the Count d'Alençon should be informed of it. The count, who loved much James le Gris, was not inclined to believe what the lady had said. James boldly denied the charge, and by means of the household of the count, proved that he had been seen in the castle at four o'clock in the morning; the count said that he was in his bed-chamber at nine o'clock, and he argued that it was quite impossible for any one to have ridden twenty-three leagues and back again, and do what he was charged with, in four hours and a half. He said the lady must have dreamed it, and commanded that henceforth all should be buried in oblivion, and that under pain of incurring his displeasure, nothing further should be done in the business. Sir John being a man of courage, and having full confidence in his wife, would not submit to this, but appealed to the parliament at Paris. James le Gris was summoned, the cause lasted upwards of a year, and could not in any way be compromised. The count conceived a great hatred against the Lord de Carogne, and would have had him put to death if he had not placed himself under the protection of the parliament. As no other evidence could be produced against James le Gris than the lady herself, the parliament at last judged that the matter should be decided in the tilt-yard, by a duel for life or death. The knight, the squire, and the lady, were instantly put under arrest, until the day of the mortal combat, which by order of parliament was fixed for the ensuing Monday. On hearing of this duel the king declared he would be present at it, and the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, Bourbon, and the Constable of France, expressed their wish to be there, it was therefore agreed that the day should be deferred.

The king kept the feast of the Calends at Arras, and on his return to Paris shortly after, lists were made for the champions in the place of St. Catherine, behind the Temple; and in order to have a good view of the combat, the lords had scaffolds erected for them on one side. The crowd of people was truly wonderful. The two champions entered the lists armed at all points, and each was seated in a chair opposite the other. The Count de St. Pol directed Sir John de Carogne, and the retainers of the Count d'Alençon, James le Gris. On the knight entering the field he went to his lady, who was covered with black, and seated on a chair, and said to her, "Lady, from your accusation, and in your quarrel, I am thus adventuring my life to combat James le Gris; you know whether my cause be loyal and true." "My lord," she replied, "it is so; you may fight securely, for your cause is good." The lady remained seated, making fervent prayers to God and the Virgin, entreating that she might gain the victory according to her right. Her affliction was great, for her life depended on the event: should her husband lose the victory she would be burnt and he would be hanged. I know not whether she ever repented having pushed matters to such peril; however, it was now too late, she must abide the event.

The two champions then advanced opposite each other, when they mounted their horses, and made a handsome appearance, for they were both expert men-at-arms. Their first course was run without harm to either. After the tilting they dismounted, and made ready to continue the fight. They behaved with great courage. At the first onset Sir John de Carogne was slightly wounded in the thigh, notwithstanding which he fought so desperately that he struck his adversary down, and thrusting his sword through his body, caused instant death. Upon this he demanded of the spectators, whether he had done his duty; when all replied that he had. The body of James le Gris was delivered to the hangman, who dragged it to Montfaucon, and hanged it there. Sir John approached the king and fell on his knees; the king made him rise, and ordered 1,000 francs to be paid him immediately; he also retained him in his household, with a pension of 200 livres a year, which he received as long as he lived. Sir John, after thanking the king and his lords, went up to his lady and kissed her; after which they went together to make their offerings in the church of Notre Dame, and then returned home.

About Candlemas in this year, 1387, King Peter of Arragon died, and was succeeded by his son John. At the time of the king's death, the Archbishop of Bordeaux was at Barcelona, having been sent thither by the Duke of Lancaster, to negotiate the payment of certain sums of money which he claimed as due to him under authority of the letters which he brought from the King of England. The archbishop, however, as it seemed to the council, remonstrated so strongly that he was ordered to prison. When news of this was brought to Bordeaux, the seneschal said, "I am not surprised that the archbishop is imprisoned; he is too hot-headed. It would have been much better if I had gone thither." He then sent information of what had happened to the Duke of Lancaster, who was exceedingly angry with the King of Arragon, for having presumed to imprison the archbishop when engaged about his business; and wrote orders for the garrison of Lourde instantly to invade Arragon and attack Barcelona, where the archbishop was confined, which was accordingly done, and the archbishop was set at liberty; however, many places in Arragon suffered much in consequence of the treatment which he had received.

In such a great and noble history as this, of which I, Sir John Froissart, am the author and continuator until this present moment, through the grace of God, and that perseverance with which he has endowed me, as well as length of years, which has enabled me to witness abundance of things that have passed, it is not right that I forget anything. During the wars of Brittany, the two sons of Charles de Blois (who for a long time styled himself Duke of Brittany, in right of his lady, Jane of Brittany, who was descended in a direct line from the dukes of Brittany) were sent to England as hostages for their father. You have before seen how King Edward of England, to strengthen himself in his war with France, had formed an alliance with the Earl of Montfort, whom he assisted with advice and forces to the utmost of his ability, insomuch that the earl became Duke of Brittany. The Lord Charles was defeated and carried prisoner to England, where, after a time, by the intercession of that good lady, the noble Queen Philippa, he was ransomed, and his two sons were given as hostages for the payment of 200,000 nobles. The Lord Charles, in the prosecution of his war in Brittany, had so much to pay his soldiers, and support his rank and state, that he never could redeem his sons during his lifetime; and at his death, when the King of France renewed his alliance with the Earl of Montfort, on condition that he would pay him homage for the duchy of Brittany, it was stipulated that he should assist in the deliverance of these two children of Lord Charles de Blois. In this, however, he never stirred, for he considered that, if they should return, they might possibly cause him some trouble; and they remained so long prisoners in England, that the younger brother, Guy, died, and John had now been thirty-five years in the power of his enemies, when he gained his liberty by means of Sir Oliver de Clisson, who entered into an arrangement with the Earl of Oxford, to pay for his ransom six-score thousand francs, to be made in two payments of 60,000 each, provided he could prevail upon the king to part from him. Sir Oliver was anxious for his liberation, as he wished to unite him in marriage with his own daughter, and had made an arrangement with him to that effect before he began the negotiation.

When the Duke of Brittany learnt that John of Brittany had obtained his liberty, he conceived greater hatred than ever against Sir Oliver de Clisson, and said, "Does Sir Oliver, indeed, think to thrust me out of my duchy?—he shows some signs of it, by ransoming this John of Brittany, and marrying him to his daughter. Such things are very displeasing to me, and I shall tell him so some day when he little thinks of it." This, in truth, he did; for, before the end of the year, as you will hear in the course of this history, he spoke to him very sharply upon the subject. But it is time that we say something respecting the affairs of Castille and Portugal, and an expedition which the English made against Sluys.

You have heard how the grand armament of the King of France was broken up; well, on the return of the lords to France, it was considered who should be sent to the aid of King John of Castille against the King of Portugal and the Duke of Lancaster. None could be sent thither without great expense, on account of the distance; and there was no money in the exchequer, or in the hands of the receivers: the immense sums which had been raised from the people having been all dissipated. Recourse was, therefore, had to a tax that should be instantly levied, and published as being for the assistance of the King of Castille, and the expulsion of the English from that country. The gallant Duke of Bourbon was chosen commander-in-chief of the forces, and he was to be accompanied by Sir William de Lignac and Sir Walter de Passac. Knights and squires were summoned throughout France to go on this expedition, and all the passes to Castille, as well through Arragon as through Navarre, were thrown open.

While these preparations were being made in France, the English fleet, under command of the Earl of Arundel, was at sea between the coasts of England and Flanders. With the earl were also the Earls of Devonshire and Nottingham, and the Bishop of Norwich, with 500 men-at-arms, and 1,000 archers, and they were cruising about in search of their enemies. They were much disappointed that the Flemish fleet had escaped into La Rochelle, and that the Constable of France passed Calais from Treguier to Sluys, without their having fallen in with them: so they anchored in the Margate roads, at the mouth of the Thames, to wait for the return of the Flemings, who were not long before they came in sight. A combat was now unavoidable; and preparations for it were made on both sides. The Flemings had of crossbows, and other armed men, upwards of 700, under command of a noble and valiant knight of Flanders, Sir John de Bucq, who was Admiral of the Flemish seas for the Duke of Burgundy, and who had already done much mischief to the English. Sir John, having ably drawn up his vessels, said to their crews: "My fair sirs, do not be alarmed; we are enough to combat the English should the wind be in our favour; but remember to make a running fight of it, and bear off for Sluys: if we can draw them on the Flemish coast, we shall have the best of the day." Some were comforted by these words, others not; but they continued their preparations for battle, and the gunners made ready their bows and cannons. The two fleets now approached each other. The English had some light galleys with archers on board, who began the combat; but their arrows were lost; for the Flemings sheltered themselves in their vessels, and were unhurt, while they sailed on before the wind; also, some of the crossbows, when out of arrow-shot, let fly bolts which wounded many.

The large ships, under Lord Arundel, the Bishop of Norwich, and others, now advanced, and ran in among the Flemings, but they could gain no advantage. John de Bucq and his company were well armed, and had cannons on board which shot balls of such weight that great mischief was done. During the engagement, the Flemings made as much sail as they could for Flanders; the battle was long and obstinate, for it lasted three or four hours, and many vessels were sunk by the large sharply-pointed bolts of iron which were cast down from the tops, and drove holes through them. When night came on they separated; but on the return of the tide, they set their sails and renewed the combat. The English now got the better of the Flemings, and drove them to Cadsand, where the defeat was completed.

The inhabitants of Sluys were terrified when they heard that their fleet from La Rochelle had been conquered by the English, and they expected every moment that they should be attacked. Had the English suspected the state of things at Sluys, or had they followed the advice of Peter du Bois, who was on board their fleet, and who strongly recommended them to make for Sluys, they might have been lords of that town and castle. They thought, however, that they had done sufficient, and therefore did not disembark, contenting themselves with attempts to burn the vessels that were in the harbour; and having done much damage to them, returned to England, taking with them Sir John de Bucq as a prisoner, who remained in London till he died, for the English would never listen to any ransom being given for him.

When the King of Portugal learnt for certain that the King of France and his nobles had given up the intended expedition into England, he summoned his council, and said, "My fair sirs, you know that the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster are in Galicia; you also know of the great affection subsisting between us, and that we have had several conferences; in one of which it has been proposed by our councils that I should take the Lady Philippa to wife. In this business I mean to persevere, and to make an honourable demand of her; for I will have her for my queen." "Sir," replied they to whom he addressed himself, "you are in the right,—for this you have solemnly promised and sworn. Now, whom shall we send to conduct the lady hither?" For this purpose, the Archbishop of Braganza and Sir Joao Rodriguez de Sâ were chosen, who found the Duke of Lancaster actively engaged in storming different places; though he immediately stayed his proceedings, and collected all his council at St. Jago to receive them. The archbishop, with the knights and lords in his company, having waited on the duke and duchess, declared the motive of their embassy, which the duke heard with pleasure; for he was rejoiced at the exaltation of his daughter; and, of course, this connexion with Portugal was very opportune, if he persevered in his intention of conquering Castille. The archbishop explained that, by power of the king's procuration, he was authorized to espouse personally the Lady Philippa of Lancaster, in the name of Don John, King of Portugal. During the residence of these ambassadors at St. Jago the ceremony was performed, and the Archbishop of Braganza and the Lady Philippa were courteously laid beside each other on a bed, as married persons should be. This being done, on the morrow the lady and her attendants were ready to depart; and having bidden adieu to her father and mother, she mounted her palfrey, as did also her damsels, and her natural sister, the wife of the marshal, who accompanied her to Portugal. Sir John Holland, Sir Thomas Percy, and Sir John d'Ambreticourt were ordered to escort her with 100 spears and 200 archers. They followed the road to Oporto, and when near that city were met by the king and his court, with all the prelates at that time in Oporto. Thus was the Lady Philippa conducted to the king's palace, where she dismounted. The king took her by the hand and kissed her, performing the same ceremony to all the ladies who accompanied her; he then led her to her apartment. The English lords and their men lodged in the town, and on Tuesday morning the King of Portugal and all his attendants were dressed by eight o'clock, and mounting their horses at the palace gate, rode to the cathedral church of St. Mary's, where they waited for the queen, who followed shortly after, attended by her damsels. Although the ambassadors had before espoused her in the king's name, the ceremony was again performed; which done, they all returned to the palace, where there were great and solemn feastings. In the afternoon there were tilts and tournaments before the king and queen; and in the evening prizes were distributed. Sir John Holland gained the one destined for strangers. The day and night thus passed jovially in various amusements. On the morrow the feastings and joustings were renewed, and the night was spent as before in carollings, dancing, and other sports; indeed, while the English stayed at Oporto, there were tournaments every day.

On the return of the English lords, the Duke and

Duchess of Lancaster made great inquiries, and were told all that had passed, that the king saluted them, and that the queen recommended herself to their loves. Sir John Holland and Sir Thomas Percy added: "My lord, the last words the king said to us were, that you might take the field whenever you pleased, for that he would join you and enter Castille." "That is good news, indeed," replied the duke.

About fifteen days after this, the duke gave orders to prepare for conquering the remaining towns in Galicia, for there were several of which he was not yet master. It was settled by the council that, when the duke should depart from St. Jago, the duchess and her daughter, Catherine, should visit the King and Queen of Portugal at Oporto. When the Duke of Lancaster marched from St. Jago, he left there, in garrison, an English knight, by name Sir Lewis Clifford, with 30 spears and 100 archers, and took the road to Entença, the inhabitants of which place obtained permission from him to send to the King of Castille for succour; but after waiting some time, and receiving no answer, they surrendered, and agreed to admit the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster into the town as sovereigns.

But, though the King of Castille withheld assistance from the town of Entença, he was nevertheless actively preparing against the Duke of Lancaster's invasion. Men-at-arms from France and other places were assembling on the Toulousain, Narbonnois, and Carcassonne; where, as they arrived, they quartered themselves in the richest parts, and many never paid anything for what they took.

Now the Count de Foix, at Orthes, heard that the French men-at-arms were advancing near his country, with the intent of marching through it, on their way to Castille; and those who told him added, "the mischief is, my lord, that they pay for nothing they take, and the people fly before them as if they were English. They cross the Garonne at Toulouse, and enter Bigorre, whence they will soon be in your territory; and if they do there what they have done on their march hitherto, they will greatly injure your domains of Béarn." The Count de Foix was not long in forming his resolution. "I will," he said, "that all my castles, as well in Foix as in Béarn, be well garrisoned; and that all the country be put on its guard, as if an immediate battle were to take place, for I do not intend to suffer from these wars in Castille. This order I give to you Sir William and Sir Peter de Béarn to see obeyed." These two knights lost no time in carrying into effect the count's orders; and in a very few days there was not a town or castle in Foix or Béarn unprovided with men-at-arms, which the count said, "were sufficient to oppose double their number:" in all, they amounted to 20,000 picked men.

The French commanders, Sir William de Lignac and Sir Walter de Passac, having been informed of the measures adopted by the count, were much astonished, and thought it best to have an interview with him upon the subject. The count most courteously gave them a hearing, and explained the motives of his own conduct; stating, "that he had no objection to allow the French troops to pass in a quiet manner through his territories, but they must pay for whatever they take. Moreover," he said, addressing himself to the French commanders, "I advise you not to be too hasty in recommending a battle with the Duke of Lancaster and the King of Portugal, nor with the English and Portuguese, without evident advantage; for they are a hungry race: and these English, for two reasons, are eager to fight. They have not gained anything for some time, and are consequently rather poor; they therefore wish to hazard an engagement, in hopes of gain; and another reason is, that the Duke of Lancaster sees clearly he can never succeed in winning the crown of Castille, which he claims in right of his wife, but by a battle: and if the day should be his, and the king defeated, the whole of Castille would surrender to him." The French lords thanked the count for his excellent advice, and then returned to their own lodgings; the next day they set forward for Castille.

We have said before, that the Duchess of Lancaster and her daughter, the Lady Catherine, went to visit the King and Queen of Portugal at Oporto. Now it happened while they were there, and while the duke was at Entença, which place had just surrendered to him, that a herald came from Valladolid to this latter place, demanding where Sir John Holland was lodged. On being introduced to Sir John, he presented to him a letter, on bended knee, saying, "I am a herald-at-arms, whom Sir Reginald de Roye sends hither; he salutes you by me, and you will be pleased to read this letter." Sir John, on opening the letter, found that Sir Reginald entreated him, for the love of his mistress, that he would deliver him from his vow, by tilting with him three courses with the lance, three attacks with the sword, three with the battle-axe, and three with the dagger; that if he chose to come to Valladolid, he had provided him with an escort of sixty spears; but if it were more agreeable to him to remain in Entença, he desired he would obtain passports for himself and thirty companions. When Sir John had perused the letter, he smiled, and said to the herald, "Friend, thou art welcome; thou hast brought what pleases me much, and I accept the challenge: in the course of to-morrow thou shalt have my answer, whether the tiltings are to be in Galicia or Castille." Sir John, upon saying this, went immediately to the duke, and showed him the letter. "Well," said the duke, "and have you accepted the challenge?" "Yes, by my faith, I have, and why not? I love nothing better than fighting; and the knight entreats me to indulge him; consider, therefore, where you would choose the combat to take place?" The duke thought awhile, and said, "In this town: have the passport made out in what terms you please, and I will sign it." The passport was soon made out, signed, and delivered to the herald, who took his leave and returned to Valladolid.

News of this tournament was carried to Oporto, and the King of Portugal declared his intention of being present at it, with his queen, and the ladies. "Many thanks," said the duchess, "for I shall thus, on my return, be accompanied by the king and queen." Not long after this, the King of Portugal and his suite set out for Entença, in grand array; and as they approached the town, they were met by the Duke of Lancaster, and a numerous company.

Three days after the arrival of the King of Portugal came Reginald de Roye, handsomely attended by knights and squires, to the amount of six-score horse, all of whom were properly lodged: for the duke had given the strictest orders that they should be taken care of. On the morrow, Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye armed themselves, and rode into a spacious close in Entença, well sanded, where the tilts were to be performed. Scaffolds were to be erected for the ladies, the kings, the duke, and the many English lords who came to witness this combat. The two knights entered the lists so well armed and equipped that nothing was wanting. Their spears, battle-axes, and swords, were brought them; and each, being mounted on the best of horses, placed himself about a bow-shot distant from the other, and at times pranced about on their horses; for they knew that every eye was upon them.

All things were now arranged for the combat, which was to include everything except pushing it to extremity, though no one could foresee what mischief might happen, nor how it would end: for they were to tilt with pointed lances, then with swords, which were so sharp that a helmet would scarcely resist their strokes; and these were to be succeeded by battle-axes and daggers, each so well tempered that nothing could withstand them. It was indeed a perilous combat. Having braced their targets, and viewed each other through the visors of their helmets, they spurred their horses, spear in hand. Though they allowed their horses to gallop as they pleased, they advanced on as straight as a line, as if it had been drawn with a cord; and hit each other on their visors with such force that Sir Reginald's lance was shivered into four pieces, which flew to a greater height than they could have been thrown. All present allowed this to have been gallantly done. Sir John Holland's blow was not equally successful, and I will tell you why. Sir Reginald had but slightly laced on his helmet, so that it was held by one thong only, which broke at the blow, and the helmet flew over his head, leaving Sir Reginald bareheaded. Each passed the other, and Sir John bore his lance without halting. The spectators cried out, that it was a handsome course. The knights returned to their stations, where Sir Reginald's helmet was fitted on again, and another lance given to him. Sir John grasped his own, which was not injured. When ready, they set off at full gallop; for they held excellent horses under them, which they well knew how to manage; again they struck each other on the helmets, so that sparks of fire came from them, but chiefly from Sir John Holland's, who received a very severe blow, for this time the lance did not break; neither did Sir John's, but it hit the visor of his adversary, though without much effect, passing through and leaving it on the crupper of the horse, and Sir Reginald was once more bareheaded. "Ah," cried the English, "he does not fight fair; why is his helmet not as well buckled on as Sir John Holland's? tell him to put himself on an equal footing with his adversary." "Hold your tongues," said the duke, "let them alone: in arms, every one takes what advantage he can. If there is any advantage in the fastening on the helmet, Sir John may do the same; but, for my part, were I in their situation, I would lace my helmet as tight as possible." The English, on this, did not interfere further. The ladies declared, that the combatants had nobly justed; they were also very much praised by the King of Portugal. The third course now began: Sir John and Sir Reginald eyed each other to see if any advantage were to be gained, for their horses were so well trained, that they could manage them as they pleased; and sticking spurs into them, they hit their helmets so sharply, that their eyes struck fire, and the shafts of their lances were broken. Sir Reginald was again unhelmed, for he could never avoid this, and they passed each other without falling. All again declared that they had well tilted, though the English, with the exception of the Duke of Lancaster, greatly blamed Sir Reginald.

After the course of the lance, the combatants fought three rounds with swords, battle-axes, and daggers, without either of them being wounded. The French then carried off Sir Reginald to his lodgings, and the English did the same to Sir John Holland.

The Duke of Lancaster entertained all the French knights and squires at dinner. The duchess was seated beside him, and next to her, Sir Reginald de Roye. After dinner all entered the presence chamber; and the duchess taking Sir Reginald by the hand, led him thither. They were followed by other knights, who conversed on arms and other subjects, until wine was brought. The duchess then approached the French knights, and asked them, "how they could think of supporting the claims of a bastard to the crown of Castille. Myself and sister," she said, "are the legal daughters of the late king, Don Pedro; and God, who is truth itself, knows that our claim to Castille is just." The lady, when speaking of her father, Don Pedro, could not refrain from tears, for she doated on him. Sir Reginald bowed and replied, "Madam, we know that what you have said is true; but our lord, the King of France, holds a different opinion, and as we are his subjects we must obey him." The French after this took their leave, and returned to Valladolid. The day after the tournament, the King of Portugal and the Duke of Lancaster had a long conference; when it was settled, the king with his forces should enter Castille, while the duke remained to finish the conquest of Galicia; after which they should unite their forces. All this time the succours of the King of Castille were assembling. Sir William de Lignac, and Sir Walter de Passac, having traversed the kingdom of Navarre, arrived at Burgos, where they met the King of Castille, who was much delighted at seeing them. Many councils were holden, to consider whether they should march at once against the enemy, or carry on the war by excursions from the different garrisons, for the present, until the Duke of Bourbon should arrive. After much discussion, the latter plan was adopted; and the next day, before noon, all the men-at-arms were sent off to the different garrisons with instructions how to act. Sir Oliver du Guesclin was nominated constable, having the largest number of men at command, and Sir William and Sir Walter remained near the king at Burgos, and attended him wherever he went.

But we will leave the armies of Castille and of the Duke of Lancaster for a short time, and return to them again when necessary, in order that we may speak of events that happened in France and England; many of which were strange enough, and dangerous to both kingdoms, but particularly displeasing to the King of England and his council.

It has already been related at length, how the grand French expedition, which was preparing at Sluys to invade England, was broken up. Now, to show how much the French were in earnest, and that it might not be said that they had given up their plan through cowardice, it was ordered that the constable should sail to England in the month of May, when the weather was fine and the sea calm. His force was to consist of 4,000 men-at-arms, and 2,000 crossbows, who were to assemble at Treguier, on the sea-coast of Brittany, opposite to Cornwall. Another large fleet to invade England was likewise prepared at Harfleur, by the Lord de Coucy, the Lord de St. Pol, and the Admiral of France, who were to go on board of it with 2,000 spears.

England at this period was in great danger—greater even than when the peasantry under Jack Straw rose in rebellion and marched to London; and I will tell you the cause. The nobles and gentlemen were at that time unanimous in their support of the king; now there were many serious differences between them. The king quarrelled with his uncles of York and Gloucester, and they were equally displeased with him; caused, it is said, by the intrigues of the Duke of Ireland, the sole confidant of the king. The commonalty in many towns and cities had noticed these quarrels, and the wisest dreaded the consequences that might ensue; the giddy, however, laughed at them, and said they were all owing to the king's uncles, who were jealous because the crown was not on their heads; while others said, "The king is young, and puts his confidence in youngsters; it would be to his advantage if he consulted his uncles more than that puppy the Duke of Ireland, who is ignorant of everything, and never saw a battle." Thus was England divided, and great disasters seemed to be at hand, which were well known all over France, and caused that people to hasten their preparations for invading the country. The prelates of England were also quarrelling;—the Archbishop of Canterbury with that of York. Moreover, as soon as the English heard that the camp at Sluys was broken up and the invasion given over, great murmuring became general among them. Those who wished for mischief said, "What is now become of our grand enterprises, and our valiant captains? would that our gallant Edward and his son were now alive! we used to invade France then, so that they were afraid to show themselves, or venture against us; and when they did they were defeated. What a glorious expedition that was when Edward landed in Normandy and marched through France, when he defeated the French at Cressy, and took Calais. Where are the knights and princes of England who can do such things now? Did not the Prince of Wales make prisoner the King of

France, and defeat his army at Poitiers with a comparatively small force? In those days we were feared where-ever chivalry was esteemed; now we must be silent, for our rulers know not how to make war except upon our pockets. Only a child is reigning in France, and yet he gives us more alarm than any of his predecessors. What has become of the immense sums of money that have been raised of late? we must know how the country is governed, and who are the king's advisers."

Such conversations as these began to be very common, not only among knights and squires, but with the townsmen; those who had been summoned to the defence of the kingdom in anticipation of the French invasion, now demanded their pay; a parliament was, therefore, assembled in London to consider the making of a general tax throughout the country to answer these demands. The parliament adjourned from London to Westminster, where those summoned attended, and many others came to hear the news. The king and his two uncles of York and Gloucester were present; the parliament was harangued on the subject of the finances, and assured that there was not in the royal treasury more than sufficient to support, even with economy, the usual expenses of the king. The council said that if they were desirous of paying the great sums the defence of the kingdom had cost, there was no other means than laying a general tax on the country. Those from the archbishopric of Canterbury, the bishoprics of Norwich, Warwick, the counties of Devonshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, readily assented, because they knew better what had been done, and were more alarmed than those at a greater distance in Wales, Bristol, and Cornwall, who said that they had never seen an enemy come into this country, and why should they be thus heavily taxed? "Yes, yes," exclaimed others, "let them be called who have had the management of the public funds; for if they were forced to give a true account of the sums raised in England, there would be more than money enough to pay all expenses, and poor people might remain in quiet." The king's uncles were much pleased when these speeches were told them, for those who managed the money affairs of the kingdom were unfriendly to their interest, and opposed their obtaining any favour from the court. By degrees this discontent was so much increased that the ministers thought it prudent to withdraw the tax, and give out that nothing should be done in the matter until Michaelmas.

When the parliament broke up the king was advised to retire into Wales for a time, and as it afterwards turned out, it was fortunate for him that he did so: but I must now tell you what became of the expedition under Sir Oliver de Clisson. When the delightful month of May had arrived, in the year of our Lord 1387, while the Duke of Lancaster was making conquests in Galicia, and in conjunction with the King of Portugal overrunning Castille without opposition, 6,000 men-at-arms, 2,000 crossbows, and 6,000 lusty varlets under command of the Constable of France, the Count de St. Pol, the Lord de Coucy, and the Admiral of France, intended to land at Dover and Orwell; they were the flower of chivalry, and it was ordered that no one was to embark unless provided with suitable armour, and provision for three months. All things were now in such a state of forwardness, that no one could have imagined that the expedition would not take place. This, however, was not owing to the captains, but to a most extraordinary event which happened in Brittany. If I were merely to say that such and such things happened at such times, without entering fully into the matter, which was grandly horrible and disastrous, it would be a chronicle, but no history. I might, to be sure, pass the matter by, if I so chose: however, I will not do so, but relate the facts fully, if God grant me life, leisure, and ability.

You have before seen, in different parts of this history, how Sir John de Montfort, called Duke of Brittany, always supported the English against France to the utmost of his power. He had, indeed, much reason to attach himself to them, for they had made war for him, and he owed all to their assistance. You know, also, that the Duke of Brittany had little or no power over the greater part of his nobles and principal towns; that, more especially Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, as long as he lived, Sir Oliver de Clisson, the Lords de Beaumanoir, de Laval, and de Rochefort, refused him obedience; and, whichever way these lords incline, the whole duchy follows their example. They were willing to support the duke against any power but France, and I must say, that the Bretons have ever gallantly defended the French cause. And let it not be thought, that I have been corrupted by the favour of Count Guy de Blois (who induced me to undertake this history, and has paid me for it to my satisfaction), because he was nephew to the rightful Duke of Brittany: it is not so, for I will speak the truth, and go straight forward without colouring one side more than another; and the gallant prince who patronized this history never wished me to act otherwise. But, to return to my subject.

You know that the Duke of Brittany, when he found that he could not manage his subjects, left Brittany for England; and, after staying there some time, went to Flanders, when his country invited him to return.

Some of the towns, however, continued their rebellion, especially Nantes: but all the barons, knights, and prelates submitted to him, except those I have mentioned. And, in order to put these under his obedience, and for the purpose of giving alarm to the King of France and his council, who were desirous of laying taxes on Brittany, he sent to England for assistance, assuring the council, that if the king or one of his uncles would come to Brittany in sufficient force, the whole country would be ready to receive him.

King Richard and his council accordingly ordered thither the Earl of Buckingham; who, with a large army, landed at Calais and marched through France without much opposition. When they came to Brittany, however, they found everything contrary to what had been promised. The duke, by means of his advisers, had entered into treaty with the young King of France, and was, in consequence, forced to break all the engagements which he had made with the English.

The English lodged in Vannes, and after suffering the greatest distress, poverty, privation, and disappointment, returned to their own country, where they laid such heavy complaints against the Duke of Brittany to the king and his council, that it was resolved by them to give John of Brittany his liberty, and to urge war against the duke. As this arrangement involved the necessity of John's declaring himself inimical to France, he peremptorily refused to comply with it, and the matter was consequently dropped.

The Duke of Brittany, however, continued to be out of favour; neither the King of England nor his uncles wrote to him such friendly letters as they were used to do before the Earl of Buckingham's expedition; and his alarm was much increased by the report, that John of Brittany was returned, and that the English had given him his liberty, in revenge for his late conduct. The duke upon this determined, by one bold stroke, to recover the favour of England; and to do it so opportunely that the English should thank him for it.

He well knew there was not a man upon earth whom the English hated and dreaded more than Sir Oliver de Clisson; for, in truth, his thoughts were daily and nightly employed on the means of injuring England. The duke, therefore, to please the English, and to show that he had not much dependence on, nor love for the French, resolved to prevent the intended invasion of England from taking effect: not, indeed, by forbidding his subjects to join in their attack, for this would too clearly have discovered the side to which he leaned; he went to work more secretly, and resolved that the best plan would be to arrest the constable and put him to death.

He was not afraid of the constable's family, for it was not powerful enough to make war upon him, as he had but two daughters, one married to John of Brittany, and the other to the Viscount de Rohan. In order to accomplish his plan, he appointed a parliament to be holden at Vannes, and sent very pressing letters to his barons and knights, entreating them to be present; in particular he was very urgent with the Constable of France; who, as the duke was his acknowledged lord, did not think of excusing himself, but came to Vannes. The assembly was numerous and lasted for some time. Many things were discussed, though the intended invasion of England was never touched upon; for the duke pretended to know nothing about it. At the time of this parliament the duke gave a grand dinner to all the barons of Brittany, at the Castle de la Motte, and the Constable of France, who was present, invited all who had dined with the duke to dine with him on the morrow. When the duke entered the hotel of the constable, and was announced, all rose up and received him in a most respectful manner; he also behaved among them in a most friendly way, and showed them stronger marks of affection than he had ever done.

You must know, that in these days the Duke of Brittany was building a very handsome castle near Vannes, called the castle of Ermine, which was almost completed; and being eager to catch the constable, he said to him and some few others, "My dear sir, I entreat, that before you quit this part you will pay a visit to my castle of Ermine." All present accepted the invitation, and when the time came the constable and the Lords de Laval and Beaumanoir accompanied the duke to the castle. The duke himself was very attentive, and led the constable by the hand from chamber to chamber, and even into the cellars. When he had conducted his guests over all other parts, he led them to the keep, and stopping at the entrance, he said, "Sir Oliver, there is not a man on this side the water who understands masonry like you; do, therefore, I beg of you, examine these walls." The constable, not suspecting any harm, readily assented, and desired the duke to go first. "No," said the duke, "go by yourself, while I talk a little here with the Lord de Laval." The constable, upon this, entered the tower, and ascended the staircase. When he had passed the first floor, some armed men who had been placed there in ambush, and well instructed for the purpose, shut the door below, and advancing upon him, dragged him into an apartment, and loaded him with three pair of fetters. As they were putting the fetters on, they said, "My lord, forgive what we are doing, for it is the Duke of Brittany who has ordered it." If Sir Oliver was alarmed, it is not to be wondered at; but he ought not to have been surprised at what happened, because of the quarrel he had had with the duke.

Now, the Lord de Laval, who was at the entrance of the tower, and heard the door shut with violence, was fearful of some plot against his brother-in-law, and on turning to the duke, who looked as pale as death, he was quite certain something was wrong. "For God's sake what are you doing," he said, "would you use violence against the constable?" "Lord de Laval," said the duke, "mount your horse, for you may depart when you please." "I know well enough what I am about, my lord," replied de Laval, "I will never depart without my brother-in-law, the constable." At these words, the Lord de Beaumanoir came up and asked where the constable was. Now the duke greatly hated Beaumanoir, and advancing to him with drawn dagger, he said, "Dost thou wish to be like thy master?" "I believe," replied Beaumanoir, "my master cannot be in a good plight." "I ask thee," said the duke, "if thou wouldst wish to be like him?" "Yes, my lord," replied de Beaumanoir. The duke, upon this, taking his dagger by the point, said, "Well then, Beaumanoir, since thou wouldst be like him, thou must thrust out one of thine eyes." The Lord de Beaumanoir, seeing from the duke's countenance that things were taking a bad turn, cast himself on his knees, and said, "My lord, I have that opinion of your honour, that if it please God, you will never act otherwise than right. We are at your mercy, but do not, I entreat you, disgrace yourself by executing any wild scheme of which you may hereafter repent." "Go! go!" replied the duke, "you shall have neither better nor worse than he has." He was then arrested by those who had previously received their orders, dragged into a room, and fettered with three pair of irons.

News was soon spread throughout the town that the constable and the Lord de Beaumanoir had been arrested and confined; and it surprised many that the Lord de Laval had not been confined with them. For this treachery the duke was exceedingly blamed by all knights and squires, who said, "that no prince had ever dishonoured himself so much as the Duke of Brittany." It will readily be believed that the constable was not at his ease when he found himself so entrapped, as we have mentioned, and guarded by thirty men. Had it not been for the Lord de Laval, there is little doubt that he would have been murdered that night. Indeed, in his own mind, he considered himself as a dead man, for he had not the most distant thought of any assistance coming to him. He had his fetters taken off thrice, and was stretched upon the floor, for at one time the duke would have him beheaded, and at another drowned; and one or other of these deaths he would certainly have suffered if it had not been for the Lord de Laval, who, when he heard the duke's orders given for the constable's death, flung himself on his knees and entreated him to think better of the matter. "Lord de Laval," said the duke, "let me act as I please. Clisson has so frequently angered me that he must now suffer for it. I am resolved he shall die." "My lord," replied

Laval, "hear reason. If you put the Lord de Clisson to death you will for ever disgrace yourself, and there will not be a knight, squire, or honest man in all Brittany who will not mortally hate you, and do all he can to drive you from your duchy." The Lord de Laval continued thus to address the duke, nor would he quit his presence even for one moment. After a considerable interval, the duke, being somewhat calmed, said, "De Laval, you have been of the greatest service to your brother-in-law: if it had not been for you he should not have been alive to-morrow morning, but your eloquence has saved him. Go and ask him if he is willing to pay down 100,000 francs (for I must have the money down), and surrender to me three castles and one town. When he shall have paid his ransom, I will give him his liberty." "My lord," replied the Lord de Laval, "I return you a thousand thanks; the money shall be paid, and the town and castles given up before de Clisson leaves this place." Immediately the gate of the tower was opened by the duke's orders, and de Laval, mounting the staircase, came where the constable was confined, whose heart revived when he saw de Laval. "Unfetter my brother Clisson," said de Laval to the guards; and then addressing himself to the constable he said, "Dear brother, will you consent to what I have done?" "Yes," replied Clisson. At these words the irons were removed, and de Laval taking Clisson aside said to him, "I have with much difficulty saved your life, but it is on condition that before you leave this place you pay down 100,000 francs, and surrender to the duke three castles and one town." "I agree," replied the constable; "but I believe, my fair brother de Laval, you must go to Clisson and elsewhere, and collect this money for me." "No, no," replied de Laval, "I will never quit this castle unless I have you with me. I too well know the duke's disposition: he may repent of his bargain when I am gone." "Whom can we send, then?" asked the constable. "The Lord de Beaumanoir can go, for he is a prisoner like yourself." "Well," replied the constable, "go and make what arrangements you think best." The Lord de Laval lost no time in making his way to the duke's chamber, who was about going to bed, as he had not slept the whole night. He hastily informed him that Sir Oliver de Clisson accepted the terms of the ransom, and that all that was required was that the Lord de Beaumanoir should be set at liberty, in order that he might collect the money. "Well," replied the duke, "let his irons be taken off; but mind, I shall look to you for the performance of the treaty. When I have slept awhile return to me, and we will talk more on the subject." De Laval then quitted the duke's chamber, and, accompanied by two knights, went to the place where the Lord de Beaumanoir was confined, and in hourly expectation of being put to death. On seeing de Laval, his spirits were raised, and still more when he said, "Rejoice, Lord de Beaumanoir, your liberty is gained." His fetters were forthwith taken off, and he was conducted to an apartment where the constable joined them. Wine and provisions were then brought, and the whole household were much pleased when they heard that the prisoners were to have their liberty. From the time the drawbridge of the castle had been raised, and the gates shut, no person whatever had been allowed to go in or out. This greatly alarmed those squires and varlets who were in waiting outside the castle, and various reports were spread abroad.

The whole duchy of Brittany began to bewail the treatment of the constable, and knew not how to act. The knights and squires of the fleet said, "Why do we stay here? Why do we not go and arrest the duke in his castle of Ermine, and either rescue the constable, or if he has already put him to death, confine him?" Such was the conversation that passed, and yet no one stirred. Within two days the King of France and his uncles, to their great astonishment, heard what had happened to the constable. But I must return to the Duke of Brittany. After he had slept awhile he dressed himself, and sent for the Lord de Laval, with whom he had a long conversation. A treaty was written out, as the duke dictated it, to bind the constable to the complete surrender of the places required, and to settle them on the duke and his heirs without appeal.

The Lord de Beaumanoir was despatched to collect the ransom. He left the castle accompanied by some of the duke's people, and by this means Vannes, and the country generally, which was beginning to be in motion, learnt that the constable was not in danger of his life since a ransom had been agreed to. The Lord de Beaumanoir was so active that within four days he put the duke's officers in possession of the three castles and the town of Jugon, and very shortly after collected the amount of the ransom, which, on his return, he paid according to the duke's pleasure. The constable was then given up, and instantly set out with the Lord de Laval from the castle. On gaining his liberty de Clisson did not remain long in Brittany, but, mounting a good courser, and attended solely by a page, made such haste as to arrive at Paris in two days, when he instantly waited on the king and his uncles at the Louvre, and explained to them the whole business, lamenting that in consequence of it the expeditions from Treguier and Harfleur into England were broken up, and concluded by saying, " I, therefore, resign into your hands the office of constable, for I will no longer hold what I cannot gain honour by." " Constable," replied the king, " we have before heard of the great insult which you have suffered, but do not trouble yourself about the matter, you shall have ample justice done by us whatever may be the consequences."

The constable, after this, returned to his hotel, where many great lords of the parliament came to visit and comfort him. Among others, the Count de St. Pol, the Lord de Coucy, and the Admiral of France, who advised him to go and amuse himself for a time at his estate of Montléhery, promising him that he should be amply revenged on the Duke of Brittany; and the constable having surrendered his office for a season agreed to follow their advice.

CHAPTER XVII

More information respecting the expedition into Castille—The Duke of Gloucester and his party excite the people of England against the king and his council—The Duke of Ireland—Sir Simon Burley—Sir Robert Tresilian sent to London to watch proceedings: his capture and death—Troubles in England continue—The Duke of Lancaster's army suffers greatly from want of proper food and from disease—His expedition comes to an end—The Lord Boucicaut challenges Sir John d'Ambreticourt, but does not appear to answer his engagement.

When we left off speaking of the affairs of Castille, the tilt between Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye at Entença was just concluded, and the King of Portugal had agreed to take the field against the enemy in conjunction with the Duke of Lancaster. The first place which the duke's army marched against was Orense, a strong city, and garrisoned by Bretons, who had undertaken its defence at their own risk. The siege was long, and gave the duke and his men a great deal of trouble. At last, however, the garrison, when completely worn out, agreed to capitulate on terms offered by the English.

While the duke was before Orense, the King of Portugal had marched to Santarem and assaulted the castles of that place; but finding them too strong to be reduced, he burnt the town, leaving not so much as a shed remaining, and then set out to join the Duke of Lancaster. The duke was much rejoiced at hearing that the king was coming; he had left Orense and was on his march to Noya, where le Barrois des Barres, Sir Reginald de Roye, and many other knights and squires were in garrison. When the army came within sight of Noya, the marshal said, "There is Noya. If Corunna be one of the keys of Galicia towards the sea, the castle of Noya is another towards Castille, and whoever wishes to be Lord of Castille must be master of these two places. Let us march thither. They tell me Barrois des Barres is one of the ablest captains of France; we may have some good skirmishing with the garrison at the end of the bridge." The vanguard, consisting of 500 men-at-arms, immediately advanced to the castle, and the watch on seeing them sounded his horn so agreeably that it was quite a pleasure to hear him. Le Barrois and his companions, about 100 men-at-arms, hearing that the English were near, armed themselves, and in good array advanced to the barriers, where they drew up under twelve pennons. When near the castle, Sir Thomas Moreaux, the marshal of the duke's army, halted, and he and his companions gave their horses to the pages and servants, and marched in a compact body, each knight and squire with his spear in his hand, towards the barriers. Every six paces they halted to dress themselves without opening their ranks. To say the truth, it was a beautiful sight. On coming to the barriers they were gallantly received; and, I believe, had the two parties been upon the plain, many more bold actions would have taken place than it was possible to find an opportunity for where they were, for the barriers being closely shut prevented them from touching each other. The whole day was passed in fighting, and at night the English retired to their quarters about half a league from Noya. It was their intention to have remained there five or six days, and then to march to Vilalpando to look at the Constable of Castille, and the French in garrison there; but as they had now been one month in the enemy's country, and had conquered almost all Galicia, without hearing anything of the King of Castille or the French, they resolved to unite their forces with those of the King of Portugal, as they thought it could not now be long before they met the enemy. I must mention, that the same week in which news came to Paris of the imprisonment of the constable by the Duke of Brittany, there was intelligence from Germany, at which the king and his uncles were greatly displeased, that the Duke of Gueldres, son of the Duke of Juliers, had entered into an alliance with England to make war upon France, and had accepted a subsidy of 4,000 francs yearly. Now the duke, to show that he was in earnest, sent, during the time the news of the constable's misfortune was fresh, to defy the King of France, sealed letters bitter and wrathful. Indeed, the manner in which the challenge was sent was outrageous and rude, and not in the common style of defiance. This circumstance much annoyed the King of France and his council, as also did the conduct of the Duke of Brittany, by means of which the expedition into England had been broken up; and it was agreed that certain noblemen of the French court should go to the duke and demand from him the reason of the insult offered by him to the constable.

I may perhaps be asked how I became acquainted with the events of this history so as to be enabled to speak so circumstantially about them. I reply that I have, with great attention and diligence, sought, in divers kingdoms and countries, for the facts which have been or may hereafter be mentioned by me, for God has given me grace and opportunity to see and be acquainted with the greater part of the principal lords of France and England. It should be known, that in the year 1390 I had laboured at this history more than thirty-seven years, and at that time I was fifty-seven years old. During my youth, I was five years attached to the court of the

King and Queen of England, and also kindly entertained in the household of King John of France, and King Charles his son. The account which I have given of the arrest of the constable I learnt principally from a knight of Brittany, by name Sir William d'Ancenis, who informed me also of the embassy to the Duke of Brittany, as follows:—

"The French ambassadors, on arriving at Nantes, inquired for the residence of the duke, and being informed that he was most likely at Vannes, they made their way to that town, and found the duke at a castle called La Motte. They immediately sought an interview, when the Bishop of Langres, who was one of the ambassadors, acted as spokesman. 'Lord Duke,' he said, 'we are sent hither by the king our sovereign, and by my lords, his uncles, the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, to say that we are wondrously surprised that you have prevented the invasion of England from taking place, and have seized upon and ransomed the Constable of France for such an immense sum, besides taking three of his castles in Brittany, and the town of Jugon. We are, therefore, charged to order you to restore to Sir Oliver de Clisson, Constable of France, those parts of his inheritance which you now withhold from him, and also the sum of money you have received. The king and his council likewise summon you to appear at Paris, or wherever else they may direct, to excuse yourself for what you have done.' The duke, on hearing the bishop, was very thoughtful, and not without reason, for the words were so clear that they required no explanation. After some silence, he said, 'What you have said, sir, demands consideration; and in order that I may give you such an answer as shall please you, I must take the advice of my council upon the subject.' 'We are satisfied,' replied the ambassadors, and then took their leave. The next day the ambassadors, by invitation, dined at the castle. The Bishop of Langres, in respect to his prelacy, was seated above all the company. The dinner was very splendid, sumptuous, and well served; when it was over, the guests retired into the presence chamber, where they conversed on different subjects, and amused themselves with hearing the minstrels. The lords from France, of course, expected that they should have received their answer, but they were disappointed. However, on the ensuing morning it was signified that the duke wished to see them at the castle; thither they went, and on being introduced, the duke said to them, 'My fair sirs, I know that you are anxious for an answer to what you have been charged to tell me from my sovereign, and the other lords. I, therefore, declare that I have done nothing to Sir Oliver de Clisson that I repent of, except it be that he has escaped too cheaply and with his life: this I spared solely on account of his office, and not in any manner out of personal regard, for I hate him mortally; and, begging my sovereign and their grace's pardon, I have not prevented the expedition to England taking place, of this I am both able and willing to exculpate myself. As to the money, I reply, that from the hatred I have to Sir Oliver de Clisson, I have incurred debts in this and other countries, and have from this sum repaid those to whom I was indebted.' The ambassadors were not satisfied with this reply, but finding that they could obtain no other they departed. The King of France and his council were equally displeased at what the duke had said, they called him the proudest and most presumptuous man alive, and declared that matters should not end as they were."

It was indeed fully the intention of the king and his council to make war on the Duke of Brittany, and the duke himself expected nothing less. Accordingly, he made all the preparation for protection which he was able; he paid great court to the principal cities and towns in his duchy, entered into secret treaties with the English, and garrisoned his strong places the same as in war time. We will, however, leave the Duke of Brittany for a time, and return to the affairs of England, which at this moment were in a troubled and dangerous state.

The Dukes of York and Gloucester had confederated with the Earl of Salisbury and others against the king and his council, with whom they were much dissatisfied. "This Duke of Ireland," they said, "doth with the king and the realm just as he pleases,—the king has only base knaves about his person. Such conduct is no longer to be endured." Indeed, there were great murmurings throughout England against the Duke of Ireland; but what injured him most of all was his conduct to his duchess, the Lady Philippa, daughter of the Lord de Coucy, Earl of Bedford. He fell in love with a German lady; and by his solicitation at the court of Rome, Pope Urban VI. granted him a divorce from the Lady Philippa, in order that he might marry her. When the duke married the lady, King Richard consented thereto; for he was so blinded by the duke, that, if he had declared black was white, the king would not have said to the contrary.

Now, it was reported through England that a new tax was to be levied on every fire, and that each was to pay a noble, the rich making up for the deficiencies of the poor. The king's uncles, upon this, caused it to be reported in the principal towns how greatly the inhabitants would be oppressed by such taxes, and that, as there must remain great sums in the treasury, the people ought to insist upon having an account of the expenditure. It is a well-known maxim, that no one pays willingly, or takes money from his purse, if he can avoid it. These rumours soon spread, especially in London, which is the chief key of the realm, so that the people rose in rebellion to inquire into the government of the country. The Londoners first addressed themselves to Sir Thomas Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, entreating him to institute an inquiry into the expenditure of the country, and to provide a remedy. The duke replied, "that if they wished to succeed in having their grievances redressed, they should enter into a confederacy with the principal towns, and with some of the nobles and prelates, and come before the king, when he and his brother would advocate their cause. When you shall have made your remonstrance to the king," said the duke to the Londoners, "if he should say we will consider of it, cut the matter short and declare you will have no delay; say, boldly, the country will suffer it no longer. My brother and myself will be with the king, and also the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earls of Arundel, Salisbury, and Northumberland; but should we not be present, say nothing, for we are the principal personages in England, and will second your remonstrance by adding, that what you require is only reasonable and just." The Londoners replied, "My lord, you have well spoken; but it will be difficult for us to find the king, and so many lords as you have named at one time in his presence." "Not at all," said the duke; "St. George's day will be within ten days, and the king will then be at Windsor; you may be sure the Duke of Ireland and Sir Simon Burley will be there also. Do you come and act according to circumstances." The Londoners promised to be at Windsor on St. George's day, and left the Duke of Gloucester, well pleased with their reception.

When the day came, the Londoners, with sixty horse, and those from York and other principal towns in like numbers, lodged themselves in the town. On being introduced to the royal presence in the lower hall, without the new building where the palace stood in former times, the commons found the king, attended by his two uncles, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Northumberland, and several others of the nobility. They made their harangue to the king, by their spokesman, a citizen of London, by name Simon de Sudbury, who formed his speech from what the Duke of Gloucester had said to them, which I need not repeat. The king, on hearing it, replied, "Ye commons of England, your requests are great and important, and cannot immediately be attended to, for we shall not long remain here, and all our council are not with us. I, therefore, bid you return quietly to your homes, and there remain peaceably until Michaelmas, when the parliament shall be assembled at Westminster." The commons, at this, were by no means satisfied, and declared that they would have an account, and that too very shortly, from those who had governed the kingdom since the coronation; that they would know what great sums had been collected for these last nine years, and whither they had passed; and they finished a long speech by saying to the king, "If those who have been your treasurers shall give a just account, or nearly so, we shall be rejoiced, and shall leave them in office; but those who shall not produce honest acquittances for their expenditure, shall be treated accordingly." The king, at this, looked towards his uncles, to see if they would say anything, when the Duke of Gloucester replied, "That he saw nothing but what was just and reasonable in the demands made by the people;" and others of his party approved the sentiment. Commissioners of accounts were therefore appointed, and a meeting was fixed for a week after St. George's day, to be holden at Westminster. The commission sat for a whole month, and there were present the prelates, barons, and deputies from the principal towns of England. Some of those who appeared before the commission, not producing fair and honourable accounts, were punished corporally, and by confiscation of whatever they possessed. Sir Simon Burley was charged with defalcation to the amount of 250,000 francs. When called upon to give an account of it, he cast the blame on the Archbishop of York, Sir William Neville, and others, saying that he had never acted but with them and by their advice; but these, when examined, excused themselves and flung the whole fault back again upon him. The Duke of Ireland said to Simon privately, "I understand you are to be arrested and sent to prison until you shall pay the sum with which you are charged. Don't dispute the matter, but go whither they may order. I will make your peace with the king." Sir Simon Burley put too much confidence in these words of the Duke of Ireland; and when condemned, went quietly to the Tower. Many, when he was in prison, came forward against him: indeed, he was so overpowered, that nothing he could say in his defence availed; and after a short delay, he was carried forth from the Tower and beheaded as a traitor, in the square before it.

Notwithstanding I thus relate the disgraceful death of Sir Simon Burley, which I am forced to do by my determination to insert nothing but truth in this history, I was exceedingly vexed thereat, and personally much grieved; for in my youth I found him a gentle knight, and of great good sense. The accounts of Sir Thomas Trivet and Sir William Elmham were next examined; but before any determination could be arrived at, the former was killed by being thrown from his horse, and the latter was afterwards acquitted.

When King Richard, who was in Wales, heard of the death of Sir Simon Burley, he was very wroth, and swore it should not remain unrevenged, for it was an act of cruelty, and without the smallest plea of justice. The queen also bewailed his loss; for he had been the principal promoter of her marriage, and had conducted her from Germany to England.

In like manner, as the king's uncles and the new council were devising means of reforming abuses in the government, and of having the king and realm under their power, the Duke of Ireland and his council were plotting day and night how they could keep their places and destroy those who opposed them. King Richard fixed his residence at Bristol, which is a handsome and strong town. Those in Wales, and at a distance, thought he had done this to favour the Duke of Ireland, who had caused it to be reported that he intended going thence to Ireland. In such a situation was the kingdom of England; but to bring its history to a conclusion, I will continue the subject from the information I then received.

The Duke of Ireland kept close to the king during his residence at Bristol and in Wales, solely occupied night and day with the means of succeeding in his plans. He was assiduous in his attentions to the king and queen, and to all knights and squires who waited on them at Bristol, and at the hunts in that neighbourhood; he took infinite pains in visiting all the gentlemen near to Bristol; and went frequently into Wales, where he complained to all who would listen to him, that the king's uncles, from their ambition to obtain the government, had driven from the council the most noble and wisest members; that they had put to death, without any just cause whatever, that valiant knight Sir Simon Burley; and if they continued to govern as they had begun, they would soon destroy all England. He repeated this so often, that the greater part of the knights and squires of Wales, and of the adjoining counties, believed him, and came to Bristol to ascertain from the king if what he said had his sanction. The king replied that it had, and begged of them to put every confidence in the duke, adding, that his uncles were too ambitious, and that he had his fears they intended to deprive him of his crown. Now, consider if I had not good cause to say that England was, at this period, in the greatest peril of being ruined past recovery. The king was exasperated against his uncles and his principal nobility; and so were they against him. The cities and towns were quarrelling with each other, and the prelates were in mutual hatred; so that no remedy for all these evils could be looked for, but from God alone.

As soon as the Duke of Ireland perceived that the king and a large number of those in Bristol and Wales were on his side, he said to the king, " My lord, if you will appoint me your lieutenant, I will lead 12,000 or 15,000 men to London or to Oxford, and show my strength to those who have treated you with such indignity." He replied that he was satisfied, adding, " I nominate you lieutenant-general of my kingdom; I order you to assemble men, and to bear my banner, guidon, standard, and other proper habiliments of war, which we ourselves should have done had we taken the field." This speech greatly rejoiced the duke; however, when the king issued his summons to many great barons, knights, and squires in Wales, and in the country round Bristol, some sent excuses, and others, though they came, could not augur anything good from the enterprise. While this army was collecting, the King of England and the duke, in a secret conference, determined to send one of their confidential friends to London, to observe what was going forward there. The person selected for this purpose was Sir Robert Tresilian, a cousin of the Duke of Ireland, who left Bristol disguised as a poor tradesman; and mounted on a wretched hackney, he continued his road to London, and lodged at an inn where he was unknown. While there, he picked up all the news that was public; for he could not do more respecting the king's uncles and the citizens. Having heard that there was to be a meeting of the dukes and their council at Westminster, he determined to go thither to learn secretly all he could. He fixed his quarters at an ale-house right opposite the palace-gate; he chose a chamber whose window looked into the palace-yard, where he posted himself, to observe all who should come to the parliament. The greater part he knew, but was not, from his disguise, known to them; he, however, remained there so long, that a squire of the Duke of Gloucester saw and recognized him. Sir Robert instantly withdrew from the window; but the squire, having his suspicions excited, said, " Surely that must be Tresilian;" and to be certain of it, he entered the house, and asked the landlady who was drinking in the room above. " On my troth, sir," she replied, " I cannot tell you his name; but he has been here some time." At these words the squire went up stairs, and having saluted Sir Robert, found he was right, though he dissembled, by saying, "God preserve you, master, I hope you will not take my coming amiss, for I thought you had been one of my farmers from Essex." "By no means," said Sir Robert, "I am from Kent, and hold lands from Sir John Holland, and wish to lay my complaints before the council against the tenants of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who encroach much upon my farm." "If you will come into the hall," said the squire, "I will conduct you before the lords." "Many thanks," replied Robert, "not at this moment; but I shall not renounce your assistance." At these words the squire ordered a quart of ale, and afterwards left the house. He lost no time in hastening to the council chamber, and requested of the usher to be allowed to speak instantly with the Duke of Gloucester on matters that nearly concerned him and the council. On coming up to the duke, he said, "My lord, I bring you great news." "Of what?" replied the duke. "My lord, I will tell it aloud; for it concerns not only you, but all the lords present. I have seen Sir Robert Tresilian, disguised like a peasant, in an ale-house close to the palace-gate." "Tresilian!" said the duke. "On my faith, my lord, it is true; and you shall have him to dine with you, if you please." "I should like it much," said the duke; "he will tell us some news of his master, the Duke of Ireland. Go, and secure him; but with power enough not to be in danger of failing." The squire, on these orders, left the council chamber with four bailiffs, whom he desired to follow him at a distance, and immediately he should give them a sign, they were to arrest the man he was in search of. The squire made for the ale-house where he had left Sir Robert, and mounting the staircase, said, on entering the room, "Tresilian, you are not come to this country for any good. My Lord of Gloucester sends for you." The knight endeavoured to excuse himself, by saying, "I am not Tresilian, but a tenant of Sir John Holland." "That is not true," said the squire; "your body is Tresilian's, though not your dress." Then, on his making a signal, the bailiffs entered and arrested Sir Robert, and whether he would or not, carried him to the palace. You may believe there was a great crowd to look at him, for he was well known in London. The duke, on seeing him, said, "Tresilian, what has brought you hither? How fares my sovereign, and where does he now reside?" Tresilian, finding he was discovered, and that no excuses would avail, replied, "On my faith, my lord, the king has sent me hither to learn the news; he is at Bristol, on the banks of the Severn, where he hunts and amuses himself." "How is this," said the duke, "you do not come dressed like an honest man, but like a spy? If you had been desirous to learn what was passing, your appearance should have been that of a knight, or a discreet person." "My lord," answered Tresilian, "if I have done wrong, I hope you will excuse me; for I have only done what I was ordered to do." "And where is your master, the Duke of Ireland?" "My lord," said Tresilian, "he is with the king." "We have been informed," continued the duke, "that he is collecting a large body of men, and that the king has issued his summons to that effect;—whither does he mean to lead them?" "They are intended for Ireland, my lord." "For Ireland?" said the duke. "Yes, indeed," answered Tresilian. The duke remained awhile silent, and then said, "Tresilian, Tresilian, your actions are neither fair nor honest; you have committed a great piece of folly in coming into these parts. You, and others of your faction, have done great injury to my brother and myself. The day of retribution, however, is come; look to your affairs, for I will neither eat nor drink until you be no more." Sir Robert was greatly terrified at this speech, and by various excuses, and the most abject humiliation, endeavoured to gain his pardon; but why should I make a long story of it? Sir Robert was delivered to the hangman, who led him out of the palace to the place of execution, where he was beheaded, and then hung by the arms to a gibbet.

Intelligence of this shameful death of Sir Robert Tresilian was hastily carried to King Richard, who took the matter sorely to heart, and declared that things should not remain as they were. Accordingly, after some consultation with the Archbishop of York, Sir Nicholas Bramber, and others, the king resolved at once to make war upon his uncles.

The Duke of Ireland with 15,000 men left Bristol, and marched to Oxford, where they took up their quarters.

When the Dukes of York and Gloucester heard of this they thought it was time for them to consider how to act; they therefore called together all the principal leaders of their party in London to a conference at Westminster; and after stating how the Duke of Ireland was marching against them with a large force, all, with one voice, declared, "Be it so—if the Duke of Ireland desires a battle, he shall have it; we will not shut a gate for his 15,000 men." The dukes were much contented with this answer, and instantly began to assemble their forces. Men-at-arms came to them from all quarters, and many of them without knowing whither they were to be sent.

The Duke of Ireland, who was, as we have said, in quarters at Oxford, sent three knights, Sir Nicholas Bramber, Sir Peter Gouloufre, and Sir Michael de la Pole, to London, to learn intelligence. In compliance with the duke's orders they left Oxford with only thirty horse, and rode secretly to Windsor, where they rested that night; on the morrow they crossed the Thames at the bridge of Staines, and dined at the king's palace at Shene, where they remained until late in the evening, when they rode on to another of the king's palaces at Kensington, near London; here they left their horses, and having entered boats, took advantage of the tide, and passed through London Bridge to the Tower unobserved. From the governor of the Tower they learned many things relative to the king's uncles, and what was going on in London. He told them that they had run great risks in coming to him. "How so?" said they, "we are knights attached to the king's person, and may surely lodge in any of the royal castles." "You will not find things so," said the governor, "for although the Tower and all within it be willing to submit to the obedience of the king, they will only do so as long as he allows himself to be governed by his uncles, and no longer. What I tell you is for your welfare; for I am satisfied that if the news get abroad that there are in the Tower persons attached to the person of the king, you will see this castle besieged by the citizens on all sides, who will not depart without gaining admittance." The three knights, who on leaving Oxford thought they should do wonders, were in great despair at what they heard, and consulted together as to what they should do, and as soon as it was dark, and the tide flowing, they left the Tower, without having dared once to display the king's banner. They slept that night at Kensington, and on the morrow at daybreak rode by Chertsey to Windsor, where they dined and slept, and the next day returned to Oxford, when they reported all that had passed. The duke was sadly cast down by what he heard, and knew not what to say, or how to act; he was sensible that his own forces were not all of the same way of thinking, nor well affected to his cause; and not knowing whether to remain where he was, or to return to the king, he called a council of his knights. The council determined that since the king had appointed him lieutenant-general to punish all who were in rebellion, he must keep the field; and that it would be better to risk the event, and die with honour, than show any want of courage; he was, moreover, advised to inform the king of his situation, and to request him to send more men; which he did.

The Dukes of York and Gloucester now made ready to take the field, assisted by the Mayor of London, who was himself a soldier. The army marched from London, and lodged at Brentford, and the adjoining villages; on the next day at Colebrook, their forces increasing all the way. They then followed the road to Reading, to gain a passage over the Thames, for the bridges of Staines and Windsor, by command of the Duke of Ireland, had been pulled down. The duke, on hearing that his enemy was advancing, became much alarmed, and demanded council; he was advised to draw up his army in battle array, with the king's banner displayed in front. This plan was followed, and intelligence of it was brought to the Duke of Gloucester, who lay encamped in a handsome mead along a river that falls into the Thames three leagues from Oxford; he was much pleased to find that the Duke of Ireland was so near, and at once prepared to cross the river, the passage of which was found much easier than they anticipated. When the Duke of Ireland heard that the king's uncles and their army had passed the river he was much frightened, for he well knew that if he was taken by the Duke of Gloucester, he would not accept any sum for his ransom, but put him to instant death; he said, therefore, to those about him, "My courage certainly fails me to-day, for I dare not abide the event of a battle with the king's uncles, who, if they take me, will certainly put me to a shameful death." "How could they have crossed the Thames? this is a bad omen: what do you intend to do?" asked Sir Peter Gouloufre, and Sir Michael de la Pole. "I mean to save myself," said the duke, "and do you and the whole army do the same." "Well," replied these knights, "let us keep on one of the wings, and we shall have two cords to our bow; we shall see how our men behave; if they do well, we will remain for the honour of the king who has sent us, but, if they be defeated, we can make off."

This plan was adopted, the duke changed his horse for a very fleet one, as did the knights also. They then rode round the army, showing a good countenance, and telling the men to behave well; that they should have the day, if it pleased God and St. George, for the quarrel was the king's. Thus dissembling they got out of the crowd, and posted themselves in one corner of the army; they had scarcely done this, when the Dukes of York and Gloucester were seen advancing with banners displayed, and trumpets sounding. The king's army no sooner perceived the array than they were panic-struck, quitted their ranks and fled. All was now disorder, every one running away without making the smallest defence. The Duke of Gloucester, on seeing the condition of the king's army, felt compassion, and would not do all the ill he might; he said to his men, "Sirs, the day is ours, but I forbid under pain of death, that any of the enemy be slain unless they offer resistance; if you find knights and squires, take them and bring them to me." This order was obeyed, and few were slain. The duke remained two days at Oxford, when he gave liberty to the men-at-arms to return home.

I must now tell you what became of the Duke of Ireland and his two companions; I do not believe that they fled to the king at Bristol, but if so they made no long stay, for they hastened out of England as quickly as they could. I heard that they rode through Carlisle to Edinburgh, where they embarked on board a vessel bound for Holland and the Texel, and landed at Dordrecht. Truly glad were they to find themselves in a place of safety, and it was told me that the Duke of Ireland had for a long time before made large deposits of money at Bruges, by means of the Lombards, to be prepared in case of necessity; for though he knew his power over the King of England, he was much afraid of the nobles and the people. I heard also that the first payment of 60,000 francs for the ransom of John of Brittany was waiting his orders, and the time was nearly elapsed for the receipt of the other 60,000; he had, therefore, provided himself with money for a long time. He was not, however, suffered to remain long at Dordrecht, for Duke Albert of Bavaria, who was regent of all that part of the country, instantly ordered him to depart, as he had left England as a fugitive, was in ill-favour with his cousins-german the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and besides, had behaved shamefully to his duchess, who was the daughter of his cousin the Princess Isabella of England. The unfortunate duke, therefore, instantly departed, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Utrecht, which is a town solely dependent on its bishop, where he tarried until other intelligence was brought to him.

Soon after the defeat of the army at Oxford, it was determined in council at Westminster to send a deputation from the chief barons to the king, to remonstrate with him in an amicable manner respecting his opposition to the principal persons in his kingdom, and his conduct in placing his entire confidence in a set of minions. While this was going forward Sir Nicholas Bramber was arrested in Wales and brought to London, where he was beheaded; many of the citizens sincerely lamented his death, for he had been their mayor, and had also rendered essential service to the king at the time of the peasants' rebellion. The king's uncles now thought it time to put the government of the country on a stable footing, for, notwithstanding they had put to death or banished all who were obnoxious to them, they never intended to deprive the king of his crown, but only to reform the government, and regulate it more to his own and his country's honour. They therefore instructed the Archbishop of Canterbury to go to Bristol, and entreat the king not to put any confidence in what he might hear of them to their discredit, but to return to London, where he would be received with the utmost joy. The archbishop, on his arrival at Bristol, was one whole day and two nights before the king would consent to see him, so sorely vexed was he with his uncles for having driven away the Duke of Ireland, whom he loved above all men; at length, however, by advice of his council, he consented to an interview, and further agreed that he would accompany the archbishop to London. Of course, my lord of Canterbury was highly pleased at hearing this, and gained much honour for having brought matters to so happy a conclusion. The king did not remain long at Bristol after making this determination, but leaving his queen there, set out for London, stopping at Windsor three days by the way. The day on which the king left Windsor the road from London to Brentford was covered with people on foot and horseback, who had heard of his approach. The Dukes of York and Gloucester, Prince John of York, the Earls of Arundel, Salisbury, Northumberland, and many barons and prelates, went in great state to conduct the king, whom they met about two miles from Brentford, and received most affectionately, as good subjects should do. The king, who had the late proceedings still rankling in his breast, scarcely stopped when he came up to them, or deigned to cast his eyes towards them. On arriving at Westminster he dismounted at the palace, which had been prepared for him, and partook of wine and spices with several of his barons and others. Those who resided in London now went home, but the king's uncles, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the whole of the council, remained to keep him company, and to consult on the affairs of the nation. A special parliament was now ordered to meet at Westminster, which all the barons, prelates, knights, and chief citizens of the principal towns were summoned to attend, together with all who held fiefs of the king.

The reason for this parliament being made so general was, that the Archbishop of Canterbury had remonstrated in the council, and to the king's uncles, that when they had crowned King Richard, though all who held fiefs under him had made their homage, and held their lands accordingly, he was not of a proper age, legally, to receive their oaths. A king by right must be twenty-one years of age before he can justly govern the kingdom, and, until that time, should be under the tutelage of his uncles, if he have any, or under those of his subjects the nearest related to him. The archbishop added, "That as the king was now of a proper age, he advised for greater security, that all who held any lands should renew their homage, and acknowledge him for their lord."

On the day appointed, the king in his royal robes, with the crown on his head, heard mass in the chapel of the palace, which is very handsome, and richly decorated. When service was over the king's uncles kissed him in token of homage, and swore faith and duty to him for ever; then came the barons, prelates, and all who held anything under him, and with joined hands, as was becoming vassals, swore faith and loyalty, and kissed him on the mouth. It was visible that the king kissed some heartily, others not; for though he restrained his feelings as much as possible, all were not in his good graces. Thus were affairs in England; but the king had not the command of his council, which still continued under the control of his uncles and the barons and prelates who were associated with them.

But it is right that I now return to the expedition of the Duke of Lancaster, and as I have a great desire to complete its history, I will begin from where I left off. When the duke and his army had conquered the town and castle of Orense, they halted there three or four days, and then departed, taking the road to Noya. For four days they quartered themselves in a large meadow along the river's side, but the water was so bad from the long continued drought that the horses could scarcely drink it, and many who did so died. Orders were then given to dislodge and return to Orense, for the marshals, Sir Thomas Moreaux and Sir Richard Burley, had declared the castle of Noya to be impregnable. The Duke of Lancaster, moreover, had received intelligence of the approach of the King of Portugal and his army, consisting of 3,000 spears and 10,000 serviceable men.

While the duke remained at Orense, his men and horses suffered greatly from want of forage and water. There was no green food to be found, for the ground was too parched for any seeds to spring up; and the foragers were forced to journey twelve, sixteen, and twenty leagues for food for themselves and horses. Consider what the difficulties must have been. The knights and squires found the wines so strong that they affected their heads and stomachs; and there was no remedy, for there was no water to temper or cool them. Their food also was very different from what they were accustomed to. Seeing their difficulties increase from scarcity of forage, and the extreme heat of the weather, they began to murmur and say, "Our expedition seems coming to a poor end." However, when they learnt that the King of Portugal was at hand, they began to be in better spirits, and many joined the Duke of Lancaster, and went over to meet him. The King of Portugal and the duke left Orense together, though the armies were separated, because they did not understand each other's language, and likewise to prevent any disputes or riots that might fall out between them, for the Portuguese are passionate and overbearing, and the English spiteful and proud. These armies, which were quite sufficient to combat any force the King of Castille and his allies could bring into the field, continued their march until they came to the river Duero, which is not easy to cross; for it is deep with high banks, and full of broken rocks; all the bridges also had been removed. Fortunately, however, they discovered a ford, by means of a squire of Galicia whom they had taken captive, and in the night-time all passed the river. News was soon carried to Roales, Medina del Campo, and other places in Castille, that the English had passed the Duero: and, in great alarm, the king sent for Sir Walter de Passac and Sir William de Lignac, and said to them, "I am exceedingly surprised that the Duke of Bourbon is not arrived. Our enemies have taken the field, and unless they are opposed they will destroy the whole country. My subjects are very discontented that we do not offer them battle. Tell me, my fair sirs, how I had best act." The two lords replied, "Sir King, depend upon it the duke will come, and on his arrival we will consider what is to be done: until then do not make any preparations against your enemies. Let them make what excursions they will, they can keep the fields and we the towns and castles. Do not be cast down, for we engage that you shall suffer no loss in this business." A party of the English under Sir Richard Burley, Sir Thomas Percy, and others, had a slight skirmish with the garrison of Vilalpando; but it was attended with no loss on either side. The troops continued to suffer much from famine and want of water; they were taken with fevers and other disorders which brought them to death's door. The Duke of Lancaster became greatly dispirited, for he did not know how to act; he saw his army wasting daily, and was grieved to find that the greater and better part were confined to their beds. He himself was so unwell that, if he had not been afraid of disheartening his men, he would gladly have kept his chamber; and addressing himself to the King of Portugal, he desired him to say what was to be done. The king replied, that from appearances it did not seem probable that the Castillians would offer them battle at this season, and that his advice was that the duke should march his army into Galicia, and give his men permission to recruit themselves wherever they might please, and return prepared to recommence the campaign in March or April. "This may be right," said the duke; "but the consequences will be, that as soon as our enemies shall know we have separated they will take the field, for I have heard that the King of Castille has with him 4,000 men, and that he can easily collect as many more. Add to this, the Duke of Bourbon is on his march with 2,000 men-at-arms. Now, consider, should all this force enter Galicia, what is there to oppose it? Before we can collect our men, and form a junction, they will have done us considerable damage." "Well then," replied the King of Portugal, "let us keep the field. My men are fresh and unhurt, and equally willing with myself to abide the event." Upon this their conference ceased, and it was resolved that they should wait the arrival of the Duke of Bourbon, and see if, when he had joined the Castillians, they would offer them battle.

Good or evil fortune depends upon a trifle. You may readily believe that the Duke of Lancaster, having gained a footing in Castille, would never have lost, by any defeat in battle, such numbers as he was now losing by the sickness which so fearfully prevailed among his men; indeed, he was himself almost dead from it. Sir John Holland saw with deep concern the miserable situation of the army, and heard so many complaints on all sides, that he determined to remonstrate with the duke, and advise him to alter his plans. "What can I do?" said the duke; "I want some reasonable advice." "My lord," replied Sir John, "I think the men had better return; and I would advise you to go to Portugal or Galicia, for you are by no means in a state to endure hardships." "Well, I consent; you may give our men notice that I permit them to go into Castille, France, or wherever else they may choose, so that they enter not into any treaty with our enemies; for I see clearly this campaign is over. Let them be fully paid for their services as far as our treasury will allow, and also for the expenses of their journey, and then make our chancellor deliver them their discharge." Upon this, the constable ordered the duke's instructions to be signified throughout the army by sound of trumpet, and gave notice to the captains to come to him with their accounts. This order was very agreeable to all, particularly to those who desired change of air to restore them to health. The barons and knights held a conversation as to how they were to return to England—by sea it was impossible, for they had no vessels, and were at a distance from any seaport; besides, they were so weak and emaciated from sickness, that they would have been unable to bear a sea voyage. After well considering their condition, they found that they had no other choice than through France; but some said, "How can we go thither? We have enemies in all the countries we must pass. First there is Castille, then Navarre and Arragon." Others who were of more sense said, "Let all doubt be set aside. The best thing we can do is to try the King of Castille, for perhaps he may allow us to pass quietly through his country, and also obtain for us the same permission from Arragon, France, and Navarre." This measure was adopted, and a herald called Derby sent for, and immediately despatched with letters to the king, who granted passports for the three English knights to wait upon him; and the result was, that he granted to them further passports for all the sick to pass in safety through Castille, or to remain there in order to recover their health.

Thus was this expedition of the Duke of Lancaster put an end to, and his scattered and weakened army sought the best safety it could. You may suppose it was a bitter disappointment to him to see all his hopes and ambitious expectations thus annihilated. However, he bore his misfortunes manfully, like a gallant prince. The King of Portugal, finding the business was over, also dismissed his army, retaining only 300 spears, and left Orense with the Duke of Lancaster, who returned with his duchess to

St. Jago. The king remained with them four days, and then left for Oporto where his queen resided. While at St. Jago the duke fell dangerously ill, and became very low-spirited; indeed, he was so ill that it was frequently reported in Castille that he was dead. Now, notwithstanding this disorder was so infectious that the greater part of the English fled from it, Sir John Holland and several knights and squires remained with the duke for some time: Sir John and his lady at length took up their residence at Bordeaux.

It happened during the most active part of the campaign in Castille, when knights and squires were eager after adventures and deeds of arms, that the Lord Boucicaut had taken the field, and sent a herald to Sir John d'Ambreticourt, to demand of him three courses with the spear on horseback. Sir John had agreed to meet him, and, in addition, desired three courses with daggers, and the same with battle-axes, all on horseback. Sir John having so readily assented, sought for the Lord Boucicaut everywhere, but could not find him. I do not say, nor mean to say, that the Lord Boucicaut was not equal to such a challenge, nor even to one of more hardy adventure. When Sir John was at Bayonne with Sir John Holland, he thought much of the challenge, which, having accepted, he considered himself bound to accomplish, and he had no wish to leave France without doing so, lest the French might say he had returned to England dishonourably; he, therefore, consulted his companions, and especially Sir John Holland, on the subject, who advised him to journey through France, and search for the Lord Boucicaut at Paris. Sir John departed, and on his arrival at Paris was informed that the Lord Boucicaut was in Arragon. In order, therefore, to acquit himself honourably he waited on the principal barons who were then at Paris, and after eight days continued his journey to Calais.

We said that the Duke of Lancaster was very dangerously ill at St. Jago. You may readily suppose he had much to vex and annoy him: his hopes of the crown of Castille had completely failed; and moreover he had lost the chief part of his chivalry, whom he had with so much difficulty brought from England. He had now no expectation of making any treaty of peace, by which the duchess might confirm her claim to any part of the kingdom; for he heard from the pilgrims who passed through the French army in Castille, that the Castillians and French made their jokes on him, saying to them, "So ye are going to St. Jago, are ye? Ye will find there the Duke of Lancaster, who for fear of the sun keeps his chamber. Give our compliments to him, and ask if we French know how to make war, and if we have not fought him fairly."

As soon as the duke was able to ride, he left St. Jago with his duchess and family for Coimbra, where he resided two months and then went to Bayonne. At Bayonne he made a long stay, and enforced the payment of arrears and other dues from the duchy of Aquitaine, and such other parts as were under the obedience of King Richard, for he had been commissioned to impose and receive all taxes for his own use, styling himself Duke and Governor of Aquitaine. We must now leave the duke and the English, and speak of other matters which require attention.

CHAPTER XVIII

Count d'Armagnac and the free companies—Hostility between the houses of Brabant and Gueldres, and the cause of it—Death of the King of Navarre—Garrison of Ventadour—Forty bold companions set out from Chaluçet in search of adventure—Bonne-lance and the Lady of Montferrant—Perrot le Béarnois ransoms Geronnet de Maudurant—Insolent challenge of the Duke of Gueldres to the King of France—The English send troops over to Brittany to assist the duke—The Duke of Berry proposes to marry the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster—The King of Castille endeavours to break off this alliance, and requests the lady for his own son—The Duke of Brittany comes to Paris to do homage to the king—La Rochelle—Preparations of the King of France for invading Guelderland.

At this period the Count d'Armagnac resided in Auvergne, and was negotiating with such free companies as held forts in Auvergne, Quercy, and Limousin; from his attachment to France he took great pains to make the leaders of these garrisons, who did much mischief to the country, surrender them up, and depart to other places. All the captains except Geoffry Tête-noire, who held Ventadour, seemed willing to accept his terms, and receive in one sum 250,000 francs; on payment of which sum they were all to quit the country, which would gladly have seen them depart, for the inhabitants could neither till the earth nor carry on trade for fear of these pillagers, unless they had entered into composition with them according to their wealth and rank; and these compositions amounted in the year to as much as was now demanded for the evacuation of the forts. The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy were informed of the arrangement on the part of the Count d'Armagnac, and were greatly desirous of seeing it accomplished; however the matter was attended with much difficulty, for when commissaries were sent by the count to parley with Perrot le Béarnois, Amerigot Marcel, and others, those captains could never agree as to terms, since when one party agreed to it one week, the next it was refused; for being of different countries, they had various opinions. Those from Armagnac, who were a sort of retainers to the count, readily assented to what he offered; but the greater part and the most determined of these pillagers were from Béarn and Foix. I do not mean that the Count de Foix ever wished anything but what was honourable and advantageous to France; but when he first heard of these negotiations with the captains of the free companies, he was desirous to know upon what terms they were made, and the reason the Count d'Armagnac was so busy in the matter, also where the captains intended to fix themselves when they left their present position. To these inquiries he was answered that it was the intention of the Count d'Armagnac to lead these men-at-arms to Lombardy, where his brother-in-law was employed in defending his inheritance.

The Count de Foix made no reply when he heard this; he was not, however, the less thoughtful on the subject, and determined secretly to prevent any of these treaties being concluded, which he did. But I must now leave these matters, and speak of what was passing in my own country, from the peace which was granted to the Ghent men, on the conclusion of the war, by the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, who signed and sealed it in the noble city of Tournay. To add strength to my history, I must also tell what was passing in Gueldres and Brabant: for the King of France and Duke of Burgundy were much affected by the events that happened in those countries, and took great part in the war that ensued.

There had been for some time hatred between the houses of Brabant and Gueldres, whose countries border on each other. The origin of this hatred was the town of Grave, which the Duke of Gueldres had taken possession of, and held by force. Of this the Brabanters complained, as the town is situated on their side of the river Meuse; and though many conferences were held on the subject, the hatred was not abated, and the people of Gueldres complained that the Duke of Brabant had in revenge seized on three castles, on their side of the same river. This quarrel between the two dukes was frequently embittered; but it was the opinion of many able knights and squires, that if the Lord Edward of Gueldres (who was unfortunately slain by an arrow from an archer of the Dukes of Luxembourg and Brabant, at the battle of Juliers) had survived and gained the victory, he was so valiant, that he would have reconquered these three castles. Duke Reginald of Gueldres, cousin-german to the Prince of Wales, had mortgaged these castles for a sum of florins to a great baron of Germany, called the Count de Mours, who kept possession of them for a time; and when no intention was shown of paying back the money he had lent, the Count de Mours offered the castles, for the money for which they were mortgaged, to the Duke of Brabant, who eagerly accepted the proposal, as they were on the confines of the territory of Fanquemonts, of which he was lord; he took possession of them accordingly, and placed in them, as governor, the Lord de Kale. When on the death of Duke Reginald the Lord Edward succeeded to the Duchy of Gueldres, he sent ambassadors to the Duke Brabant, requesting that he might have the castles for the same money that had been paid for them; but the duke, not having purchased them for this end, returned a positive refusal; at which the Duke of Gueldres was highly indignant, and in consequence was hard upon his sister-in-law, the widow of the Lord Reginald and younger sister to the Duchess of Brabant, by preventing her from receiving her dower. The lady, upon this, went to the Duke of Brabant, and laid before him and the duchess the vexations the Duke of Gueldres was occasioning her; who, on account of the long subsisting hatred between the Brabanters and those of Gueldres, for the seizure of Grave, were well inclined to aid the lady by force of arms. 1,200 spears were at once collected, who advanced to Bois-le-Duc, and as the Duke of Gueldres likewise assembled his forces, it was generally thought a battle would have been the result; but the Duke Albert, the Count de

Mours, and the Count de Juliers, this time interfered, and they separated without coming to blows.

The quarrel, however, still continued, and on the death of Duke Winceslaus the young Duke of Gueldres began to take measures 'for the regaining of these three castles, which had created such hatred between Brabant and his uncle, the Lord Edward of Gueldres; he, therefore, sent persons properly authorized to treat for the surrender: but the Duchess of Brabant, to whom they belonged, replied, "that they were now legally in her possession, and that she intended to keep them for herself and her heirs;" adding, "that if the duke were in earnest in his professions of friendship to Brabant, he should prove it by yielding up the town of Grave, which he unjustly detained." The Duke of Gueldres, on hearing this, was much piqued, but did not give up his plans; for he now attempted to gain over to his interest Sir John Gosset, the governor of these castles; but in this he could not succeed.

Affairs remained for some time in this state, and the mutual hatred between the Brabanters and those of Gueldres was continued. The Duke of Gueldres crossed the sea to England, to visit his cousin, King Richard, and his other relations, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, who were at that time at home. He entered into an alliance with the king; and, although he had not hitherto received anything from him to induce him to become his liegeman, he now accepted a pension of 1,000 marks, on the King of England's treasury, which, according to the value of the coin, was equal to 4,000 francs, ready money. He was advised to renew his claims on Brabant, and was promised effectual assistance from England. In return for which, he swore to be ever loyal in his services to the English crown. When this treaty was concluded, he took leave of the king and his barons, and returned to Gueldres. The Duke of Juliers, his father, remonstrated with him on the step he had taken, declaring that his alliance with England was an imprudent one, and that it would never turn out to his advantage; but the Duke of Gueldres paid little attention to what his father said, for he was young and rash, and preferred war to peace.

The Duchess of Brabant, who resided at Brussels, was well informed of everything that was passing; and was very fearful lest the Duke of Gueldres should put his threat of war into execution. She, therefore, assembled her council, who, when she demanded their advice, said, "We advise, lady, that you send ambassadors to the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy for assistance." The duchess did so; and her ambassadors received from the duke the following answer: "You will return to our fair aunt, and salute her many times in my name; give her these letters from the king and myself; and tell her that we consider her affairs as our own, and desire her not to be alarmed at anything: for she shall speedily have aid. Tell her, also, that the Count of Brabant shall not in any way be injured." This reply was of course deemed very agreeable, and the duchess was much pleased when she heard it.

About this time died a king, who has supplied ample materials for many parts of this history; you may readily guess that I mean the King of Navarre. It is a well-known truth, that nothing is more certain than death. I mention this because the King of Navarre, when he died, did not think his end so near. Had he thought it, he would no doubt have taken more care of himself. He was residing in the city of Pampeluna, when he took it into his head that he could raise 200,000 florins, by a tax on his country, and his council could not contradict him. At the news of this heavy tax, however, the whole country was in great consternation, and unanimous in declaring that they could not bear this additional burden; at which the king was greatly enraged, and went so far as to behead three persons who were most determined in their opposition to the tax. Just at this moment an extraordinary event happened at Pampeluna, which seemed like a judgment from God. I will relate it as it was told to me at Foix, by several persons from Pampeluna. "The king had passed the night with his mistress, when, returning to his own chamber, he said to one of his varlets, 'Prepare my bed, for I want to lie down.' He undressed himself and went to bed; but he had no sooner laid down than he began to shake, and could not possibly get warm. He was now about sixty years of age, and for a long time had been accustomed to have his bed well warmed with heated air. As usual, therefore, he ordered the servant to warm his bed; but this time it turned out very unfortunately, for the flames somehow set fire to the sheets, and it could not be extinguished before they were destroyed; and the king, who was wrapped in them, was horribly burnt. He did not die immediately, but lingered on fifteen days, in great misery and pain."

Such was the end of the King of Navarre, whose death freed his subjects from the tax he would have laid on them. He was succeeded by his son Charles, who soon after his father's obsequies, was crowned at Pampeluna.

You have heard of the treaties which the Count d'Armagnac attempted to make with the captains of the free companies, and how the Count de Foix determined to oppose him; also, that Geoffry Tête-noire, who held the castle of Ventadour, on the borders of Auvergne, and Bourbonnois, refused to surrender for any sum of money. He considered the castle as his own inheritance, and had forced all the surrounding country to enter into composition with him to avoid being plundered, by which means he was enabled to keep up the state of a great baron. He was a cruel man, and very ferocious in his anger. You must know, that when the tax for the redemption of these castles was first raised, the inhabitants of Auvergne, imagining that Ventadour would be surrendered to the Duke of Berry, and the country delivered from the oppressions of the garrison, very cheerfully paid their quota; but when they saw that of all the garrisons which continued their inroads, Ventadour was the most daring, they were very disconsolate, and considered that the tax had been thrown away. Moreover, they declared that until the garrison was prevented from overrunning the country, they would never pay one farthing of any future tax. When this was reported to the Duke of Berry, he resolved to besiege Ventadour, which he did, and so saved the country the large sums which they used to pay as composition money.

This same year, about the middle of May, forty bold companions set out from Chaluçet, which was in the possession of Perrot le Béarnois, to seek adventures in Auvergne, under command of a squire from Gascony, called Geronnet de Maudurant, an able man-at-arms.

On account of the dread which the country and the borders of the Bourbonnois had of these people, the Duke of Bourbon had appointed for its defence one of his knights, a valiant man-at-arms, called Sir John Bonnelance, courteous, amorous, and eager to display his courage. When he heard that these companions were abroad, he asked how many they might be; and when told about forty, he replied, "As for forty lances we have no fear of that number. I will take as many to meet them." As soon as he had got his men together, they set out and came to a pass which they imagined the enemy must cross; and so it was, for they had not been there more than half-an-hour, when the enemy appeared, no way suspecting this meeting. Bonne-lance and his party, with their spears in their rests, charged them, shouting their cry as they were descending the mountain. When they found they must fight, they put a good face upon it, and prepared for their defence, Geronnet, who was a stout squire, setting them a good example. At the first onset many were beaten down on both sides; but to say the truth, the French were far better men-at-arms than the adventurers, twenty-two of whom were made prisoners, and sixteen left dead upon the field, while the leader surrendered himself to Bonne-lance. The victorious party set out on their return, taking their prisoners with them. On the road Bonne-lance recollected that about a month ago, when at Montferrant in Auvergne, a lady who was much in his good graces expressed a desire to see an Englishman, adding, "I have often heard that they are most determined and expert men-at-arms, and indeed they prove it by their gallantry, and by taking from us towns and castles." "Fair lady," replied Bonne-lance, "if I have the good-fortune to make one of them prisoner you shall see him."

Bonne-lance, remembering this conversation, took the road to Montferrant, and he and his people dismounted at the hotel. The ladies and damsels assembled, when Bonne-lance, addressing the lady who was so anxious to see an Englishman, said, "Lady, I come to acquit myself of the promise I made to you about a month since. Through the grace of God I have this day fallen in with a party of valiant Englishmen; not indeed real Englishmen, but Gascons who wage war under that name; you may view them at your leisure, for out of love to you, I shall leave them in this town until they have paid me their ransom." The ladies laughed, and expressed their obligation to him: during his stay in Montferrant, Bonnelance well entertained Maudurant and his companions, and on leaving said that Maudurant must remain as an hostage, while some of his companions went to seek for the ransom, and that as soon as the money was paid, they would all be set at liberty. When the captain of Chaluçet heard of the ill success of Geronnet de Maudurant, he was very indifferent about it, and said to those who brought him the news, "You are come, I suppose, to seek for money to pay his and your ransom." "Yes," they replied. "Well," said the captain, "you will get nothing from me; I did not send you on this excursion—it was your own free choice to seek an adventure. I will not ransom any man unless he be taken when in my company." This was all the answer they could get: when they reported it to Maudurant and the rest of the companions, they were extremely vexed, and after a time resolved to send again to Perrot le Béarnois, and tell him that if he would pay the ransom, they would, within one month after their deliverance, lead him to such a place, that it would be his own fault if he did not gain 100,000 francs from it. When this message was delivered to Perrot le Béarnois, he mused upon it awhile, and then ordered a large coffer to be opened, which contained upwards of 40,000 francs—money acquired from pillage you must understand, and not the rent of his estates, for the town wherein he was born had in it but twelve houses, and belongs to the Count de Foix. Perrot le Béarnois had counted out before him two-and-twenty hundred francs, and one hundred for their expenses, which he put into a purse, and calling to him the three companions who had returned from Montferrant, said, "I give you three-and-twenty hundred francs; a friend in need is a friend indeed; I shall risk this for Geronnet's freedom: he is able to regain for me, if he pleases, as much again, if not more." Geronnet, on learning that his ransom was obtained, was much pleased, and immediately paid the sum to those who had been appointed to receive it. On gaining his liberty he returned to Chaluçet, when Perrot le Béarnois called him and said, "Geronnet, you are obliged to the fair offers you sent me for your freedom, and to them alone; I was not in any way bound to pay your ransom—you must, therefore, now prove the truth of your offers; otherwise we shall be upon bad terms." "Captain," replied Geronnet, "I now offer to put you in possession of Montferrant within fifteen days, if you be willing to undertake it; in this town there is great wealth, and wherewithal to plunder, for besides its riches in silk and merchandise, many of the inhabitants have much money; besides, the town is one of the weakest and worst guarded in the realm." "It is well said," answered Perrot, "I accept it; you know all the outlets of the town; will it require many men?" "Three or four hundred spears," said Geronnet, "will do the business."

Perrot immediately got himself in readiness, and sent information of his intention to the captains of the forts in the neighbourhood, fixing their rendezvous at the castle of Donzac, of which place Olim Barbe, a Gascon, and famous pillager, was captain. On the day appointed the companions from seven forts to the number of 400 lances, well mounted, met at Donzac; of these Perrot le Béarnois, to show he was chief of the expedition, was the first to arrive. Geronnet, with eleven companions, dressed themselves in coats of frieze, like traders, and each leading a horse well laden, according to the custom of the country, set out from Donzac before day, and arrived about noon in the town of Montferrant. No one made inquiries as to who they were, never suspecting them to be any but traders or carriers, as their dresses indicated, and supposing that they were come to purchase draperies and linens at the fair: Geronnet and his company put up their horses at the Crown Inn, where they remained in quiet, not venturing abroad in the town lest their plan should be discovered; towards evening they took a great deal of care of their horses, giving the host and hostess to understand that as they came from afar off, it was necessary they should be well attended to. They had no inclination to retire to rest, but kept drinking in their chamber, and the host and hostess noticing the merry life they led, and not having the slightest suspicion of them, went to bed. The same day, towards evening, Perrot le Béarnois and his companions left Donzac, and in their way were obliged to pass under the walls of Clermont; when within a league of this place they fell in with Amerigot Marcel, governor of Alose, with about 100 spears; they were much rejoiced at meeting, and mutually asked whither they were going in such bad weather, and what were the objects of their being abroad. Amerigot Marcel said, "I came from my castle of Alose, and am going to Carlat." "In God's name," replied the two captains of Carlat, the bourg Anglois, and the bourg de Copane, who were of Perrot's company, "here we are, if you have anything to say to us." "Yes," said he, "you have some prisoners who belong to the Dauphin d'Auvergne, and I wish to have them in exchange for some others who are in my fort; but where are you going?" asked Amerigot. "By my faith, brother soldier, we are going straight to Montferrant, which town is to be delivered to me to-night." "Perrot," replied Amerigot, "this is very wrong; you know we have entered into a treaty with the Count d'Armagnac, and you will act very ill if you break the treaty." "On my troth, I shall never keep any treaties," said Perrot, "as long as I am master of the field. Come with us; you have nothing to do at Carlat, as the captains are here." "No, no," replied Amerigot, "I shall return to my own castle." The parties then separated, and Perrot continued his road towards Montferrant. It was eleven o'clock when they arrived at the place, and Perrot said to his companions, "Do you wait here while I go by those ditches, and see if I can learn anything of Geronnet, who has brought us hither." On this Perrot le Béarnois, with three others, went away. It was so dark that they could scarcely see an acre before them, and it rained, snowed, and blew most unmercifully. Geronnet was at this hour on the walls impatiently awaiting their arrival, and as soon as he thought he could discover them he began to whistle. He was heard by Perrot, who advanced further into the ditch, and Geronnet said, "Who is there?" Perrot knew him from his Gascon pronunciation, and in return said, "Is that you, Geronnet?" "Yes," replied he; "and if you are ready, you shall enter the town at this place, for the inhabitants are all in bed." "At this place!" said Perrot, "God forbid; if I enter it shall be through the gate." "Then you will not enter at all," replied Geronnet in a passion; "it is impossible to enter by the gate, as it is closed and guarded." While they were thus talking, some of Perrot's men came near the ditch to hear if any body was stirring.

Near where they were talking was a small house adjoining the walls, in which lived a poor tailor, who having been hard at work until that hour, was just going to bed, when fancying he heard voices, he left his house in order to make further examination, and seeing Perrot's men walking about, he cried out, "Treason! Treason!" One of Geronnet's party, however, seized him by the throat, and kept him quiet. Geronnet then addressing Perrot said, "Return to your men, and when you hear the inner gate open, attack the outward one with axes in order to gain admittance." He then told him the use he meant to make of the tailor. Perrot upon this returned and related what he had heard; and as soon as he was gone Geronnet told the tailor that he must go with him to the gate of the town, awaken the porter, and tell him that the governor had sent him to give orders that the gates were to be opened to admit some merchants who were coming from Montpellier. The poor man, seeing nothing but instant death unless he complied, did as he was ordered; and on asking for the keys at the gate, one of the porters arose, opened a small window, and gave them to him. The moment after Geronnet snatched them from him, and luckily opened the lock with the first key he put into it; he then went to the outward gate, thinking to do the same there, but in vain. Perrot and his companions were on the outside waiting its opening, and as Geronnet's endeavours with the key were fruitless, they provided themselves with axes and wedges, and forced an entrance. The porters gave an alarm, crying out, "Treason! Treason!" which aroused the whole town; many fled to the castle, but few were allowed to enter it; for when the governor heard that the enemy had surprised the place, he would not lower the drawbridge, but made his preparations for defence in case the castle should be attacked. The captain with his companions now marched into the town without opposition, and went through it to ascertain whether any bodies of men were collecting to resist them; they found only a few, who were soon either slain or made prisoners. But why should I make a long story of it? the town of Montferrant was thus surprised on the 13th of February, and when Perrot le Béarnois and his accomplices saw themselves masters of the place, they took up their lodgings at different hotels, without doing violence to any one; for Perrot had ordered under pain of death that neither women nor damsels should be injured; that no houses should be burnt, nor any prisoners made without his knowledge; and that no one under the same penalty should hurt church or churchman, nor take anything away from them: the whole town was put in possession of himself and his captains, and on Friday morning all the inhabitants were tied together, so that no one should oppose them, their houses were searched, and everything of value packed up. When at breakfast, the captains had a long consultation whether to keep the town or not; some were for keeping it, but the majority were of a contrary opinion, and said it would be madness to do so, as the place was too far from their own castle. They, therefore, had the men busily employed until near nightfall in packing up their plunder, and at the point of six o'clock, they set out on foot, except about sixty on horseback, and conducted down the streets more than 400 horses laden with cloths, linens, furs, and other plunder. Having bound all the inhabitants two and two, they had the gates opened after nightfall and departed; the baggage and prisoners went before with those on foot, and the captains followed close after on horseback. The night was dark, and as the country did not suspect that their stay would have been so short, they were not pursued, and reached Danzac about midnight, when they unpacked and examined their plunder. It was well for the companions that they left Montferrant as they did, for had they stayed two days longer, they could not have attempted it without great danger to their lives, for the whole surrounding country was collecting, and large bodies of men were advancing to lay siege to them at the instigation of the Count-dauphin of Auvergne, and his daughter the Duchess of Bourbon.

I have before mentioned the challenge which had been sent by the Duke of Gueldres to the King of France, which challenge was much talked of everywhere, from the rude and uncourteous language it contained. It was evident that the King of France was much provoked at it, and determined to have reparation; indeed the king's council had resolved that the matter should not remain quiet. The king was young, but of good courage, and if he suffered such insults with patience, the nobility of France considered that foreign countries would hold them very cheap, as they were the king's advisers, and had sworn to guard his honour; especially the Lord de Coucy showed clearly that he personally felt the insult. The council of France, however, were unwilling to decide upon any bold measures in respect of the Duke of Gueldres until the affairs of Brittany were in a more satisfactory state, for the Duke of Brittany showed clearly a preference of war with France to peace, and was making many preparations of a warlike character; the Duke of Berry, therefore, resolved to send the Count d'Estampes to the duke to endeavour to win him over to the French party; but the attempt was perfectly unavailing; for though the duke entertained the count very handsomely, and on parting presented him with a beautiful white palfrey, saddled and equipped as if for a king, and a ring with a rich stone which cost at least 1,000 francs, he, nevertheless, was quite resolved to take his own course, whatever it might be, and showed no desire to side with the French. The Duke of Berry, therefore, on the return of Count d'Estampes, seeing nothing could be done, made light of the matter, and affairs remained in this state.

On the failure of the Duke of Lancaster's expedition, as has been already related, the whole country of Galicia returned to its allegiance to the King of Castille; for the Castillians and Galicians a good deal resemble the Lombards and Italians, who are always on the side of the strongest, and shout out, "The Conqueror for ever." The Duke of Lancaster, while at Oporto, heard of all this without being able to provide a remedy, and it gave him great uneasiness. The King of Portugal gave him all the comfort he was able, saying, "Sir, you will keep your state in this country while you write to your brother and friends in England the melancholy event of your expedition, though they be now fully informed of all, and press them to send you, early in March next, five or six hundred spears and two thousand archers. I will then reassemble my forces, and make an effectual war upon the Castillians. A kingdom may be won and lost in one campaign." The duke thanked the king for his kindness: however, he too well knew that the English would not grant him any supplies, and, therefore, retired to Bayonne without troubling himself further about the matter.

Those who returned to England from this expedition abused Castille to all they met. France, they said, was a rich country, and has a temperate climate, with fine rivers; but Castille has nothing but rocks and high mountains, a sharp air, muddy rivers, bad meat, and wines so hot and harsh, there was no drinking them. The inhabitants are poor and filthy, badly clothed and lodged, and quite different to us in their manners, so that it would be folly to go thither. Such were the reports of the English who returned from Castille, so that the ministers who ruled the country saw that any expedition would be very unpopular; moreover, the country was not as yet recovered from the troubles into which the execution of Sir Robert Tresilian and others, and the flight of the Duke of Ireland, had thrown it. The situation of England, with respect to its internal divisions, the desperate state of the affairs of the Duke of Lancaster, and all that related to the Duke of Ireland and his partizans, were known to the King of France and his council; and to gain more information on these subjects, the king, by the advice of his uncles, resolved to invite the Duke of Ireland into France; a knight and clerk, who was one of the king's notaries, were sent to seek him. The duke was at Utrecht, and was much astonished when he first heard that the King of France wished to see him; however, he resolved to comply, and set out on his journey to Paris, for the king then resided at the castle of the Louvre. The duke was well received by the king and his uncles, who were desirous that he should fix his residence in France, and had an hotel prepared for him. There was now great disagreement in the French council as to the king's going into Germany to revenge himself for the outrageous challenge which the Duke of Gueldres had sent him. The wisest of the council thought that it would be too dangerous for him at such a moment to leave the realm; for they now saw clearly that the Duke of Brittany would listen to no terms of accommodation, and they felt his late conduct in arresting, confining, and ransoming the constable for 100,000 francs, three castles, and a town, highly offensive to the honour of France. Moreover, they heard that the duke had entered into a strong alliance with the King of England, and was laying up stores of all kinds in his different towns and castles. This, indeed, was quite true, for on the 7th of April, in the year of grace 1388, it was determined in the English council that Richard, Earl of Arundel, should be appointed commander-in-chief of a naval expedition; he was to have under him 1,000 men-at-arms, and 3,000 archers, who were to assemble at Southampton.

The King of England kept a grand feast this year on St. George's day, at Windsor, which was attended by a number of the lords who were to accompany the Earl of Arundel, and who then took leave of the king and queen. On the day appointed the whole of the armament assembled at Southampton and in those parts, and embarked on board the fleet the 20th day of May, when the weather was fine and clear. With the Earl of Arundel were the Earls of Nottingham and Devonshire, the Lords Thomas Percy, and Clifford, Sir John de Warwick, Sir John d'Ambreticourt, Sir Thomas Cook, Sir William Paulet, and several more; in the whole there were 1,000 good men-at-arms, and above 3,000 archers. They took no horses with them, for they hoped, if successful, to find horses in plenty in Brittany. On weighing anchor they made for the shores of Brittany or Normandy, with a determination to land nowhere else unless other intelligence should be brought to them; in the fleet they had some light vessels which drew but little water, and these they sent in advance to seek for adventure; in the same manner as knights and squires, mounted on the fleetest horses, are ordered to scour the country in front of an army, to see if there lie any ambuscades. We must, however, leave this army for the present, as other matters require attention.

The Duke of Gueldres, finding he could in no way succeed in recovering his three castles on the Meuse, of which we have already spoken, resolved to secure himself the possession of Grave from the Brabanters, who, this year, in the month of May, came with a powerful force to lay siege to it. The town of Grave is situated on the Brabant side of the Meuse, over which there is a bridge which connects it with Gueldres. The siege of it was a bold undertaking. The Duke of Gueldres was regularly informed of everything that passed at the siege, for he had fixed his residence only four leagues off at Nimeguen; he wrote frequently to England for assistance, and was in hope that the armament at sea under the Earl of Arundel would come to raise the siege. He knew the town was so strong that it could not be taken by storm, and he had too much confidence in the fidelity of the inhabitants to think that they would ever capitulate; the siege, consequently, lasted a considerable time.

It was not surprising that the Duke of Lancaster, considering his hopes were totally destroyed, should be sometimes melancholy; for the Count de Foix, one of the wisest of princes, in conversation with his knights, declared that the duke's expectations in regard to the crown of Castille were completely at an end; however, he was of a high spirit, and sought consolation in the prospect of the elevation of his children. He had with him a handsome daughter by the Lady Constance, daughter of Don Pedro, in whose right he had made war on Castille; musing, therefore, upon this subject, he said, "If fortune be now unfavourable to me, it may be otherwise to my daughter, who is young and handsome, and by her grandfather and mother the true heiress of Castille. Some gallant prince of France may seek her in marriage, either on account of her right or from her high birth." The duke would gladly have had some overtures made him from France on this head, for he knew that the king had a younger brother, the Duke of Touraine, and by his means he considered the crown of Castille might be gained: with such expectations did the Duke of Lancaster flatter himself; and his imaginations were in a way to be realized—not, indeed, by the brother of the King of France, but by one who was well qualified to change the face of affairs in Castille, and who completely governed France, I mean the Duke of Berry. He and his son were made widowers nearly at the same time. Now what I am about to relate I know of my own knowledge; for I, the author of this book, was at the time in the country of Blois, with my very dear and honoured lord, Count Guy de Blois, by whose desire and encouragement this history was undertaken.

The Duke of Berry, among his other thoughts and plans, had a design to marry again. He frequently said to those about him, that a lord was nothing without a lady, nor a man without a wife. "Well then," they replied, "let your son John marry." "He is too young," said the duke. "That is nothing, my lord," they would say, "do you not see that the Count de Blois has married his son, who is of the same age, with your daughter, Mary." "True," answered the duke; "well then, name a lady for him." "We name the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster." The duke mused awhile, and then said, "You propose marrying my son John with the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, do you? well, by St. Denis, you have made me imagine that she will be an excellent match for myself, and I will shortly write to the duke on the subject. My son John shall marry elsewhere." Those to whom he spoke then began to laugh: "What are you laughing at?" said the duke. "We laugh, my lord, because it seems that you prefer to have a good thing yourself, rather than give it to your son." "By my faith, I am in the right, for my fair cousin of Lancaster will not so readily give his daughter to my son as he will to me." Negotiations were immediately set on foot respecting the marriage, which was highly agreeable to the Duke of Lancaster; indeed, he was so pleased with the Duke of Berry's proposal, that he was not willing it should be kept secret; on the contrary, he published it everywhere, that his enemies might be alarmed, and the matter known in the court of his adversary of Castille. Moreover, he wrote several long letters, detailing the whole business, with copies of the Duke of Berry's proposals, and his own answer of consent to the Count de Foix, because he knew that there was a continual intercourse of knights and squires from all countries at Orthes, going or returning to Castille, and on pilgrimages to and from St. Jago. He did the same also to the King of Navarre, who had married a sister of the King of Castille, in order that the intelligence of this marriage might be more readily believed in Castille than if told by common report. The subject was mentioned also to the King of Portugal; but the duke was silent respecting it in his letters to the king and his brothers in England, for he well knew that the English would not be pleased at it; indeed, as you will presently hear, they gave proof of their dislike to it as soon as they heard it; but as the matter presses, I must now return to the Duke of Brittany.

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Many councils were held in France, as well on the affairs of Gueldres, whither the king was still desirous of going, as of Brittany, for the duke would accept of no advances towards a reconciliation with France. The French council were much troubled on the account, for it was reported that the duke had been busily employed during the winter in victualling and reinforcing all his towns and castles, which plainly indicated his desire for war; and it was well known also that the English had a large fleet on his coast. After much consideration, therefore, it was determined that the Lord de Coucy and two other barons should go to the Duke of Brittany and make another attempt to bring matters to an amicable settlement. Before these noblemen left France the duke heard of their mission, though he was ignorant of the particulars with which they were charged; he was confident, however, that it related to matters of the greatest importance, by the Lord de Coucy's appointment; and at the advice of his council, who forcibly represented to him the exact situation of his affairs in reference both to France and England, he was induced, though reluctantly, to alter his plans. I believe everything went on well afterwards, at least such were the appearances; for the duke, who had hitherto kept possession of the constable's castles, now gave them up to the officers of Sir Oliver. This was the first act of moderation on his part; however, it did not satisfy the king nor council of France, who insisted on the restitution of the money that had been paid as part of the ransom, and that the duke should come to Paris, and personally make excuses for his conduct to the king in the presence of the French peers, and also submit to such punishment as the king and his peers might after just deliberation adjudge to him. The three envoys to Brittany were well pleased when they heard of the restitution of the castles, and the Lord de Coucy said, "Now, gentlemen, we have one obstacle less to surmount; I suppose the duke will listen to what we have to say to him." On reaching the castle de la Motte, near to Vannes, where the duke resided, they dismounted, and were received with much joy, the duke telling them they were welcome, and that he was very happy to see them. He took the Lord de Coucy by the hand and said, "Fair brother, I rejoice to see you in Brittany; before you leave me I will give you some fine sport with hunting stags, and in hawking." "Dear brother and lord," replied de Coucy, "I thank you, and I and my companions will gladly partake of it." The duke showed them every attention, and conducted them to his apartment laughing and joking. All four knew how to keep up a brilliant conversation, as well, if not better, than any lords I ever saw, not excepting the Duke of Brabant, the Count de Foix, nor the Count de Savoy; in particular the Lord de Coucy shone above the others, as was acknowledged by all lords and ladies, in whatever country he visited, for he had seen much of the world, and had travelled to various parts.

While they were in conversation, spices were brought in handsome silver comfit-boxes, and fine wines in gold and silver cans; of these the lords partook, and then retired to their lodgings. Thus passed the first day without one word being said as to the cause of their coming.

While these things were going on in Brittany, the news of the intended marriage of the Duke of Berry with the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster was spreading far and wide; of course, it was heard of at the court of King John of Castille. "Sire," said those about him to the king, "have you heard the rumours that are abroad; the dangers from the Duke of Lancaster are thicker than ever, and the blast comes from France." "What do you mean?" replied the king. "The report, sire, is everywhere current, that the Duke of Berry is to marry the Duke of Lancaster's daughter, and you may suppose that this will not be done without great alliances being made between them; so that you may in future suffer as much from the French, as you have lately gained by them." He knew that what they said was quite true, and he requested them to advise him how he ought to act. It will be remembered, that King Henry of Castille had made his peace with the King of Arragon, by marrying his son John (the present King of Castille) to his daughter. By this lady King John had one son, and she herself died shortly after his birth. By the advice of his council, the king married again with the Lady Beatrice, daughter of the King of Portugal. This son by the Princess of Arragon, though very young, was a promising youth, and the council of Castille, in reply to the king's demand of advice, said, "Sire, we can only see one remedy to avert the evil which may arise from this marriage of the Duke of Berry." "What is it?" said the king. "It is the infant Don Henry, your son, who alone is capable of preventing this match; for we are persuaded, that if the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster were informed that you were willing to unite him with the Lady Catherine, they would prefer him to the Duke of Berry." "You say well," answered the king, "and I will set about the matter at once." Accordingly ambassadors were chosen with the least possible delay and sent to the duke and duchess, who cordially listened to their proposal; for their hearts were wrapped up in the hopes of regaining the crown for themselves or their child. Thus there were proposals of marriage made from France and Castille to the Duke of Lancaster, for the marriage of his daughter; both were well received, and refusals made to neither; however, the marriage with Castille was, for obvious reasons, the more agreeable. I have just said, that the Duke of Brittany received the French knights with much kindness, particularly the Lord de Coucy. Indeed, after some difficulty, the duke was prevailed upon to meet the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy at Blois. A day was fixed for the meeting; and shortly after the arrival of the other two dukes came the Duke of Brittany; but with no grand array, attended only by those of his household, in number about 300 horse; for it was his intention to return to his own country as soon as the conferences should be over. Such, however, were not the intentions of the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy; for they said, that, whether he would or not, they would force him to come to Paris. The Duke of Brittany was lodged at the house of a canon of St. Sauveur, within the castle; but his attendants, with those of the other lords, were quartered in the town. The castle where these princes kept their state is very large, and one of the handsomest in the kingdom of France.

Conferences were held by the three dukes, and those from France showed much affection towards the Duke of Brittany, and repeatedly thanked him for coming to Blois. The duke dissembled as much as he could, and said, "that it was indeed his love for them that had induced him to undertake such a journey, for that he was very unwell." In the course of these conversations they told the Duke of Brittany, "That since he had come so far, he should continue his journey to Paris, as the king was very desirous to see him." The duke made every excuse he could think of, saying, "That his health was not good, and that he had not come prepared for a longer journey." However, they answered, "That it would not be decorous for him to visit his lord paramount with a larger company than he then had with him; that if he was too ill to ride, they were provided with litters and cars which were quite at his service; and that he was bound to pay his homage to the king, which he had never yet done." To this the duke replied, "That when the king should be of age, and take the reins of government into his own hands, he would come to Paris, or to any other place whither he might order him, and perform his homage as he was bound to do." The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy made answer, "That he was now of sufficient age and understanding to receive homage, and that every lord in France, and all who held fiefs under the crown, excepting himself, had done homage to him." The duke, finding his excuses of no avail, said, "Should I go to Paris, it will be much against my inclination, and very prejudicial to my interests, for when there I shall meet Sir Oliver de Clisson, whom I hate, and we can never cordially love each other after what has passed; he will bitterly and injuriously reproach me, and then consider what may be the consequences." "Oh, no," they said, "have no fear from that quarter; we solemnly swear, that neither the constable nor John of Brittany, unless you wish it, shall see or speak to you. You shall see the king, and other barons and knights of France, who will make you good cheer; and when you have completed the object of your journey, you shall return home uninjured."

The duke was so courteously entreated, that he consented to go to Paris, having taken a pledge of the two dukes that he should neither see the Constable of France nor John of Brittany. They remained five or six days in the castle of Blois, and then set out for Paris. The duke, on his approach, stopped one night at Bourg la Reine, previous to his entry into the city, which he made on the morrow.

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The coming of the Duke of Brittany was great news for the Parisians, on account of the late events of the arrest and imprisonment of the constable, and the fruitless embassies that had been sent to summon him. It was on a Sunday, the vigil of St. John the Baptist, in the year 1388, at ten in the morning, that he entered Paris by the gate de l'Enfer, and passing the whole length of the rue de la Harpe, crossed the pont de St. Michael, and so came in front of the palace. As the duke passed through Paris he was much stared at by the common people, and when he entered the Louvre, there was a great crowd in the apartment into which he was introduced, which was not only small, but had in it a table spread for the king's dinner, before which he himself was standing, with his three uncles. The moment the duke entered the room, a way was made for him by the lords falling back on both sides, and when in the royal presence, he dropped on one knee, but speedily rose and advanced about ten or twelve paces, when he kneeled again. On rising he came close to the king, kneeled the third time, and saluted him, bareheaded; saying, "My lord, I am come to see you. May God preserve you." "Many thanks," replied the king; "I was anxious for your coming here, to see and converse with you at our leisure." On saying which, he took him by the hand and raised him up. A signal was then made to the master of the household to bring water, when the king washed, while the Duke of Brittany held the basin and towel. As soon as the king was seated, the duke took leave of him and his uncles. The Lord de Coucy, the Lord de St. Pol, and other great barons, then conducted him to the court where his horses waited, and having mounted, he returned with his attendants the way he came, and entered his hotel. The duke had frequent conferences with the King of France and his uncles, to their mutual satisfaction; and when affairs were in so good a train that they had no reason to be suspicious of the duke, they thought it time to prepare for the expedition to Gueldres, for which the king was so impatient.

The Lord de Coucy was therefore ordered into the country, to mark out the line of march for the king and his army, and to excite the knights and squires of Bar and Lorraine to join him. He was in no way to introduce the king's name, but to engage them for himself, as if preparing for an expedition into Austria.

I have for some time been silent respecting the armament which was at sea under command of the Earl of Arundel. This fleet had remained the whole season on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, except when driven off by storms; but it always returned to its station. When the Earl of Arundel heard of the proceedings of the Duke of Brittany, he was much affected by them, and called a council of his principal officers, to consider how they were to employ their force during the remainder of the season. In this council it was resolved that they should sail for La Rochelle, and make war on that country; for, though they had no castles in those parts, they were yet in sufficient numbers to withstand any force which Saintonge or Poitou could send against them. They likewise intended to have their situation known to their friends in Limousin and Auvergne by some person in the fleet who was acquainted with the country, and whom they could land on the coast of Brittany. It fell out just as the earl and the English barons wished, for they found a man from Lower Brittany then on board, who came from near Vannes, and understood four languages, viz. that of Lower Brittany, English, Spanish, and French. Before they landed him they gave him the following instructions: "You will go by the large roads of this country, until you come to Chaluçet, where you will find Perrot le Béarnois; salute him for us, and tell him that we desire he will make war on France under our commission, with as many other garrisons of our party as he can. You will not carry any letters for fear of being stopped and searched. Tell Perrot to give instant alarm to Berry, Auvergne and Limousin, by taking the field; for we will disembark near La Rochelle, and make such a war that he shall soon hear of us." The Breton did as he was directed, and arrived at Chaluçet; and on being introduced to Perrot, he punctually delivered his message, and found him very eager to take the field. Indeed Perrot le Béarnois instantly got together as many captains and men-at-arms as he could, who were all as eager for war as himself; for such men could only enrich themselves by the losses of others. When altogether, they amounted to full 400 lances, who thought themselves sufficiently strong for any gallant enterprise, and that there was not a lord in the country who would be able to withstand them.

While these things were going forward, the Earl of Arundel's fleet weighed anchor and left the coast of Brittany. It was a magnificent sight, to see this fleet of six-score vessels, whose streamers, emblazoned with the arms of their different lords, were glittering in the sun, and fluttering with the wind. They floated, as it were, on a sea that seemed proud to bear them, and might be compared to a vigorous courser, which, after having been long confined in the stable, gains its liberty to bound over the plains. After coasting Saintonge and Poitou, the fleet cast anchor off Marans, near La Rochelle, when some of the more adventurous, observing the tide was flowing, entered their barges, and sailed up the river to the town. The watch on the castle had noticed the English fleet anchoring, and the barges ascending with the tide, and had sounded his horn frequently, to alarm the townsmen, in order that they might save all they could of their property by placing it in the castle. The English, on entering the town with a view of plundering it, found only empty coffers, though they met with abundance of corn, wine, and salted provisions, which came very opportunely to them. They remained the night in the place, having arrived there about vespers, and sent to inform their companions of their situation, and the reason why they did not return. On the morrow, when the tide began to flow, the smaller vessels weighed anchor, and in them were embarked the armour and other necessaries from the large ships, that from their size could not enter the river. The alarm was soon spread over the country, that the English had landed at Marans to the number of 400 combatants, including archers: the towns and castles in the low countries were much frightened, and the villagers fled to the neighbouring forests for protection. If the English had had horses, they would have much harassed the country round La Rochelle, for there were no men-at-arms to oppose them. True it is, that the Lords de Partenay, de Pons, and many other knights and squires of Poitou and Saintonge were in the country; but each was in his own castle; for they had not any suspicion that the English were coming to invade them.

Had they been so fortunate as to have obtained notice of their intentions, they would have been prepared to receive them; but this was not the case, and they were so taken by surprise, that all were frightened, and impatient to save what they could.

The country, indeed, had two causes for alarm; they had the English army and fleet on one side, and rumour had already informed them that Perrot le Béarnois was on his march with more than 1,500 combatants, and had already entered Berry.

At the time the English landed at Marans, there were two gallant knights from Beauce in the town of La Rochelle, Sir Peter de Jouy, and the Lord Taillepié, whom Sir Helion de Lignac had placed there for its defence. On hearing that the English had landed at Marans, these two knights told the mayor and principal citizens of the place, that it would be right to beat up the English quarters. A body of 1,200 crossbows, and varlets, including all sorts, was instantly assembled; and, at the first dawn of day, all set out for La Rochelle. When the crossbow men arrived at the English quarters, they began at once to shoot their bolts and arrows, which passed through the huts, made of boughs and leaves, to the great surprise of the English, who were asleep withinside on straw. Many were wounded before they discovered they were attacked by the French. After about six shots, the bowmen retreated according to their orders, and the men-at-arms advanced on horseback into the midst of the huts. Knights and squires speedily left their lodgings and drew up together; and the French captains, seeing that they were preparing themselves to take the field in earnest, made off after their crossbows and infantry, who were hastening homeward; but they were so hard pressed by the English, who immediately began to pursue, that many of them were killed, especially at the gate of La Rochelle. As it was near noon, the Earl of Arundel sounded a retreat, when all his men returned in handsome array to their quarters, where they disarmed and refreshed themselves. The English remained near La Rochelle fifteen days, during which time they severely plundered the neighbouring country; and then, the wind being fair, embarked a great quantity of wine, and other provisions, and put to sea.

We will now, for variety, return to the affairs of Brabant and Gueldres. You have before heard how anxious the Duchess of Brabant was to make war on the Duke of Gueldres, and to besiege Grave. There was a great force of knights and squires from the principal places before it, who declared their intention not to depart until they had compelled it to surrender. And the duchess, to show how interested she was in the matter, had fixed her residence at Bois-le-Duc, four leagues distance from it. The besieging army was plentifully supplied with all things that came thither by sea, or down the Meuse from the rich country of Brabant; so that the siege was long continued, and the Brabanters had many large machines which threw into the town stones of such weight as to do much damage wherever they fell. In addition to this, they flung into the town all the dead carrion of the army, to empoison the inhabitants by the stink. At times, many of the knights and squires of Brabant came to skirmish with the garrison at the barriers, for the Duke of Gueldres had placed within the town some gallant companions, who were not shy of showing their courage when occasion called for it. The Duke of Gueldres had fixed his quarters at Nimeguen; but he could neither raise the siege nor offer combat to the Brabanters for want of sufficient force. He had sent to England, and quite expected to have a reinforcement from thence; but he was disappointed, for England at the time was in a very unsettled state, and new ministers had been forced upon the king by his uncles and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the siege of Grave, the Brabanters resolved to throw a wooden bridge over the Meuse, in order that they might have an entrance into Guelderland, overrun that country, and by investing the town of Grave on all sides, prevent any provisions from entering into it. As they finished the different parts of this bridge, they joined them together, and placed them in their proper situations, and had made such advances that it was within the length of a lance of the opposite shore. You may suppose that the duke was no way ignorant of what they were about; but he made no interruption to the building of the bridge, until it was nearly completed, when they advanced with cannon and other artillery, and attacked it so roughly, that it was set on fire and destroyed. Upon this, the Brabanters called a council to determine how to act.

Three short leagues from Grave was the town of Ravenstein, belonging to the Lord de Bourne, who is a vassal to Brabant, and who, at the solicitation of the Duchess of Brabant and her council, agreed to open the town, in order to enable them to gain an entrance into Guelderland. The Duke of Gueldres, somehow or other, gained information as to the intention of the Brabanters, and formed various plans how to act; at last, however, he determined that if the Brabanters entered his country by the bridge of Ravenstein, he would retaliate by that of Grave; for he was resolved not to be shut up in any town. Accordingly, after he had paid his devotion in the church, and made his offering at the altar of the Virgin, he set out from Nimeguen, attended by not more than 300 spears. The same day the Seneschal of Brabant, with a large army, upwards of 10,000 men, crossed the bridge of Ravenstein. Many resolved that day to ride as far as Nimeguen, and burn its mills, suburbs, and the villages round about. The duke was soon informed of this, and halted awhile to consider the best mode of proceeding; for some of his companions were alarmed at the smallness of their number in comparison with the enemy. Several assembled round the duke, and advised him to return to Grave; but he replied, "That he would never do so: he preferred dying with honour to living in disgrace." Then, after a short pause, he added, in a loud voice, "Forward, Forward; those who love me will follow me." This speech of the duke so much encouraged his men, that they showed great eagerness to combat their enemies; they tightened their armours, lowered the visors of their helmets, regirthed their saddles, some new knights were made, and were marched in order towards the enemy. The Brabanters had already crossed the river, when news was brought to the seneschal and his knights that the Duke of Gueldres had taken the field, and was so near that they must speedily see him. This intelligence much surprised them, for they concluded that the duke must have had with him at least six times more than he had. They instantly halted; but had not time to draw themselves up in array, for the Duke of Gueldres appeared with his company full gallop, with spears in their rests, and shouting out "Our Lady for Gueldres!" At the first charge more than six-score Brabanters were unhorsed. Great confusion and dismay, with but a poor defence, reigned among them. They were so suddenly attacked, that although they were so numerous, and had so many great lords among them, they were completely dispersed. When the flight became general, many rushed into the river, whether on horseback or on foot, without sounding the bottom, or knowing if it were fordable. In this way upwards of 1,200 perished. This unfortunate event to the chivalry of Brabant happened between Grave and Ravenstein. Those who fled to Grave gave the alarm to the besieging army, begging them to retire as fast as they could, since nothing could now save them. At which report they were all seized with such fear, that they would not stay to pack anything up, but leaped upon their horses and fled for safety to Bois-le-Duc and other places, as fast as they could. Thus was the siege of Grave broken up, to the great loss of the Brabanters, whose disgraceful defeat I can scarcely, for shame, perpetuate; but since, at the commencement of this history, I promised to insert nothing but what was strictly true, I must detail the unfortunate consequences of this battle.

The young Duke of Gueldres gained this renowned victory about Magdalen-tide, in the month of July, 1388. When the defeat and pursuit were over, which took up about two hours' time, the heralds were ordered to examine the dead, and report who had been slain. A council was then held in the field as to whether they should retire to Grave and take their prisoners there; but the duke opposed this, saying, "I made a vow to Our Lady of Nimeguen, when I left that town, and which I again renewed when we began the combat; in obedience to which I order that we gaily return to Nimeguen, and offer our thanksgivings to the Holy Virgin, who has assisted us in our victory." This command was obeyed, and all set out at once to Nimeguen, which is two leagues distant from the field of battle. On this fortunate news being told in the town, great rejoicing was made by both sexes; the clergy went out in procession to meet the duke as he entered, and the duke, on reaching Nimeguen, rode straight to the church where the image of Our Lady was, in which image he had great faith. When he entered the chapel he disarmed himself to his doublet, and offered up his armour on the altar, in honour of Our Lady, returning thanks for the victory he had gained; in this chapel the banners and pennons of the enemy were hung up. After this the duke retired to his hotel, and his knights to their respective homes.

As you may suppose, the Duchess of Brabant was much vexed at this unfortunate turn in her affairs; she wrote frequently to the Duke of Burgundy, and eagerly pressed him to assist her in the recovery of her losses: at the French court the news of this victory on the part of the Duke of Gueldres produced but little surprise, for it was imagined that when the king marched thither, he would soon make ample amends; indeed, the king's ardour for the invasion of Guelderland was no way abated —he was anxious to undertake it at all events, for the challenge had so mightily enraged him, that he declared that cost what it would he would have ample reparation. It was resolved, therefore, as Guelderland was a dependence on the empire, to make the emperor fully acquainted with the Duke of Gueldres' rash conduct, and lay before him the insolent challenge he had sent to the King of France, who to make him sensible of his folly, was preparing to march an army into Germany, not with any hostile intentions to the emperor or to his territories, but solely against the Duke of Gueldres, and to attack him wherever he should be found. Accordingly ambassadors were appointed, who, having received their instructions, took leave of the king and his uncles, and immediately set out to have an interview with the emperor.

The time was now come for the Duke of Brittany to be dismissed; he had surrendered the castles and town of Jugon to the officers of the Constable, but still made great difficulty about paying back the 100,000 francs; he was, however, so fairly spoken to, that he promised the king and the Duke of Burgundy to repay the sum in the course of five years, by yearly payments of 20,000 francs. The duke after this took leave of the king, who made him very handsome presents of jewels, and having arranged his affairs, he set out on his journey, taking the road to Estampes: but I will now leave the Duke of Brittany, who strictly kept the engagements he had entered into with the King of France; he has never since done anything worthy of being remembered in this history, but if he should, I will relate it according to the manner in which it shall be told me.

The King of France was busily employed in making his preparations for invading Guelderland, and heard with great pleasure that the chivalry of Bar, Lorraine, and Burgundy were ready and willing to attend him. The ambassadors who had been sent to the emperor, found him at Convalence, and after dismounting at their hotels, made themselves ready to wait upon him. Their interview with the emperor was very satisfactory, and he dismissed them by saying, "I am by no means dissatisfied with what is doing in France. Thank my cousin for the information he sends me; let him come in God's name, for I do not intend to move in the business." The ambassadors forthwith departed; and even before their return the King of France left Montereau-sur-Yonne, and took the road to Châlons and Champagne. The Duke of Berry was still in his own country awaiting the answer of the Duke of Lancaster, respecting his marriage with his daughter; none, however, came to him; the Duke of Lancaster kept dissembling, for he as well as his duchess showed a decided preference to a union with Castille, provided the ambassadors would agree to his terms, which were the payment of 600,000 francs within three years, 12,000 annually for his life and that of the duchess, and 2,000 more for the duchess's household. As soon as it was known that the king had left Montereau for Châlons, all his nobles hastened to join him; thither, among others, came the Duke of Berry, the Duke of Bourbon, the Counts de Sancerre, de St. Pol, and de Tonnerre. Moreover, the ambassadors from the emperor found the king at Châlons, and as soon as the satisfactory intelligence was reported, the king gave orders for the army to proceed on its march.

CHAPTER XIX

Scots invade England during its internal troubles—Sir Alexander Ramsay and others—Earl Douglas takes the pennon of Sir Henry Percy—The famous battle of Otterbourne.

I HAVE before related in this history the troubles which King Richard of England had suffered from his quarrel with his uncles. By advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the king's new council, the Lord Neville, who had commanded the defence of the frontiers of Northumberland for five years against the Scots, was dismissed, and Sir Henry Percy appointed in his stead, which circumstance created much animosity and hatred between the Percies and Nevilles. The barons and knights of Scotland, considering this a favourable opportunity, now that the English were quarrelling among themselves, determined upon an inroad into the country, in order to make some return for the many insults that had been offered to them. That their intention might not be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands; this feast the greater part of the barons attended, and it was then resolved that in the middle of August, in the year 1388, they should assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated amidst deep forests on the borders of Cumberland. When all things were arranged the barons separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king; for they said among themselves that he knew nothing about war. On the day appointed James, Earl of Douglas, first arrived at Jedworth, then came John, Earl of Moray, the Earl of March and Dunbar, William, Earl of Fife, John, Earl of Sutherland, Stephen, Earl of Menteith, William, Earl of Mar, Sir Archibald Douglas, Sir Robert Erskine, and very many other knights and squires of Scotland. There had not been for sixty years so numerous an assembly—they amounted to 1,200 spears, and 40,000 other men and archers. With the use of the bow the Scots are but little acquainted, but they sling their axes over their shoulders, and when in battle give very deadly blows with them. The lords were well pleased at meeting, and declared they would never return home without having made an inroad into England; and the more completely to combine their plans, they fixed another meeting to be held at a church in the forest of Jedworth, called Zedon.

Intelligence was carried to the Earl of Northumberland, to the Seneschal of York, and to Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, of the great feast which was to be kept at Aberdeen, and in order to learn what was done at it, these lords sent thither heralds and minstrels, at the same time making every preparation in case of an inroad; for they said if the Scots enter the country through Cumberland, by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland, and do them more damage than they can do to us, for theirs is an open country, which can be entered anywhere; but ours, on the contrary, contains well fortified towns and castles. In order to be more sure of the intentions of the Scots, they resolved to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to the meeting in the forest of Jedworth, of which the minstrels told them. The English squire journeyed without interruption until he came to the church of Yetholm, where the Scottish barons were assembled; he entered it as a servant following his master, and heard the greater part of their plans. When the meeting was near breaking up, he left the church on his return, and went to a tree thinking to find his horse, which he had tied there by the bridle, but it was gone, for a Scotsman (they are all thieves) had stolen him, and being fearful of making a noise about it, he set off on foot, though booted and spurred. He had not, however, gone more than two bow-shots from the church before he was noticed by two Scottish knights, who were conversing together.

The first who saw him said, "I have witnessed many wonderful things, but what I now see is equal to any; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet he makes no inquiry about it. On my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us; let us go after him and ascertain." The two knights soon overtook him, when they asked him where he was going, whence he came, and what he had done with his horse. As he contradicted himself in his answers, they laid hands on him, saying, that he must come before their captains. Upon which, they brought him back to the church of Yetholm, to the Earl of Douglas and the other lords, who examined him closely, for they knew him to be an Englishman, and assured him that if he did not truly answer all their questions, his head should be struck off, but if he did, no harm should happen to him. He obeyed, though very unwillingly, for the love of life prevailed; and the Scots barons learnt that he had been sent by the Earl of Northumberland to discover the number of their forces, and whither they were to march. He was then asked where the barons of Northumberland were? If they had any intention of making an excursion? Also what road they would take to Scotland, along the sea from Berwick to Dunbar, or by the mountains through the country of Menteith to Stirling. He replied, "Since you will force me to tell the truth, when I left Newcastle, there were not any signs of an excursion being made; but the barons are all ready to set out at a minute's warning, as soon as they shall hear that you have entered England. They will not oppose you, for they are not in number sufficient to meet so large a body as you are reported to be." "And what do they estimate our numbers," said Lord Moray. "They say, my lord," replied the squire, "that you have full 40,000 men and 1,200 spears, and by way of counteracting your career, should you march to Cumberland, they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith and Edinburgh; if you follow the other road they will then march to Carlisle, and enter your country by these mountains." The Scottish lords, on hearing this, were silent, but looked at each other. The English squire was delivered to the governor of the castle of Jedworth, with orders to guard him carefully. The barons were in high spirits at the intelligence they had received, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council as to their mode of proceeding, at which the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and others, said, "That to avoid any chance of failing in their attempt, they would advise the army to be divided, and two expeditions to be made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to march their forces. The largest division with the baggage should go to Carlisle in Cumberland, and the others, consisting of three or four hundred spears and 2,000 stout infantry and archers, all well mounted, should make for Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river, and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They will have committed great waste in England," they continued, "before our enemy can have any information of their being there; if we find they come in pursuit of us, which they certainly will, we will then unite, and fix on a proper place to offer them battle, as we all seem to have that desire, and to be anxious to gain honour; for it is time to repay them some of the mischief they have done to us." This plan was adopted, and Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Menteith, the Earl of Mar, the Earl of Stratherne, Sir Stephen Frazer, Sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland, were ordered to the command of the largest division that was to march to Carlisle. The Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray were appointed leaders of the 300 picked lances and 2,000 infantry, who were to advance to Newcastle-on-Tyne and invade Northumberland. When those two divisions separated, the lords took a very affectionate leave of each other, promising that if the English took the field against them, they would not fight till all were united. They then left the forest of Jedworth, one party marching to the right and the other to the left. The barons of Northumberland not finding the squire return, nor hearing anything of the Scots, began to suspect the accident which had happened; they therefore ordered every one to prepare and march at a moment's notice.

We will now follow the expedition under the Earl of Douglas and his companions, for they had more to do than the division that went to Carlisle. As soon as the Earls of Douglas, Moray, and March were separated from the main body, they determined to cross the Tyne, and enter the bishopric of Durham, and after they had despoiled and burnt that country as far as the city of Durham, to return by Newcastle, and quarter themselves there in spite of the English. This they executed, and riding at a good pace through by-roads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the Lord Percy, and crossed the Tyne without any opposition at the place they had fixed on, three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brancepeth, where they entered the rich country of Durham, and instantly began their war by burning towns, and slaying the inhabitants. Neither the Earl of Northumberland, nor the barons and knights of the country, had heard anything of the invasion; but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that Scots were abroad, which was now visible enough, from the smoke that was everywhere seen, the earl sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to Newcastle, while he himself remained at Alnwick and issued his orders.

In the meantime the Scots continued burning and destroying all before them. At the gates of Durham they skirmished, but made no long stay, setting out on their return as they had planned at the beginning of the expedition, and carrying away all the booty they could. Between Durham and Newcastle, which is about twelve English miles, the country is very rich, and there was not a town in all this district, unless well enclosed, that was not burnt.

All the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The Earl, as he bore away his prize, said, "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." "By God," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of." "You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the night-time; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord; here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack, they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. This, however, the Earl of Douglas overruled by saying, "In spite of Sir Henry Percy, who, the day before yesterday, declared he would take from me this pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack upon the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon." Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said, "Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much; if not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than 200 or 300 knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenceless state." This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percies, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number and disposition. "Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle. Thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than 3,000 men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out, "To horse! To horse! For by the faith I owe to my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scots' quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this, and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected at that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8,000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances and 2,000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook, at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters, they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong: shouting out, "Percy! Percy!" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly; for while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of the infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the meantime the night advanced; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which indeed was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them, and to continue the fight. The Scots, in the meantime, marched along the mountain-side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war-cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order and reinforced that part of the army.

The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on each side. The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting, "Douglas! Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them, by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy! Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honour to their knighthood and country under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defence they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honour to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides. There were also with the English two valiant knights from the country of Foix whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthes, the year after the battle had been fought. On my return from Foix, I met likewise, at Avignon, a knight and two squires of Scotland, of the party of Douglas. They knew me again, from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country; for in my youth I, the author of this history, travelled through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, Earl of Douglas, father of Earl James, of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles from Edinburgh. At that time Earl James was very young, though a promising youth; he had also a sister named Blanche. I had, therefore, my information from both parties, and they agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men-at-arms, and never spare each other when they meet in battle, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons last. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of the conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and act in such a courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them thanks. However, when engaged in war, there is no child's play between them, nor do they shrink from combat; and in the further details of this battle you will see as excellent deeds as were ever performed. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigour, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men-at-arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory; but the English, at the attack, were so much the stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-axe with both his hands; and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him, that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment, he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all; for though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas; for had they known it they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over, and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. As soon as the earl fell his head was cleaved with a battle-axe, a spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him without once supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field the Earl of March and Dunbar fought valiantly, and the English gave full employment to the Scots, who had followed the Earl of Douglas, and had engaged with the two Percies. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe: for there was not a man, knight, or squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befel Sir Ralph

Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas; having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner the knight asked him who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely power to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell." "I agree," said Sir Ralph; "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him, and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said, "My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased, and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one, at that moment, could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who at this time had changed his profession for that of a valiant man-at-arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-axe in hand, and by his exertion had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and in this combat was himself severely wounded. When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," he replied; "thanks to God there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout, 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe, whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice." The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders.

The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Those men who had remained behind, hearing the shout of Douglas so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed and many killed. The Scots by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where Earl Douglas lay dead; for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of Douglas, and the greater part of the Scottish knights and squires were now there. Among them were the Earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men. When all the Scots were thus collected, they renewed the battle with greater vigour than before. To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots; by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary, had rested themselves, which was of the greatest advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them beyond where the Earl of Douglas lay on the ground.

During the attack, Sir Henry Percy had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomery. They had fought hand to hand with much valour, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. The battle was severely fought on both sides; but such is the fickleness of fortune, that though the English were a more numerous body, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they, in the end, lost the field, and very many knights were made prisoners. Just as the defeat took place, and while the combat was continued in different parts, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and who was attached to the household of Lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. That and the preceding night he had been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me, that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland, that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally, that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I believe I never saw him, that his body and limbs were of strength befitting a valiant combatant; and that he performed such deeds, when engaged with the banner of the Earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots: however, he was slain while thus bravely fighting. Through admiration of his great courage they would willingly have made him a prisoner, and several knights proposed it to him; but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, much lamented by his own party. When he fell he was engaged with a cousin of the King of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning.

According to what I heard, the battle was very bloody from its commencement to the defeat; but when the Scots saw the English were discomfited and surrendering on all sides, they behaved courteously to them. The pursuit lasted a long time, and was extended to five English miles. Had the Scots been in sufficient numbers, none of the English would have escaped death or captivity; and if Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, with the division that had marched for Carlisle, had been there, they would have taken the Bishop of Durham and the town of Newcastle, as I shall explain to you.

The same evening that Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy had left Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham with the remainder of the forces of that district had arrived there and supped. While seated at table, he considered that he should not act very honourably if he remained in the town while his countrymen had taken the field. In consequence he rose up, ordered his horses to be saddled, and his trumpet to sound for his men to prepare: they amounted in all to 7,000, that is, 2,000 on horseback and 5,000 on foot. Although it was now night, they took the road towards Otterbourne, and they had not advanced a league from Newcastle when intelligence was brought that the English were engaged with the Scots. On this the bishop halted his men, and several more joined them, out of breath from the combat. On being asked how the affair went on, they replied, "Badly and unfortunately. We are defeated, and the Scots are close at our heels." The second intelligence being worse than the first, gave alarm to several, who broke from their ranks; and when, shortly after, crowds came to them flying, they were panic-struck, and so frightened with the bad news, that the Bishop of Durham could not keep 500 of his men together. Now, supposing a large body had come upon them, and followed them to the town, would not much mischief have ensued? Those acquainted with arms imagine the alarm would have been so great that the Scots would have forced their way into the place with them.

When the bishop saw his own men thus join the runaways in their flight, he demanded of Sir William de Lussy, Sir Thomas Clifford, and other knights of his company, what they were now to do? These knights either could not or would not advise him; so at length the bishop said, "Gentlemen, everything considered, there is no honour in foolhardiness, nor is it requisite that to one misfortune we should add another. Our men are defeated, and we cannot remedy it. We must, therefore, return this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow we will march and find our enemies." Upon this, they all marched back to Newcastle.

I must say something of Sir Matthew Redman, who had mounted his horse to escape from the battle, as he alone could not recover the day. On his departure, he was noticed by Sir James Lindsay, a valiant Scottish knight, who with his battle-axe hung at his neck, and his spear in hand, through courage and the hope of gain, mounted his horse to pursue him. When so close that he might have struck him with his lance, he cried out, "Sir Knight, turn about, it is disgraceful thus to fly; I am James Lindsay, and if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back." Sir Matthew made no reply, but spurred his horse harder than before. In this state did the chase last for three miles, when Sir Matthew's horse stumbling under him, he leaped off, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defence. The Scottish knight made a thrust at his breast with his lance; but Sir Matthew escaped the blow by writhing his body, the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James upon this dismounted, grasped his battle-axe, which was slung across his shoulder, and handled it after the Scottish manner, with one hand, most dexterously, attacking the knight with renewed courage. They fought for a long time, one with his battle-axe and the other with his sword, for there was no one to prevent them. At last, however, Sir James laid about him such heavy blows, that Sir Matthew was quite out of breath, and desiring to surrender, said, "Lindsay, I yield myself to you." "Indeed," replied the Scottish knight, "rescued or not?" "I consent," said Sir Matthew. "You will take good care of me?" "That I will," replied Sir James; and, upon this, Sir Matthew put his sword into the scabbard and said, "Now, what do you require, for I am your prisoner by fair conquest?" "What is it you wish me to do?" replied Sir James. "I should like," said Sir Matthew, "to return to Newcastle, and within fifteen days I will come to you in any part of Scotland you shall appoint." "I agree," said Sir James, "on your pledging yourself to be in Edinburgh within three weeks." And when this condition had been sworn to, each sought his horse, which was pasturing hard by, and rode away; Sir James to join his companions, and Sir Matthew to Newcastle.

Sir James, from the darkness of the night, mistook his road, and fell in with the Bishop of Durham, and about 500 English, whom he mistook for his own friends in pursuit of the enemy. When in the midst of them, those nearest asked who he was, and he replied, "I am Sir James Lindsay;" upon which the bishop, who was within hearing, pushed forward and said, "Lindsay, you are a prisoner." "And who are you?" said Lindsay. "I am the Bishop of Durham." Sir James then told the bishop that he had just captured Sir Matthew Redman, and ransomed him, and that he had returned to Newcastle under a promise to come to him in three weeks' time. Before day dawned after the battle the field was clear of combatants; the Scots had retired within the camp, and had sent scouts and parties of light horse towards Newcastle, and on the adjacent roads, to observe whether the English were collecting in any large bodies, that they might not be surprised a second time. This was wisely done—for when the Bishop of Durham was returned to Newcastle and had disarmed himself, he was very melancholy at the unfortunate news he had heard that his cousins the sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and all the knights who had followed them, were either taken or slain; he sent for all knights and squires at the time in Newcastle, and requested to know if they would suffer things to remain in their present state, since it was very disgraceful that they should return without ever seeing their enemies. They, therefore, held a council, and determined to arm themselves by sunrise, march horse and foot after the Scots to Otterbourne, and offer them battle. This resolution was published throughout the town, and the trumpet sounded at the hour appointed; upon which the whole army made themselves ready, and were drawn up before the bridge.

About sunrise they left Newcastle, through the gate leading to Berwick, and followed the road to Otterbourne; including horse and foot they amounted to 10,000 men. They had not advanced two leagues, when it was signified to the Scots that the Bishop of Durham had rallied his troop, and was on his march to give them battle. Sir Matthew on his return to Newcastle told the event of the battle, and of his being made prisoner by Sir James Lindsay, and to his surprise he learned from the bishop or some of his people that Sir James had in his turn been taken prisoner by the bishop. As soon, therefore, as the bishop had quitted Newcastle, Sir Matthew went to seek for Sir James, whom he found at his lodgings very sorrowful, and who said on seeing him, "I believe, Sir Matthew, there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for as I am now a prisoner, we may finish the matter here, if my master consent to it." To this Redman replied by inviting Sir James to dine with him, at the same time stating that they should soon agree about the ransom.

As soon as the barons and knights of Scotland heard of the Bishop of Durham's approach, they held a council, and resolved to abide the event where they were. Accordingly they made the best arrangements they could, and then ordered their minstrels to play merrily. The bishop and his men on approaching heard the noise, and were much frightened. The concert, after lasting a considerable time, ceased; and after a pause, when the Scots thought the English were within half a league, they recommenced it, continuing it as long as before, when it again ceased. The bishop, however, kept advancing with his men in battle array, until within two bow-shots of the enemy, when the Scots began to play louder than before, and for a much longer time, during which the bishop examined with surprise how well the Scots had chosen their encampment; and as it was deemed advisable not to risk an attack, he and his army returned to Newcastle. The Scots, perceiving that the English did not intend to offer them battle, made preparations for their own departure.

I was told that at the battle of Otterbourne, which was fought on the 19th day of August, 1388, there were taken or left dead on the field, on the side of the English, 1,040 men of all descriptions; in the pursuit 840, and more than 1,000 wounded. Of the Scots there were only about 100 slain, and 200 made prisoners. When everything had been arranged, and the dead bodies of the Earl of Douglas and Sir Simon Glendinning were enclosed within coffins and placed in cars, the Scots began their march, carrying with them Sir Henry Percy and upwards of forty English knights. They took the road to Melrose on the Tweed, and on their departure set fire to the huts. At Melrose, which is an abbey of black monks, situated on the borders of the two kingdoms, they halted, and gave directions to the friars for the burial of the Earl of Douglas, whose obsequies were very reverently performed on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone with the banner of Douglas suspended over it. Of the Earl of Douglas, God save his soul, there was no issue, nor do I know who succeeded to the estates; for when I was in Scotland, at his castle of Dalkeith, during the lifetime of Earl William, there were only two children, a boy and a girl. As soon as the Scots had finished the business which brought them to Melrose they departed each to his own country, and those who had prisoners carried them with them, or ransomed them before they left Melrose. It was told me, and I believe it, that the Scots gained 200,000 francs by the ransoms; and that never since the battle of Bannockburn, when the Bruce, Sir William Douglas, Sir Robert de Versy, and Sir Simon Frazer, pursued the English for three days, have they had so complete or so gainful a victory. When the news of it was brought to Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earls of Fife and Sutherland, before Carlisle, where they were with the larger division of the army, they were greatly rejoiced, though at the same time vexed that they had not been present. They held a council, and determined to retreat into Scotland, since their companions had already marched thither. We will now leave the English and Scots, and speak of other matters.

We left the King of France on his march to Gueldres; his army was very numerous, and well appointed, and the Duke Juliers and his subjects much dreaded their approach, for they knew they should be first attacked; the duke, therefore, sent ambassadors to the king, and at last came himself to him, endeavouring to make excuses for his son's conduct. The King of France on his coming received him graciously, and the duke had restored to him the territory of Vierson, for which he paid homage to the king, who quartered his army on a friendly footing in the duchy of Juliers, while the duke went in company with the Archbishop of Cologne to his son, and by remonstrances and negotiations, concluded a peace with him.

We must now return to the Duke of Lancaster, and speak of his negotiations with the King of Castille and the Duke of Berry respecting the marriage of his daughter. The King of Castille was desirous of having her for his son, as the means of peace with England; and the Duke of Berry wished her for himself, being very impatient to marry her. The Duke of Lancaster was wise and prudent; he saw that the most advantageous alliance for himself and his countess was Castille, for by it he should recover the inheritance of that country for his daughter; if he gave her to the Duke of Berry, and he should die before her, she would be poor in comparison with other ladies, for the duke had children by his first marriage, who would be entitled to all his landed property. The duchess likewise was more inclined to the connexion with Castille, and so the marriage was agreed upon. Proper contracts were drawn up, and sealed with covenants to prevent any danger of breaking off the match; and the duchess consented, when the whole should be concluded, to conduct her daughter to Castille.

The King of France, being now twenty-one years of age, had taken upon himself the government of his kingdom, and on hearing of the intended marriage he sent to the King of Castille, remonstrating with him not to enter into any alliance which might be prejudicial to him or to his kingdom. The Duke of Berry having been disappointed of marrying the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, was told that the Count de Boulogne had a beautiful daughter named Jane, who was not residing with her father and mother, but in the country of Béarn with his good friend and cousin the Count de Foix, at whose castle she had been for the space of nine years, and who had the wardship of all her property. The duke, therefore, sent to the count demanding this lady in marriage; however, though the count gave a handsome reception to the duke's messengers, he did not at once settle the business, for he was not a person to act hastily, and prudently thought that many questions would arise before the business could be concluded.

About this time the fleet under the command of the Earl of Arundel, which had been cruising on the coasts of Normandy, returned to England, and shortly after the Duchess of Lancaster made preparations for her journey into Castille, whither she was to carry her daughter to solemnize her marriage with the son of the king of that country. It was her intention when in Castille to visit the field of the battle of Monteil, where her father, Don Pedro, had lost his life, and make strict inquiries where his body had been buried, which when found was to be taken up, conveyed to the city of Seville, and magnificently interred there, in a manner becoming a king.

The party having set out from Bordeaux, and traversed the kingdom of Navarre, met King John of Castille at Burgos. And when the marriage had been duly solemnized, and all contracts signed, the duchess left her daughter with the king and her young husband, who was then but eight years old, and went to Monteil; on arriving at which place such search was made that she discovered where her father had been buried, and had his bones taken up, washed and embalmed, and carried in a coffin to Seville. The bones were then reverently buried in the cathedral with very solemn obsequies, which were attended by King John, his son, the young prince of Galicia, and the greater part of the prelates and barons of the realm.

The marriage of the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster with the Infant of Castille was no sooner concluded, than the Duke of Berry became more urgent in his negotiations with the Count de Foix, who at length acceded to his proposals, and sent to him his cousin of Boulogne, whom the duke married with the least possible delay. The marriage was very magnificent; the feastings and tournaments lasted for four days, and I, the writer of this book, was a partaker of them all.

After this a truce for three years was negotiated between the French and English and all their allies; and notwithstanding it was objected to on the part of the Scots, in consequence of their recent success against the English at the battle of Otterbourne, it was finally settled, through the means of commissioners of high rank on both sides, who held their conference at a place called Leulinghem, between Boulogne and Calais.

CHAPTER XX

Grand doings on the entrance of Queen Isabella into Paris—The King of France visits the Pope at Avignon—Three knights of France undertake to hold a field of arms at Calais against all foreign knights and squires for thirty days—Death of Pope Urban The tournament—Expedition against the town of Africa—Disturbances with the free companies—Amerigot Marcel and Perrot le Béarnois—Siege of La Roche de Vendais —Death of Amerigot Marcel—The Christian army lands on the shore of Africa—The dog of our lady—A challenge from the Saracens—The siege.

YOU who delight in this history must know, that on my leaving the castle of the noble Count Gaston de Foix, I returned through Auvergne and France in company with the gallant Lord de la Riviere, and Sir William de la Tremouille, who had conducted the Lady Jane of Boulogne to the Duke of Berry, in the town of Riom, where he married her. I then went to Paris, and met there the noble Lord de Coucy, one of my patrons, who had lately married a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine. From Paris I went to Valenciennes, and after staying there a fortnight set out to Holland to visit my gallant patron and lord the Count de Blois, whom I found at Schoenhoven. I then returned to France to learn the particulars of the conference which was being held at Leulinghem, between the English and French, and likewise to be present at the magnificent feasts which were to be given on the occasion of Queen Isabella's public entry into Paris, where as yet she had never been. It was on Sunday, the 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1399, that the queen entered Paris. In the afternoon of that day the noble ladies of France who were to accompany the queen assembled at St. Denis, with such of the nobility as were appointed to lead the litters of the queen and her attendants. The citizens of Paris, to the number of 1,200, were mounted on horseback, dressed in uniforms of green and crimson, and lined each side of the road. Queen Joan and her daughter the Duchess of Orleans entered the city first, about an hour after noon, in a covered litter, and passing through the great street of St. Denis, went to the palace, where the king was waiting for them.

The Queen of France, attended by the Duchess of Berry and many other noble ladies, began the procession in an open litter most richly ornamented. A crowd of nobles attended, and sergeants and others of the king's officers had full employment in making way for the procession, for there were such numbers assembled that it seemed as if all the world had come thither. At the gate of St. Denis was the representation of a starry firmament, and within it were children dressed as angels, whose singing and chanting was melodiously sweet. There was also an image of the Virgin holding in her arms a child, who at times amused himself with a windmill made of a large walnut. The upper part of this firmament was richly adorned with the arms of France and Bavaria, with a brilliant sun dispersing his rays through the heavens; and this sun was the king's device at the ensuing tournaments. The queen, after passing them, advanced slowly to the fountain in the street of St. Denis, which was decorated with fine blue cloth besprinkled over with golden flowers-de-luce; and instead of water, the fountain ran in great streams of Clairé, and excellent Piement. Around the fountain were young girls handsomely dressed, who sang most sweetly, and held in their hands cups of gold, offering drink to all who chose it. Below the monastery of the Trinity a scaffold had been erected in the streets, and on it a castle, with a representation of the battle with King Saladin performed by living actors, the Christians on one side and the Saracens on the other. The procession then passed on to the second gate of St. Denis, which was adorned as the first; and as the queen was going through the gate two angels descended and gently placed on her head a rich golden crown, ornamented with precious stones, at the same time singing sweetly the following verse:—

> Dame enclose entre fleurs de Lys,
> Reine êtes vous de Paris.
> De France, et de tout le païs,
> Nous en r' allons en paradis.

Opposite the chapel of St. James a scaffold had been erected, richly decorated with tapestry, and surrounded with curtains, within which were men who played finely on organs. The whole street of St. Denis was covered with a canopy or rich camlet and silk cloths. The queen and her ladies, conducted by the great lords, arrived at length at the gate of the Châtelet, where they stopped to see other splendid pageants that had been prepared. The queen and her attendants thence passed on to the bridge of Notre Dame, which was covered with a starry canopy of green and crimson, and the streets were all hung with tapestry as far as the church. It was now late in the evening, for the procession, ever since it had set out from St. Denis, had advanced but at a foot's pace. As the queen was passing down the street of Notre Dame, a man descended by means of a rope from the highest tower of Notre Dame church, having two lighted torches in his hands, and playing many tricks as he came down. The Bishop of Paris and his numerous clergy met the queen at the entrance of the church, and conducted her through the nave and choir to the great altar, where, on her knees, she made her prayers, and presented as her offering four cloths of gold, and the handsome crown which the angels had put on her head at the gate of Paris. The Lord John de la Riviere and Sir John le Mercier instantly brought one more rich with which they crowned her. When this was done she and her ladies left the church, and as it was late upwards of 500 lighted tapers attended the procession. In such array were they conducted to the palace, where the king, Queen Joan, and the Duchess of Orleans were waiting for them.

On the morrow, which was Monday, the king gave a grand dinner to a numerous company of ladies, and at the hour of high mass the Queen of France was conducted to the holy chapel, where she was anointed and sanctified in the usual manner. Sir William de Viare, Archbishop of Rouen, said mass. Shortly after mass the king, queen, and all the ladies entered the hall: and you must know that the great marble table which is in the hall was covered with oaken planks four inches thick, and the royal dinner placed thereon. Near the table, and against one of the pillars, was the king's buffet, magnificently decked out with gold and silver plate; and in the hall were plenty of attendants, sergeants-at-arms, ushers, archers, and minstrels, who played away to the best of their ability. The kings, prelates, and ladies, having washed, seated themselves at the tables, which were three in number: at the first, sat the King and Queen of France, and some few of the higher nobility; and at the other two, there were upwards of 500 ladies and damsels; but the crowd was so great that it was with difficulty they could be served with dinner, which indeed was plentiful and sumptuous. There were in the hall many curiously arranged devices: a castle to represent the city of Troy, with the palace of Ilion, from which were displayed the banners of the Trojans; also a pavilion on which were placed the banners of the Grecian kings, and which was moved as it were by invisible beings to the attack of Troy, assisted by a large ship capable of containing 100 men-at-arms; but the crowd was so great that this amusement could not last long. There were so many people on all sides that several were stifled by the heat, and the queen herself almost fainted. The queen left the palace about five o'clock, and, followed by her ladies, in litters or on horseback, proceeded to the residence of the king at the hotel de St. Pol. The king took boat at the palace, and was rowed to his hotel, where, in a large hall, he entertained the ladies at a banquet; the queen, however, remained in her chamber where she supped, and did not again appear that night. On Tuesday, many superb presents were made by the Parisians to the King and Queen of France, and the Duchess of Touraine. This day the king and queen dined in private, at their different hotels, for at three o'clock the tournament was to take place in the square of St. Catherine, where scaffolds had been erected for the accommodation of the queen and the ladies. The knights who took part in this tournament were thirty in number, including the king; and when the justs began they were carried on with great vigour, every one performing his part in honour of the ladies. The Duke of Ireland, who was then a resident at Paris, and invited by the king to the tournament, tilted well; also a German knight from beyond the Rhine, by name Sir Gervais di Mirande, gained great commendation. The number of knights made it difficult to give a full stroke, and the dust was so troublesome that it increased the difficulty. The Lord de Coucy shone with brilliancy. The tilts were continued without relaxation until night, when the ladies were conducted to their hotels. At the hotel de St. Pol was the most magnificent banquet ever heard of. Feasting and dancing lasted till sunrise, and the prize of the tournament was given, with the assent of the ladies and heralds, to the king as being the best tilter on the opponent side; while the prize for the holders of the lists was given to the Halze de Flandres, bastard brother to the Duchess of

Burgundy. On Wednesday the tilting was continued, and the banquet this evening was as grand as the preceding one. The prize was adjudged by the ladies and heralds to a squire from Hainault, as the most deserving of the opponents, and to a squire belonging to the Duke of Burgundy, as the best tenant of the field. On Thursday also the tournament was continued; and, this day, knights and squires tilted promiscuously, and many gallant justs were done, for every one took pains to excel. When night put an end to the combat there was a grand entertainment again for the ladies at the hotel de St. Pol. On Friday the king feasted the ladies and damsels at dinner, and afterwards very many returned to their homes, the king and queen thanking them very graciously for having come to the feast.

After this grand festival was over, the King of France, seeing that his kingdom was now at peace, and that there was a truce with England, had a great desire to visit the more distant parts of his government, particularly Languedoc. At the advice of his ministry, he also prepared to visit the pope and cardinals at Avignon. Before he set out upon his journey he yielded to the request of the Lord de Coucy, and gave orders that the Duke of Ireland should quit France about Michaelmas, 1399. The King of France set out from the Castle of Beauté, near Paris, where he left the queen, and took the road to Troyes, in Champagne, on his way to Burgundy. He was accompanied by his uncles, the Duke of Bourbon, the Duke of Touraine, the Lord de Coucy, and many other knights, and continued his journey until he arrived at Dijon, where he was received with every respect and affection by the Duchess of Burgundy, and all who had come hither to do him honour. Grand entertainments were given on the occasion, and the king remained eight days at Dijon, and then went to Villeneuve, near Avignon, where his palace had been prepared. From Villeneuve he proceeded to the palace of Pope Clement, who was waiting for him in full consistory, seated in his robes, on his papal chair. When the king came into his presence he bowed, and when near to him, the pope rose up and the king kissed him. The pope then seated himself, and made the king sit by him. When dinner was ready, the pope took his place at a table alone in much state, and the king was placed at another table below that of the pope, and alone also. The cardinals and dukes seated themselves according to their rank. The dinner was splendid, plentiful, and long continued: when over, the king retired to an apartment prepared for him in the palace. The pope and cardinals were much rejoiced at the visit of the King of France, as indeed they had good reason to be; for without his support they would have been in but small estimation. There were no kings in Christendom who paid the pope obedience, but such as were allied to France. The pope, on the joyful occasion of the king's visit, gave pardons to the clergy who were in his court, and plenary indulgences to all for one month to come. He likewise presented the king with the nominations to all his cathedrals and other churches, and in each church to reversions of two prebends, deferring all his former promises, that those now made to the king might have the precedency. He gave also reversions to the Dukes of Touraine, Berry, and Burgundy, and the Lord de Coucy; and was so courteous and liberal on this occasion that none left him discontented. The king remained with the pope about eight days; and, on leaving, he dismissed to their homes the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, to their great dissatisfaction; and then continued his journey to Languedoc. At Montpellier he resided upwards of twelve days; indeed he appeared to enjoy himself much at this place, and danced and carolled with the frisky ladies of Montpellier all night.

You know, or must have heard it mentioned, that the intercourse of young gentlemen with the fair sex encourages sentiments of honour and love of fame. I mention this, because there were with the King of France three gentlemen of great valour and enterprise, which they were probably induced by that intercourse to display in the manner I shall relate. The names of the three were Sir Boucicaut the younger, Sir Reginald de Roye, and the Lord de Saimpi. These knights were chamberlains to the king, and much esteemed by him; and being desirous of advancing themselves in the estimation of all present, and especially the ladies, they offered to hold a field of arms on the frontier of Calais in the course of the ensuing summer, against all foreign knights and squires, for the space of thirty days, and to tilt with blunt lances or others. The King of France was well pleased with the courageous challenge of his three knights, and declared his consent to it; moreover, he called them into his closet, and said, "Boucicaut, Reginald, and Saimpi, be attentive in this enterprise to guard your honour well, and that of our kingdom; let nothing be spared in the state you keep, for I will not fail to assist you as far as 10,000 francs." The king after this left Montpellier, following the road to Alipian, where he dined, and lay that night at St. Thibery.

On the morrow, after his morning draught, he set off and came to Beziers, where he was received most joyfully. He did not, however, remain long in this place, but made the best of his way to Toulouse, when, at the advice of his council, he summoned to him the Count de Foix, who had left Béarn, and fixed his residence in a town of Foix, called Mazeres, fourteen leagues from Toulouse. The Marshal of France and the Lord de la Riviere were appointed to acquaint the count with the king's request; and he at once consented to comply. "Tell the king," said he to the messengers, "that I will be with him in Toulouse in four days." The count accordingly made his preparations, and set forward to meet the king, attended by 200 knights and squires from Béarn; his two brothers, Sir Peter and Sir Arnold de Béarn, and his two bastard sons, whom he affectionately loved, also accompanied him. The count made his entry into Toulouse rather late in the evening, and remained all that night at the convent of the Friar Preachers, where he and his household were lodged. On the morrow he and his retinue passed through the streets of Toulouse to the castle where the king resided. The count entered the hall, whither the king had gone from his chamber to await his arrival, bare-headed, for indeed he never wore a cap; on seeing the king he bent his knee very low; he afterwards rose up and knelt a second time close to the king, who raised him with his hand, and embracing him, said, "Fair cousin of Foix, you are welcome, for your visit gives us great joy." "My lord," replied the count, "I thank you much for what you are pleased to say." A magnificent and sumptuous dinner was then provided; and after dinner, when the tables were removed, and grace said, the company amused themselves in various ways. Wine and spices were afterwards brought, and the comfit-box was presented solely to the king by the Count de Harcourt. Sir Gerard de la Pierre did the same to the Duke of Bourbon, and Sir Menaut de Noailles to the Count de Foix. When this was done it was about four o'clock in the afternoon; the count then took his leave and returned to his lodgings, much pleased with the reception and entertainment which the King of France had given him. Not many days after this, the Count de Foix, attended by his barons and knights, waited on the king at the castle, and paid him homage for his country of Foix.

About this period Pope Urban VI. died, at Rome, to the sorrow of the Romans, who loved him much. He was buried with great solemnity in the church of St. Peter; and when the ceremony was ended, the cardinals formed a conclave to elect another pope, and hastened the matter, that it might be done before any intelligence of the death of Urban could be carried to Avignon. Pope Clement and his cardinals did not hear of the death of Urban until the tenth day after it had happened; however, they immediately assembled at the palace, when many proposals were discussed, for they had great hopes that the schism of the Church would be concluded, and a union formed of the two parties. This subject was canvassed far and wide, and at the University at Paris it became the occasion of great disputes among the students, who neglected their usual studies, and employed themselves in disputing how the cardinals would act, whether they would elect a pope in the room of Urban, or acknowledge the Pope of Avignon. It was very soon reported, however, that the Roman cardinals had assembled in conclave, and elected to the papacy the Cardinal of Naples, a prudent and courageous clerk, who took the name of Boniface. The King of France and his lords were much annoyed at this, for it seemed as if the schism in the Church would now continue for a long time.

The time was now come for the three French knights, who had undertaken to maintain the lists against all comers at St. Inglevere, near Calais, to make good their engagement. This tournament had been proclaimed in many countries, especially in England, where it caused much surprise, and several valiant knights and squires undertook to attend. Sir John Holland, half-brother to the King of England, was the first to cross the sea; and with him were more than sixty knights and squires, who took up their quarters in Calais. On the 21st of May, as it had been proclaimed, the three knights were properly armed, and their horses ready saddled, according to the laws of the tournament; and on the same day, all those knights who were in Calais sallied forth, as spectators or tilters, and being arrived at the spot, drew up on one side. The place of the tournament was smooth and green with grass. Sir John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was the first who sent his squire to touch the war target of Sir Boucicaut, who instantly issued from his pavilion, completely armed, and having mounted his horse and grasped his spear, the two combatants took their distances. They eyed each other for some time, and then spurred their horses and met full gallop, with such force indeed that Sir Boucicaut pierced the shield of the Earl of Huntingdon, and the point of his lance slipped along his arm, but without wounding him. The two knights having passed, continued their gallop to the end of the list. This course was much praised. At the second course they hit each other slightly, but no harm was done; and their horses refused to complete the third. The Earl of Huntingdon, who was heated, and wished to continue the tilt, returned to his place, expecting that Sir Boucicaut would call for his lance; but he did not, and showed plainly that he did not wish to tilt more with the earl that day. Sir John, seeing this, sent his squire to touch the war target of the Lord de Saimpi. This knight, who was waiting for the combat, sallied out from his pavilion, and took his lance and shield. When the earl saw he was ready, he violently spurred his horse, as did the Lord de Saimpi. They crouched their lances, and pointed them at each other. At the onset their horses crossed, notwithstanding which they met, but by their crossing, which was blamed, the earl was unhelmed. He returned to his people, who soon rehelmed him; and, having resumed their lances, they met full gallop, and hit each other with such force in the middle of their shields that they would have been unhorsed had they not kept tight seats, by the pressure of their legs against the horses' sides. They went to their proper places when they refreshed themselves and took breath. Sir John, who had a great desire to shine in the tournament, had his helmet braced, and grasped his spear again, when the Lord de Saimpi, seeing him advance in a gallop, did not decline meeting; but, spurring his horse on instantly, they gave blows on their helmets, that were luckily of well-tempered steel, which made sparks of fire fly from them. At this course the Lord de Saimpi lost his helmet; but the knights continued their career, and returned to their places. The tilt was much praised, and both French and English said that the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Boucicaut, and the Lord de Saimpi had excellently well justed. The earl wished to break another lance in honour of his lady, but it was refused him. He then quitted the lists to make room for others, for he had run his six lances with such ability and courage as gained him praise from all sides. After this, various other combatants entered the lists, and the tilting was continued till evening, when the English returned to Calais, and the French to St. Inglevere.

On Tuesday after mass, and drinking a cup, all those who intended to tilt, and those who wished to see them, left Calais, and rode to the same place where the lists had been held the preceding day. That day and the next the tilting continued, until the tournament was at an end, by reason of no more tilters appearing on the part of the English. The English and French knights separated in a most friendly manner on the plain of St. Inglevere; the former took the road to Calais, where, however, they made no long stay, for on Saturday morning they went on board passage boats, and landed at Dover about mid-day.

From the time the English knights left Calais, I never heard that any others came from England to St. Inglevere to try their skill in arms. Three knights, however, remained there until the thirty days were fully accomplished, and then leisurely returned each to his own home. When they waited on the King of France, the Dukes of Touraine, and the other lords at Paris, they were most handsomely received; indeed, they were entitled to such a reception, for they had behaved themselves gallantly, and well supported the honour of the king, and of the realm of France.

I must not forget, nor indeed defer any longer to mention a grand and noble enterprise there was undertaken by some knights of France, England, and other countries, against the kingdom of Barbary, at the solicitation of the Genoese. The cause of this expedition was that the Africans had attacked the country of Genoa, plundered the islands belonging to it, and carried off many prisoners. Moreover, the Genoese, who were rich merchants, bore great hatred to the town of Africa, situated on the sea-shore of Barbary, because its corsairs frequently watched them by sea, and fell upon and plundered their ships. Reports of the intended invasion of Barbary soon spread far and wide, and many gallant men-at-arms prepared to take part in it; on being mustered by the marshal, these amounted in all to 1,400 knights and squires, who, on St. John Baptist day, in the year of grace 1390, embarked from Genoa on board ships and galleys, which had been properly equipped for the voyage. It was a beautiful sight to see the fleet with the emblazoned banners of the different lords glittering in the sun, and fluttering with the wind; to hear also the minstrels and other musicians, sounding their pipes, clarions, and trumpets. When all were embarked, they cast anchor and remained that night at the mouth of the harbour; but the servants and horses were left behind on the shore. A horse worth fifty francs was on the embarkation sold for ten, as many of the knights and squires were uncertain when they should return, if ever. They, therefore, on departing, made of their horses what money they could, which was little enough. At daybreak they weighed anchor, and rowed coastwise that and the succeeding night. The third day they made Porto-fino, where they lay that night, and at sunrise rowed to Porto-Venere, and again cast anchor. The ensuing morning they took to the deep, putting themselves under the protection of God and St. George.

When they had passed the Island of Elba they encountered a violent tempest, which drove them back into the Gulf of Lyons, a position always dangerous; they waited, therefore, the will of God: the storm lasted a day and a night, and dispersed the fleet. When the weather became calm and the sea tranquil, the pilots steered as directly as they could for the Island of Commeres, which is but thirty miles from the town of Africa, whither they were bent. But we must leave the Genoese expedition in Commeres for a while, to speak of events that happened in France, more particularly in Auvergne.

During the time of the assembling of this body of men-at-arms in France, for an expedition to extend the Christian faith, and gain renown, there were other men-at-arms wholly given up to plunder in Limousin, Auvergne, and Rouergue, who, in spite of the truce, were continually doing mischief to the countries which thought themselves in security. The King of France had caused the truce to be publicly notified to the captains of the freebooters, particularly to Perrot le Béarnois, governor of Chaluçet, Amerigot Marcel, and others, who were publicly named in the act, and were assured that if the truce were in the smallest degree infringed, those guilty of it should be corporally punished, without hope of mercy. Some of the captains, fearful of a disgraceful death, or of incurring the king's indignation, kept the peace very well; others did not, for which they paid severely, as you will hear in the continuation of this history.

You have before heard it related in these chronicles, indited and arranged by me, Sir John Froissart, treasurer and canon of Chimay, how peace had been agreed upon with many of the captains of castles in Auvergne and other places, by the mediation of John, Count d'Armagnac, and the Dauphin of Auvergne, to whom they had surrendered their castles for different sums of money; and that they had undertaken to accompany the count to Lombardy, or whithersoever he might lead them. Count d'Armagnac and the dauphin had laboured hard to gain over these captains, and the country had submitted to be heavily taxed in order to get rid of them: however, Amerigot Marcel and his garrison still continued to do much mischief, and could not be induced to join the count. Fond of plundering, he resolved to continue it, and having a desire to gain possession of a strong fort called La Roche de Vendais, he and his companions set out thither, and when they had gained the place fortified it, and made it as strong as they could. This done, they began to overrun the neighbouring country—to make prisoners and ransom them. They laid in stores of flesh, meal, wax, wine, salt, iron, steel, and other necessaries; for nothing came amiss to them that was not too hot or too heavy.

The inhabitants of the country were much astonished at this, for they thought themselves in perfect security on account of the truce; but these robbers seized whatever they pleased in their houses, or in the fields, calling themselves the Adventurers. Amerigot and his men became the terror of the whole neighbourhood. The countries of Auvergne and Limousin were in a continual state of alarm because of him, and the knights and squires with the townsmen of Clermont, Montferrant, and Riom, and the towns on the Allier, resolved to send notice of their situation to the King of France. When it was known to those companies who had been disbanded, and were now out of pay, that Amerigot Marcel was continuing the war, many of them came to offer him their services, and he had very soon more than he wished; none of them asked for pay, but solely to be retained by him, for they well knew that those under him would gain a sufficiency from the overplus of the plunder which he gave up to his men. Sometimes he made excursions in the upper parts of the district, and sometimes in an opposite direction; nothing was talked of in Auvergne and Limousin but the robbers of La Roche de Vendais, and greatly was the country frightened by them. The garrison of Chaluçet, under command of Perrot le Béarnois, steadily adhered to the truce, and were much angered when they learnt that Amerigot was thus harassing the country. The King of France and his council, on hearing the harm that Amerigot and his companions were doing, immediately turned their attention to the matter, and sent the Viscount de Meaux with a large body of men to oppose them. Amerigot was preparing to ravage the country between Clermont and Montferrant, when it was told him that the viscount was advancing, and this intelligence made him defer his intended excursion, for he foresaw that his fortress would be attacked. Tolerably near to La Roche de Vendais was another fort, called St. Soupery, under the government of Amerigot, where his wife resided, and whither he had sent the greater part of his wealth; he gave orders for the servants and horses to be received into the fort until better times. La Roche de Vendais was naturally strong, and the present garrison had fortified it by every means in their power; it was separated from the high mountains that surround it, and seated on an insulated rock, one side of which the garrison had so strongly fortified, that it could only be approached in front, and attacked by skirmishes. The force under command of the Viscount de Meaux advanced and laid siege to the place; it was about the middle of August, the weather was warm and pleasant, and all the knights were comfortably lodged under huts made of green boughs.

The siege of La Roche de Vendais lasted nine weeks, and during it there were constant skirmishes between the two parties, in which many were wounded. The garrison had much the advantage of the besiegers, and I will tell you how; they could sally out whenever they pleased, for it would have required at least 6,000 men to have completely surrounded this castle. When the siege first took place Amerigot felt that he was acting wrong; but to turn the matter as much to his advantage as he could, and if possible to preserve La Roche de Vendais, he determined to send one of his men to England with credential letters to the king and the Duke of Lancaster. Accordingly, with the advice of his uncle Guyot du Sel, who was with him in the fort, he instructed a well-educated varlet, and sent him off with three letters, one to the king, another to the Duke of Lancaster, and the third to the king's council. The man performed his journey satisfactorily, and was fortunate enough to find the king, his two uncles of Lancaster and York, with the council, at the palace of Westminster, considering the affairs of Northumberland, and what force they should send thither, for the Scots no way observed the truce. The messenger of Amerigot soon obtained a hearing, and having been well tutored, and not afraid of speaking, after delivering the letters, he explained so eloquently the reason of his coming, and the wishes of his master, that he was attentively listened to, and was at length told that the king would write to the Viscount de Meaux, and the Duke of Berry, in the manner Amerigot had desired. The Duke of Lancaster promised to do the same, and that the letter should be delivered by an English squire attached to him; that Derby the herald should cross the sea, and accompany them when they gave their letters, in order to aid their success, for he was well known to many lords in Auvergne, particularly to the Duke of Berry.

Amerigot was delighted on his messenger's return, and told him that he had done justice to his commission, for which he would reward him handsomely. The English squire and Derby set out at once for La Roche de Vendais, and, when arrived at the place where the besiegers lay, inquired for the quarters of the Viscount de Meaux, to whom they presented their letters. The viscount, after examining the seals, read the contents of the letters several times over; and then said to the squire and the herald, "My fair sirs, the intelligence you have brought demands full consideration; I will advise upon it, and you shall soon have my answer." The squire and herald then withdrew, and a council was moved, before which the viscount laid the letters he had received; the knights were much surprised how intelligence of the siege could have been carried to England for such letters to come from them, as the siege had not lasted one month. "I will tell you what I imagine," said the viscount, "this Amerigot is a cunning fellow, and the moment he perceived we intended to besiege him, he sent a person to England to request such letters might be written as these now before you, which I shall obey or not, as I please." Upon this the messengers were introduced again, and the viscount told them to take back word that he was a subject of the King of France, and had been ordered thither by him; "In consequence, my fair sirs," he continued, "I shall strictly obey the commands I have received, and loyally acquit myself of my duty; of course, then, I shall not move hence until I have possession of the fort and garrison, which now holds out against me and my companions."

The squire and herald then took their leave, by no means contented with the message they had received. "We have had ill-success," said the squire, "we must wait on the Duke of Berry." "Yes, he is lord of the whole country," said Derby, "and if he will order the viscount to decamp he must do so, for he dare not disobey him." They went accordingly to the duke, who when he received the letters read them twice over, and then gave such courteous answers that both were satisfied, for he said from his affection to his cousins he would do all in his power to comply with their request; he therefore exerted himself to have the siege of La Roche de Vendais raised, and wrote to the viscount to this effect, engaging that if Amerigot Marcel were left in quiet possession of his fort, he should not hereafter molest the country, and that he should make reparation to the King of France for having offended him. The viscount, on receiving this intimation, said to his companions, "Gentlemen, we shall never have peace, since the Duke of Berry supports Amerigot; the duke commands me to raise the siege the instant I have read his letter; but, by my faith, I will do no such thing."

I must now relate what happened to Amerigot, and to his fort. Amerigot had a quick imagination, and concluding from the continuance of the siege that the letters from the King of England and the Duke of Lancaster had failed, he thought of another expedition, which was to leave his castle, and ride night and day to the garrisons in Perigord, and other places, to seek succour from other pillagers, and entice them by fair speeches to enter Auvergne for the sake of plunder, and then to advance some morning or evening to La Roche de Vendais, and capture the knights and squires before it, which would bring them more than 100,000 francs for their ransoms, without counting smaller articles of pillage. He explained his whole plan to his uncle Guyot du Sel, and asked his opinion. Guyot replied that he very much approved of it. "Well, uncle," said Amerigot, "since you approve I will undertake it, only I must beg that during my absence you never sally out of the castle, nor open the barriers." "It shall be so," answered Guyot, "we will remain shut up here until we hear from you." Within three days after Amerigot left the castle attended only by a page, and without the besiegers being aware of his absence. The castle continued to be assaulted as usual, and on one occasion Guyot du Sel, forgetful of his promise to Amerigot, was induced to sally forth, when he was surprised by an ambuscade, and obliged to surrender the place. News of the loss of La Roche de Vendais was carried to Amerigot Marcel as he was raising troops to break up the siege, and on learning that it was occasioned by an imprudent sally of Guyot du Sel, he exclaimed, "Ah, the old traitor! by St. Marcel, if I had him here I would slay him; he has disgraced me and all my companions; this misfortune can never be recovered."

Amerigot Marcel was indeed sadly cast down; he knew not from whom to ask advice, nor whether to return to Auvergne or to go to Bordeaux, send for his wife, and have his fortune brought thither by little at a time. If he had followed this plan, he would have done well; but he acted otherwise, and, as the event will show, suffered for it. It is thus Fortune treats her favourites; when she has raised them to the highest pitch of her wheel, she suddenly plunges them in the dirt—witness Amerigot Marcel. The foolish fellow was worth, as was believed in Auvergne, more than 100,000 francs in money, which he lost in one day, together with his life. I, therefore, say, that Dame Fortune played him one of her tricks, which she has played to several before, and she will do the same to many after him. In his tribulation, Amerigot bethought himself of a cousin he had in Auvergne, a squire, by name Tournemine, to whom he resolved to apply and ask for advice. This he did, and attended only by one page entered the castle of his cousin, with whom he thought to meet with a good reception, but he was disappointed; for his cousin immediately arrested him, and shortly after he was conveyed to Paris, where his head was cut off, and his four quarters affixed over four different gates. Such was the sad end of Amerigot Marcel; I know not what become of his wife, or of his wealth. I have dwelt very long on his actions, that I might illustrate his life and death; for in such a history as this, both good and bad actions must be spoken of, that they may serve as an excitement or warning in times to come. Had Amerigot turned his mind to virtue he would have done much good, for he was an able man-at-arms, and of great courage; but having acted in a different manner, he came to a disgraceful death.

We will now return to the noble enterprise which the knights of France and other countries had undertaken against Africa, and continue our narrative from the place where we left off.

It was at the Island of Comino that the knights assembled after encountering the great storm in the Gulf of Lyons, to wait for those who had separated from the fleet, as that island was but thirty miles from Africa. They remained there nine days, and then re-embarked on board their galleys with a good will to meet their enemies, the Saracens. The sea was now calm and the weather fine; it was a pleasure to see the rowers force their vessels through its smooth surface, which seemed to delight in bearing these Christians to the shores of the infidels. Late in the evening the Christians saw the town of Africa; every one was rejoiced at the sight, and not without cause, as they had in part accomplished the object of their voyage. The Saracens, who observed them from the town, were astonished at the number of vessels which were coming to besiege them; however, they were not cast down, for they knew. the place was strong, well fortified, and plentifully stored with artillery and provisions. On first noticing the fleet, the Saracens, according to custom, sounded a number of bells in the towers to alarm the country. There were encamped, near the town, a large body of barbarians and infidels, whom the Kings of Tunis and Bugia had sent thither to defend the coast.

As I, John Froissart, the author of these chronicles, never was in Africa, I sought all the information I could from those knights and squires who had been on this expedition, and made several journeys to Calais, to learn the truth of all that had passed. The town of Africa was reported to me to be in the form of a bow, like Calais, extending its arms towards the sea; wonderfully strong, and surrounded with high walls at proper distances. The entrance of the harbour was defended by a tower larger than the rest, on which was placed a bricolle. When the Christians approached the harbour, the walls of the town seemed hung with cloths or tapestry similar in appearance to the coverlids of beds. They cast anchor about one league from the port, rejoicing that through God's pleasure they had so far succeeded as to have the town of Africa now before them. The Saracens this night held a council as to their future proceedings; when, by advice of an ancient lord, named Bellius, of great influence among them, it was determined to avoid all general engagements with the Christians, and remain quietly in their quarters while they landed and encamped.

The next morning the Christians entered the port of Africa, and took up their quarters. The Duke of Bourbon, as commander-in-chief, lodged in the centre of his army. The device of his banner, powdered over with flowers-de-luce, was a figure of the Virgin Mary in white, seated in the centre, and an escutcheon of Bourbon at her feet; and all the great lords who accompanied him were quartered on the right and left. When the Christians were encamped, it was necessary for them to be careful of the provisions they had brought, for they could not venture to forage in the country, nor even collect wood or boughs for huts; they, therefore, kept their provisions on board the vessels, and there were boats continually employed in bringing different articles for them as they were needed. Moreover, the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands, such as Sicily and others, exerted themselves to supply them with all they wanted.

You must know, that these infidels, the Saracens, had for a long time been menaced by the Genoese, and had made preparations accordingly. The better to resist them they assembled on the present occasion the most experienced warriors from the kingdoms of Bugia, Morocco, and Tunis. They took advantage of a large and thick wood in their rear, to avoid danger from ambuscades or skirmishers on that side. According to estimate, they amounted to about 30,000 archers, and 10,000 horse, and they received continually supplies of fresh provisions which were brought on the backs of camels.

The second day after the Christians had landed, the Saracens about dawn came to attack the camp; indeed, during the whole of this siege the Christians were never quiet: for every night and morning the camp was attacked by the enemy.

Among the Saracens was a young knight, by name Agadinquor Oliferne, excellently mounted on a beautiful courser, which he managed as he willed, and which, when he galloped, seemed to fly with him. From his gallantry, he showed he was a good man-at-arms; and when he rode abroad he had with him three javelins well feathered and pointed, which he dexterously flung according to the custom of his country. He was completely armed in black, and had a kind of white napkin wrapped round his head. His seat on horseback was graceful, and from the vigour and gallantry of his actions the Christians judged he was excited thereto by his affection to a young lady of the country. True it is, he most sincerely loved the daughter of the King of Tunis, who, according to the report of some Genoese merchants who had seen her, was very handsome. During the siege this knight performed some handsome feats of arms to testify his love.

The Saracens within the town of Africa were anxious to know on what pretence the Christians had come with so large an army to make war upon them; and they resolved to send a person who could speak Genoese to ascertain. The Christians told the messenger that they were come to revenge the injuries which the Saracens had done to their God and faith; and that to effect this, they would exert themselves to the utmost of their power. Shortly after this message, the Saracens determined in council to remain quiet for seven or eight days, and when the Christians should think themselves in perfect security to fall upon their camp like a deluge. This plan was adopted; and the ninth evening, a little before midnight, they secretly armed their men and marched silently in a compact body towards the Christian camp. They had proposed making a severe attack on the opposite quarter to the main guard; and they would no doubt have succeeded in this mischievous endeavour, if God had not watched over and preserved them by miracles.

As the Saracens were approaching they saw before them a company of ladies dressed in white, one of whom, their leader, was incomparably more beautiful than the rest, and bore in front a white flag, having a vermilion cross in the centre; and at this vision they were so greatly terrified that they lost all strength and inclination to proceed.

The Genoese crossbows, as I heard, had brought with them a dog from beyond sea, but whence no one could tell, nor did he belong to any person in particular. This dog had been very useful to them, for the Saracens never came to skirmish, but by his noise he awakened the army; in consequence of which, they called him "the dog of our Lady." This night the dog was not idle, but made a louder noise than usual; so that when the Saracens were approaching, the Christians were prepared to receive them.

By an exact account, the siege lasted sixty-one days, during which many were the skirmishes before the town and at the barriers. The Saracens, however, were well defended, for the flower of the infidel chivalry was in the town. Night and day the two parties studied how they could most effectually annoy each other. At length the Saracens resolved to send a challenge to the Christians, offering a combat, ten of their men against ten Christians. Most persons in the Christian army were loud in praise of this offer, except the Lord de Coucy, who said, "Hold your tongues, you youngsters; I see no advantage in this combat for many reasons: one is, that ten noble and distinguished gentlemen are about to fight with ten Saracens. How do we know whether the opponents are gentlemen; they may, if they choose, bring to the combat ten varlets or knaves, and if they are defeated, what is the gain?" But, notwithstanding this speech, the Lord de Coucy armed himself with the rest, and went in good array to meet the Saracens. The challenge was accepted, and at the time the whole army was ordered to be drawn up in proper order; so that if the Saracens had formed any bad designs, they might be prepared to meet them. The ten knights and squires appointed to engage were advanced on the plain waiting for their opponents, but they came not; for, when they saw the Christians so handsomely drawn out, they were afraid to approach, though they were thrice their numbers. This was the hottest day they felt; it was so entirely oppressive, that the most active among them were almost stifled in their armour, and yet they remained, expecting the ten Saracens; but in vain, for they never heard one word from them. The army was then ordered forward to attack the town; which it did, and gained by storm the first enclosure; but no one inhabited that part, and the Christians paid dear for an inconsiderable advantage: for the heat of the sun and its reflection on the sands added to the fatigue of fighting, which lasted until evening, caused the death of several valiant knights and squires. Thus was the siege of Africa continued. To say the truth, this was a very great enterprise, and those who engaged in it showed much courage and perseverance in continuing the siege in so unhealthy a climate, and after the great losses they had suffered, without assistance from any one. But we must now leave the affairs of Africa to speak of the handsome feasts which at this time were given in London.

CHAPTER XXI

Tournament at Smithfield—Return of the French from the siege of Africa—Death of Count d'Armagnac, also of Count Gaston of Foix—The Viscount de Chatelbon declared heir of Foix—Meeting of the lords of France and England at Amiens to negotiate a peace—The King of England waits the determination at Dover—Sir Peter de Craon attempts to murder the Constable of France—His wonderful escape—Sir Peter de Craon pursued in all directions—Secretly protected by the Duke of Brittany—The King of France declares war upon the duke—A strange encounter in the forest of Mans—The king becomes deranged in intellect—Is cured by Master William de Harseley.

THE King of England and his three uncles had received the fullest information of the splendid feasts and entertainments made for Queen Isabella's public entry into Paris; and in imitation of it, they ordered grand tournaments and feasts to be holden in the city of London, where sixty knights should be accompanied by sixty noble ladies richly ornamented and dressed. The sixty knights were to tilt for two days; that is to say, on the Sunday after Michaelmas day, and the Monday following, in the year of grace 1390. They were to set out at two o'clock in the afternoon from the Tower of London with their ladies, and parade through the streets, down Cheapside, to a large square called Smithfield. There they were to wait on the Sunday the arrival of any foreign knights who might be desirous of tilting; and this feast of the Sunday was called the challengers'.

The same ceremonies were to take place on the Monday, and the sixty knights to be prepared for tilting courteously, with blunted lances, against all comers. The prize for the best knight of the opponents was a rich crown of gold, that for the tenants of the lists a very rich golden clasp. They were to be given to the most gallant tilter, according to the judgment of the ladies who should be present with the Queen of England, and the great barons, as spectators. On Tuesday the tournaments were to be continued by squires against others of the same rank who wished to oppose them. The prize for the opponents was a courser saddled and bridled, and for the tenants of the lists a falcon. Accordingly when Sunday came, about three o'clock, there paraded from the Tower of London, which is situated in the square of St. Catherine, on the banks of the Thames, sixty barbed coursers ornamented for the tournament, and on each was mounted a squire of honour. Then came sixty ladies of rank mounted on palfreys most elegantly and richly dressed, following each other, every one leading a knight with a silver chain, completely armed for tilting; and in this procession they moved on through the streets of London, attended by numbers of minstrels and trumpets, to Smithfield. The Queen of England and her ladies and damsels had already arrived, also the king. When the ladies who led the knights reached the square, the servants were ready to assist them to dismount from the palfreys, and conduct them to the apartments prepared for them. The knights remained until the squires of honour had dismounted and brought them their coursers, which having mounted, they had their helmets laced on, and prepared themselves in all points for the tilt. When the tournament began everyone exerted himself to the utmost, many were unhorsed, and many more lost their helmets. The justing continued, with great courage and perseverance, until night put an end to it. The company then retired, and when supper-time was come the lords and ladies attended. The prize for the opponents at the tournament was adjudged, by the ladies, lords, and heralds, to the Count d'Ostrevant, who far eclipsed all who had tilted that day; that for the tenants was given to a gallant knight of England called Sir Hugh Spencer.

On the morrow, Tuesday, the tournament was renewed by the squires, who tilted until night in the presence of the king, queen, and all the nobles. The supper was as before at the bishop's palace, and the dancing lasted until day-break. On Wednesday the tournament was continued by all knights and squires indiscriminately. The remainder of the week was spent in feasting, and the king conferred the Order of the Garter on Count d'Ostrevant—a circumstance at which the King of France and many of his people were much annoyed.

To return to the siege of Africa. You have before heard what pains the Christians took to conquer the town of Africa. The siege still continued, although after the before-mentioned loss on the part of the Christians, little advantage was gained, and the men-at-arms were greatly discouraged, in consequence of which many began to murmur. Moreover there was a rumour current in the Christian camp that the Genoese were treating with the Saracens to betray and to deliver up to them the remainder of the army. So that, after remaining sixty days before the town of Africa, they broke up the siege and set sail from that country in sight of the Saracens. When the Christian fleet sailed from Africa all crossed the sea, but did not disembark at the same port. Part met with heavy tempests, which put them in great danger. Most, however, returned to Genoa. In France religious processions were being made for their safety, for they knew not what was become of them, having had no intelligence since their departure. The ladies of Coucy, Sully, and the Dauphiness of Auvergne were in the greatest anxiety for their lords, and much rejoiced at seeing them. The king also was well pleased at their return, and after asking them many questions said, "If we manage to restore union to the church, and establish a firm peace between us and England, we should very much like to lead a great army to Barbary to exalt the Christian faith, confound the infidels, and acquit the souls of our predecessors, King Philip of happy memory, and King John our grandfather; for both of them put on the vermilion cross to pass the sea for the Holy Land; and they would have done so if violent wars had not nearly overturned their kingdom. Now, if we can restore peace to the church, and lengthen our truce with England, we are resolved to undertake this expedition."

About two years after the marriage of the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster to Don Henry, Prince of Galicia, King John of Castille departed this life and was buried in the city of Burgos. On this event the great barons and prelates of the realm assembled and declared their intention of having for their king the young Prince of Galicia. This was done, and the prince was crowned in the ninth year of his age; his queen being six years older. Thus the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, by the Lady Constance, became Queen of Castille, and of all the possessions of Don Pedro, Don Henry, and Don John, excepting those parts which had been assigned to the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster for their joint lives.

About this time the Count d'Armagnac, who had gone on his expedition into Lombardy, died; his body was embalmed, put into a coffin, and afterwards buried in the cathedral church of Rodez; and not very long after him died likewise the noble and gallant Count de Foix. I will tell you how it happened. Of all the pleasures of the world the count took most delight in the chase, and was always well provided with hounds of all sorts, having never less than 1,600. At this season he was hunting in the forest of Sauveterre, on the road to Pampeluna, in Navarre, not far distant from Orthes." The day he died he had, in the forenoon, been hunting a bear, and it was late in the evening when he was taken and cut up. His attendants asked where he would dine. "At the inn in Rion," he said, "and in the cool of the evening we will ride to Orthes." His orders were obeyed. The count and his companions rode at a foot's pace to the village of Rion, and dismounted at the inn. The count went to his chamber, which he found ready strewed with rushes and green leaves; the walls were hung with boughs newly cut, for perfume and coolness, as the weather was marvellously hot. When seated, the count conversed with Sir Espaign du Lyon on the dogs that had hunted best; during which conversation his bastard son, Sir Evan, and Sir Peter Cabestan, entered the apartment, as the table had been there spread. He called for water to wash, and two squires advanced, Raymonet de Lasne and Raymonet de Copane. Ernaudon d'Espaign took the silver bason, and another knight, called Sir Thibaut, the napkin. The count rose from his seat and stretched out his hands to wash; but no sooner had his fingers touched the cold water, than he changed colour from an oppression at his heart, and his legs failing him, fell back on his seat, exclaiming, "I am a dead man! Lord God have mercy on me!" He never spoke after this, though he did not die immediately. The knights present and his son were much terrified; they carried him gently in their arms to another chamber, and laid him on a bed, covering him well, for they thought he was only chilled. The two squires who had brought the water in the bason, to free themselves of the charge of having poisoned him, said, "There is the water. We have already drunk of it, and will now in your presence;" which they did to the satisfaction of all. They then put into his mouth bread, water, and spices, with other comforting things, but to no purpose, for in less than half-an-hour he was dead. God out of his grace was merciful to him.

The knights seeing Evan lamenting and wringing his hands, said to him, "Evan, the business is over. You have lost your lord and father. We know that he loved you in preference to all others. Take care of yourself. Mount your horse; ride and gain possession of Orthes, and the treasures within it, before any one knows of our lord's death." Sir Evan made them a low reverence, and replied, "Gentlemen, I return you many thanks for the friendship you now show me, and I trust I shall not forget it; but tell me what are my lord's tokens, or I shall not gain admittance into the castle." "You say true," said the knights; "take them." The tokens were a small golden ring the count wore on his finger, and a little knife with which he sometimes cut his meat at table. These were the tokens the porter of the castle at Orthes was acquainted with, and had he not seen them he would never have opened the gate. Sir Evan left the inn at Rion with only two servants, and rode in haste to Orthes, where nothing was known of the count's death. He spoke to no one as he passed through the streets, and in coming to the castle the porter asked, "Where is my lord?" "At Rion," answered the knight, "and he has sent me to seek for some things that are in his chamber. Look, here are his tokens, his ring and knife." The porter knew them well, and at once admitted Evan, who having passed the gate said to the porter, "Thou art a dead man if thou obey me not." The porter, in alarm, asked the cause. "My lord and father is dead," said the knight, "and I wish to gain possession of his treasure before any one knows of it." Sir Evan knew well where his treasure was deposited; but he had three pair of strong doors to open, and with separate keys, before he could gain admittance, and these keys he could not find.

Now it happened, after he had left Rion, that the chaplain of the count, Sir Nicholas de l'Escalle, found a little steel key hanging to a piece of silk, which the count wore over his shirt, and recognized it to be the key of a small steel casket, in which the other keys were kept; and as it was in vain for Sir Evan to try to enter the treasury without this key, the chaplain hastened with it to the castle, where he found Sir Evan very melancholy, and not knowing what to do. While he was in this distress, and Sir Nicholas on the road to assist him, it was known at Orthes that the Count de Foix was dead. This was very afflicting news, for he was greatly beloved by all ranks. The whole town was in motion: some said, "We saw Sir Evan ride up the town towards the castle, he seemed much distressed; without doubt, what we have heard is true." As the men of Orthes were thus conversing, Sir Nicholas came up, to whom they said, "Sir Nicholas, how fares my lord? they tell us he is dead; is it true?" "No," replied the chaplain, "he is not dead, but most dangerously ill, and I am come to seek for something that may do him good." On saying which, he passed on to the castle. The townsmen, however, began to suspect that the count was dead, and resolved to keep watch at the castle, and send privately to Rion to ascertain the truth of the case. Sir Evan de Foix soon found what the townsmen were about, and that the death of the count was known; he said, therefore, to the chaplain, "Sir Nicholas, I have failed in my attempt; I must humble myself to these men, for force will be of no avail." Sir Evan then went to a tower near the gate, which had a window looking over the bridge to a square where the townsmen were assembled, and having opened the window, he said, "Good people of Orthes, I know well why you are thus assembled and sorrowful. You have good cause for it, and I entreat you most earnestly not to be displeased if I have hastened to take possession of this castle, for I mean nothing but what is just. I shall open the gates for your free admittance; I never thought of closing them against you." The chief among the townsmen answered Sir Evan, "You have well spoken, and we are satisfied. It is our intention that you keep this castle, and all that is within it. Should the Viscount de Chatelbon, your cousin, who is heir to the territory of Béarn, and the nearest relation to our late lord, claim anything belonging to this castle, we will strenuously defend you and your brother Sir Garcien in your rights."

This same day the body of the count was put into a coffin and brought to Orthes. It was borne with its face uncovered to the church of the Cordeliers, when it was openly embalmed and put into a leaden coffin, in which it was left until the day of its interment. It was handsomely watched, for there were burning continually around it, night and day, twenty-four large wax tapers, which were held by as many varlets.

The death of the count was now public in various places, and more were sorry than rejoiced at it. The King of France sent at once the Bishop of Noyon, and the Lord de la Riviere, into the country of Foix, to make arrangements for taking possession of that inheritance; and the Viscount de Chatelbon, on hearing the intelligence, instantly set out for Béarn, and arrived at Orthes.

Great were the numbers who attended the funeral of Gaston Count de Foix, the last of the name, on Monday, the 12th of October, in the year of our Lord 1391. In addition to barons and knights there were three bishops present. The church was splendidly illuminated, and during mass four knights displayed in front of the altar the emblazoned banners of Foix and Béarn. Every part of the obsequies was most honourably and magnificently performed according to the custom of the country; and when this was over, the body of the count was taken from the leaden coffin, enwrapped with a new and handsome waxed cloth, and buried in front of the grand altar in the choir of the church. Of him there is an end: God pardon his sins.

As soon as the funeral was over, the Viscount de Chatelbon sent commissioners to the French, to demand possession of the succession which had fallen to him by the death of the Count de Foix, and afterwards to the same purport to the King of France, his commissioners in both cases being Sir Roger d'Espaign, and Sir Espaign du Lyon. But we must just say a word respecting the King of France and the Duke of Brittany.

The great hatred which subsisted between the Duke of Brittany and Sir Oliver de Clisson, Constable of France, has been repeatedly mentioned in this history. The duke on account of this hatred was very backward in his duties to the crown of France, and when he could, absolutely refused to pay them. He knew he was acting wrong; but still he persisted in this conduct, sending secretly to England for men-at-arms and archers, whom he placed in his forts, giving out that he was expecting war to be made upon him, but his subjects could not guess from what quarter. The Duchess of Burgundy alone knew the real state of his affairs, and his intentions. These hatreds and jealousies kept daily increasing; and although the Duke of Brittany went to Paris, and paid his homage to the king, I will not pretend to say that it was done from the heart; for, on his return to Brittany, very little change was observed in his conduct. At length, however, it was resolved on the part of the French, that the Duke of Brittany should be invited to come to Tours, where the King of France should give him a meeting, attended only by the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy and one or two members of his council. A day was fixed for the meeting; and the duke, after keeping them waiting a fortnight, at last arrived, when negotiations began on both sides. Ambassadors also came from England, with a view to promote peace.

To return to the commissioners of Béarn and Foix. Sir Roger d'Espaign and Sir Espaign du Lyon acquitted themselves handsomely and satisfactorily in regard to the business of the Viscount de Chatelbon, and practised so successfully with the court of France, that he was declared heir and successor to the Count de Foix, by letters patent from the king. The substance of these letters, as I learned from creditable persons, being as follows: "We, Charles, by the grace of God, King of France, order and command our reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Noyon, and our Knight and Chamberlain the Lord de la Riviere, to allow the Viscount de Chatelbon, heir of Foix and Béarn, to have peaceable possession and enjoyment of the same, and of all dependencies thereto belonging, on condition that he first pay into your hands the sum of 60,000 francs. In addition, we expect payment of 20,000 francs for the expenses of your journey to and from the country of Foix on this occasion, saving and reserving that Sir Evan and Sir Garcien de Foix, bastard sons of the late Gaston Count de Foix, of happy memory, have a reasonable share of the movable property and inheritances of their deceased father, according to the discretion and advice of Sir Roger d'Espaign, the Viscount de Bruniquel, Sir Raymond de Châteauneuf, and the Lord de Corasse. And, should any demur arise, either on the part of the four knights to whom we have entrusted this business, or from obstinacy and rebellion on the part of the Viscount de Chatelbon, we annul and declare all treaties we have entered into void and of no effect. In testimony whereof, we have given these letters under our seal, in the city of Tours, this 15th day of December, in the twelfth year of our reign."

We will now return to the Duke of Brittany.

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The negotiations at Tours still continued; but the duke gave the king and his council a great deal of trouble, for he would not abate any of his pretensions, and things remained in this state upwards of three months, without any progress being made in the treaties. At length it was proposed, as a means of reconciliation, that a marriage should take place between the son of the Duke of Brittany and a daughter of the King of France; and, as John of Brittany had a son, a similar connexion should be formed with the daughter of the Duke of Brittany. These articles being agreed upon, this business was thus brought to a conclusion, and the duke restored to the friendship of the King of France and his uncles. However, the hatred between him and Sir Oliver de Clisson still continued.

We will now speak of Sir Roger d'Espaign and Sir Espaign du Lyon, and say how they prospered on their departure from Tours to Toulouse, where the Bishop of Noyon and the Lord de la Riviere were waiting for them. Their arrival at Toulouse gave great pleasure, for they had been long expected. They instantly waited on the French commissioners to show the papers which they had received from the king, and which fully explained the successful issue of their journey. The Bishop of Noyon and the Lord de la Riviere entertained them well, and showed they were much rejoiced that the succession, with all its dependencies, of the Count de Foix devolved on the Viscount de Chatelbon, according to the tenure and form whereby the Count Gaston had held them, and in the manner detailed in the written documents. After considering the business, they thought it advisable that Sir Roger d'Espaign and Sir Espaign du Lyon, who had taken so much pains about it, should wait on the viscount and the councils of Foix and Béarn, to inform them what had been agreed upon, that all things might be regularly managed to bring the whole to a happy conclusion. The knights consented to the proposal, and having refreshed themselves two days in Toulouse, set out for St. Gaudens. It happened that the viscount was just then at a beautiful castle at the entrance of Béarn called Pau, where they found him. He was happy to see them, and much more so when he learnt that the King of France desisted from taking possession of the country of Foix. I believe my readers as well as myself will think I have said enough respecting the affairs of Foix and Béarn. I will therefore leave them and enter on other matters, for it would take up too much time to pursue in detail everything that passed there, on the return of the two knights from France. To conclude, the Viscount de Chatelbon was acknowledged Count de Foix and Béarn, on the same terms on which the Count Gaston de Foix, of happy memory, had held them; and he received the homage of all his vassals. He satisfied his two cousins, Sir Evan and Sir Garcien, by the handsome allotment he gave them of the inheritances and movables of their father, and paid at once to the commissioners from France the mortgage that was on Foix. Before all these things were accomplished summer was far advanced, and the Bishop of Noyon remained at Toulouse with the Lord de la Riviere; for they would not depart till everything was completely settled to the honour and profit of the crown, according to the instructions they had received.

We will now speak of a grand assembly of the lords of France and England which was held in the city of Amiens, to treat for a final peace between the two countries at mid-lent, in the year of grace 1391. Great preparations were made for the arrival of the lords; and in particular those made for the king, his three uncles, and many of the great barons and prelates, were very sumptuous. Other lords were desirous to make a figure, for it was currently reported and believed that King Richard of England intended being there in person; however, he did not come. That he had the intention of being there was certain, for he came as far as Dover with his three uncles of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, meaning to cross the sea with them. Many councils were held at Dover to debate whether the king should proceed further or not, and all things having been considered, it was decided that he should remain in the castle at Dover, and the Duke of Gloucester with him; the Dukes of Lancaster and York, the Earls of Huntingdon and Derby, Sir Thomas Percy, the Bishops of London and Durham, and others of the king's council prepared to cross the Channel; and when the day approached for the meeting at Amiens, these lords set out from Calais together, more than 200 in number. The King of France had given orders that during the time the conference should last all the expenses of the

English in coming to and returning from Amiens to Calais, should be defrayed by his treasury. In company with the Dukes of York and Lancaster was their niece, daughter of their sister and the Lord de Coucy; she was styled Duchess of Ireland, having been married to the duke so called.

It had been ordered by the king and council of France, that the English lords who were coming to Amiens to arrange a solid peace should be received with the greatest honours, and that the four dukes then at Amiens, viz. the Dukes of Touraine, Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, should ride out of the town to meet and bid them welcome, which they accordingly did. At the entrance of the city the honours paid to the English were increased, for the Duke of Lancaster rode between the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, and when their horses moved it was but a foot's pace; in this manner they continued to the palace of the bishop, where the king and the Duke of Touraine were. Having dismounted they ascended the steps, and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, taking the English dukes by the hands, led them towards the king, the other lords following. When in the king's presence the three dukes who supported the uncles of the King of England, and the other French lords, cast themselves on their knees; but the two English dukes remained as they were, only gently inclining their heads in honour of the king, who instantly advanced, took them by the hand, and entered into a friendly conversation with them. It had been strictly forbidden by the king and council that any outrages whatever should be committed during the holding of these conferences, under pain of death, or any quarrelling or riot with the English during their stay in the city of Amiens. All knights and squires were commanded by the king, under pain of incurring his indignation, not to talk of or propose any deeds of arms to any knight or squire from England, but to treat them with the utmost civility and attention when they should meet in the fields, the palace, or in church—that no pages nor varlets of any French lord should cause riot or quarrels in the inns under pain of losing their heads, and that whatever the English knights or squires might ask for should immediately be given them—that no innkeeper should demand payment for meat or drink, or other common necessaries; it was also forbidden any knight or squire of France to be out at night without a torch, but the English might do so if they pleased; and if any Englishman were found on the roads, or in any other place, having lost his way, he should be courteously conducted to where he lodged. Four guards of 1,000 men each were stationed at the four squares of Amiens, and should there be a fire during the night, these guards were not to move on any account from their posts; but when the fire-bell rang, those appointed to that duty were to hasten to extinguish the flames.

It was likewise ordered that no knight or squire should advance from his place to speak with the king unless called, or spoken to by his majesty; and that during the time the English barons were in the king's presence no knights or squires should converse together, nor address the English. It was commanded under heavy penalties that no innkeeper or others steal or put aside out of avarice any of the bows or arrows of the English; but if, out of courtesy, the English thought proper to give any to them, they might accept such presents.

You must know that these orders and regulations were formed with great deliberation, to do the more honour to the English who were come to negotiate a peace, and proclaimed several times that they might be strictly attended to. Every day conferences were held with the English lords, with scarcely any intermission during a fortnight. They stayed at Amiens however without coming to any conclusion, for the difference in their demands was so great. The French would have Calais razed to the ground, so that it never again should be habitable; but the English would not listen to this, for the commons of England loved Calais more than any town in the world; saying that as long as they are masters of Calais, they carry the keys of France at their girdle. Still, however great were the differences of the lords of France and England on those matters, they nevertheless separated in good humour on both sides. The King of France entertained the English lords three times most magnificently at dinner in the episcopal palace; and the Dukes of Touraine, Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, the Lord de Coucy, and the Count de St. Pol, gave each a dinner to the English commissioners. Indeed, whatever the English wanted was delivered to them free of cost by clerks who were appointed to take account of all things they had, and refer to the king's exchequer for payment. The conferences respecting a peace continued to be held at Amiens with great perseverance and attention on both sides; and it was indeed wonderful why the matter failed, for the Dukes of Burgundy and Lancaster were much in earnest to bring it to a happy conclusion, reserving always what was contained in their private instructions, which they dare not go beyond. The French perceiving the English were obstinate in their terms, in order to soften them, offered, if they would consent to raze Calais, the peaceable possession of what they held in Aquitaine, with nine bishoprics independent of all other jurisdictions, and payment of 1,400,000 francs within three years. To this the Duke of Lancaster and his council replied, "Be assured that my brother York and myself will use every diligence to bring this matter to a conclusion, according to your wishes, but we dare not mention to the English what you demand concerning Calais." The King of France, as well as his uncles, was tolerably well satisfied with this answer, and said that if when returned to England they could exert themselves to obtain peace, a trifle on their part should not prevent it, for the war had lasted too long, and caused numberless misfortunes to both countries. During the assembly the commissioners bethought themselves that as the truce between England and France would expire upon St. John Baptist's day, they might prolong it, for themselves and their allies, for one year without blame. With regard to the determination which might be given by parliament to their proposals, they desired to send two knights to England to bring back the final answer. I was told, and really believe it, from the appearance I observed, that the King of France was very desirous of peace; for there were reports current throughout France that Amurat had invaded with a powerful army of Turks the kingdom of Hungary. This intelligence had been brought by the elder Lord Boucicaut, Marshal of France, and Sir John de Carogne, who were lately returned from Greece, and parts of Turkey. The King of France, when younger, had an anxious wish to undertake an expedition against Amurat, and recover Armenia, which the Turks had seized from King Leon, who was then present at the conferences at Amiens; he had stated his grievances to the Dukes of Lancaster and York, who knew him well, for he had been to England to offer his mediation for peace between the two countries, when the King of France was encamped near Sluys.

The King of France, weighing the invasion of the Turks in his mind, and his former promises of support to the King of Armenia, spoke thus to the Duke of Lancaster when he took his leave: "Fair cousin, if peace shall be established between us and the King of England, we may undertake an expedition to Turkey, to assist the King of Armenia and the Emperor of Constantinople, whom Amurat presses very hard, and recover Armenia from the hands of the Turks. They tell us that Amurat is a man of great valour and enterprise, but of a sect contrary to our faith, which he daily oppresses; we ought, therefore, to unite against him, and I entreat, fair cousin, that you will consider of it, and do everything you can to promote this expedition when returned to England." The Duke of Lancaster promised to comply with this request, and to exert himself so strongly in the matter, that the effects would soon be apparent. The conferences at Amiens lasted fifteen days, and the lords of England were the first to separate, carrying with them the outlines of a treaty to lay before the King of England and his council. The Duchess of Ireland bade adieu to her father, the Lord de Coucy, and accompanied her uncles on their return. All the English on their road to and from Calais, and while at Amiens, needed not to have expended a farthing unless they chose it, for the king had ordered their whole expenses to be defrayed by his officers. In company with the Dukes of York and Lancaster, were the two French knights who were sent to England by orders from the King of France. They all crossed the Channel to Dover, where they found the king and the Duke of Gloucester waiting for them. A grand council was holden by the king and his lords on all that had passed at Amiens; the king was well pleased with what his uncles had done there, but the Duke of Gloucester, who was always against any treaty with France, declared that not any propositions for peace could be determined on till they were laid before the parliament, which ought instantly to be summoned, and whatever measure the three estates of the realm should resolve on, that ought to be adopted, and none other.

This proposal of the Duke of Gloucester was agreed to, indeed they dared not oppose him, for he was too much in favour with the commons of England. The French knights were therefore told that they must continue their journey to London, otherwise they could not obtain any answer; to this they willingly consented, and set out with the king and his lords, the greater part of whom went straight to London, but the king turned off at Dartford, and took the road to Eltham, where he had a handsome palace; he stayed there some little time with the queen, and then they came to Shene together, and thence to Windsor, where the knights received an answer; but before I say what that answer was, I must speak of the King of France.

After the conferences at Amiens, the King of France, unfortunately, but through his own imprudence, was seized with a burning fever, for which he was advised to change the air; he was, therefore, put into a litter, and carried to Beauvais, where he remained in the bishop's palace until cured. When perfectly recovered and able to ride, he went to Gisors, at the entrance of Normandy, for the pleasure of hunting; while there he received homage of Sir Bernard d'Armagnac, brother to the count, who lately died in Italy; and about Ascension day returned to Paris in perfect health, and fixed his residence at the hôtel de St. Pol, which had been prepared for him, the queen and the Duchess of Touraine having arrived there first. The French knights were all this time waiting for an answer in England; they had attended the feast of St. George at Windsor, where was a brilliant company of barons and the king's uncles. The lords who had been at Amiens consulted together on the promises they had made the King of France, as well in respect to an answer for the two knights, who were very pressing to have one; but after considering the matter they could come to no conclusion, and so the two knights were obliged to return home, having letters given to them fully explanatory of the delay, and being informed that if they or any others would return to England during the sitting of parliament, they should receive such answer as the three estates of the kingdom should think proper to give. The king ordered all their expenses to be paid, and had them conducted to Dover, where the bailiff provided a vessel for them and their horses. By short journeys they reached Paris, delivered their letters, which were read, but I believe no great reliance was placed upon them, and in a short time there were other affairs of greater consequence at home to attend to.

About this period Sir Peter de Craon, who some while ago had fallen under the displeasure of the King of France, held frequent conversations with the Duke of Brittany on what means they could employ to put to death Sir Oliver de Clisson, whom they both hated; indeed, the duke often expressed his regret that he had not taken away his life when in his castle of Ermine, adding, he would willingly give 100,000 francs if he could once more have him in his possession. When meditating alone on this subject, Sir Peter de Craon thought of an extraordinary expedient: he resolved, whatever might be the consequence, that he would himself assassinate the constable, or have it done under his own eyes, and not attend to anything until the deed was performed. He was by no means afraid of what John de Blois or the Viscount de Rohan, who had married the constable's two daughters, could do against him, for the house of Blois was much weakened at the time. Sir Peter, therefore, persevered in his design, urged on by that enemy who never sleeps, and who delights in the heart of the wicked man that is inclined towards him.

It is truly said, however, that a too great desire to accomplish an object clouds the understanding, and that vicious inclinations overrule virtue. Thus it happened to Sir Peter de Craon, whose eagerness to destroy the constable made him listen to the counsels of folly and madness. He had secured a safe retreat with the Duke of Brittany after the deed should be done, and the constable dead, without fear of any search being there made for him, for the duke had promised him an asylum; and should the King of France follow him with a powerful army to Brittany, in one night he might embark and sail for Bayonne, Bordeaux, or England, where he could not come after him. The English mortally hated Clisson from his great severity towards them from the time he had turned to the French. Sir Peter long brooded in silence over his intended deed. I do not know if he told it even to the Duke of Brittany. Some think he must, and others think not. I will not dwell upon surmises, but relate the facts; for I, the author of this history, was at Paris when this misfortune happened to Sir Oliver de Clisson, and ought, therefore, to be well informed from the inquiries I made respecting it. You must know that Sir Peter de Craon had a very handsome house near the churchyard of St. John, at Paris. This hotel was, in his absence from the city, placed under the care of a house-steward; and, during the last Lent season, he had sent thither varlets with orders to lay in a large store of wines, and all sorts of provisions. He had likewise written to the steward to purchase armour, such as coats of mail, gauntlets, steel helmets, and other things, sufficient for forty men; and to let him know when they were ready, that he might send for them, observing the greatest secrecy possible. The steward, thinking no harm, obeyed the orders; and Sir Peter, who resided in a handsome castle in Anjou, called Sablé, sent off there, at different times, four or more determined fellows in the most secret manner possible to his hotel at Paris. At length those bravos amounted to forty; among them were several who, had they known the business they were engaged in, would not have come; but Sir Peter took good care not to betray his secret.

About the feast of Whitsuntide he himself came to his hotel—not in state, but as privately as his men. On his arrival he commanded the porter to admit neither man nor woman into the hotel without his special orders; and all his people were confined within the walls of the hotel until the feast of the Holy Sacrament. You may suppose that Sir Peter had his spies fully employed in bringing him intelligence; but it was not until the eve of the feast that he found a fit opportunity to execute his scheme, which vexed him much. On the feast of the Holy Sacrament the King of France kept an open court at the hôtel de St. Pol, where he entertained all barons and lords who were in Paris. He was in high enjoyment, as was also the queen, and the Duchess of Touraine. To add to the amusement, after dinner lists were prepared within the courts of the hotel, and young knights and squires, ready armed and mounted, came thither and justed very gallantly. The prize for the best tilter was adjudged, by the queen and her ladies, to Sir William de Flandres Count de Namur. The king entertained at supper all who wished to partake of it; and, afterwards, dancing continued until one o'clock in the morning. When this was over, every one returned home without guard and without suspicion. Sir Oliver de Clisson was the last, and, after bidding adieu to the king and the Duke of Touraine, he left the hotel, and found his servants and horses waiting for him in the square. There were not more than eight or ten torches which were borne before him as he rode down the broad street of St. Catherine. Sir Peter de Craon's spies had so exerted themselves this day that he knew every particular respecting the constable—of his staying behind the rest of the company—the exact number of his horse and attendants. He had, in consequence, quitted his hotel with his men all mounted, and secretly armed; but there were not six among them who knew what his real intentions were. On advancing to the causeway, near the place of St. Catherine, he and his people lay hid there, waiting for the constable to pass.

The constable, having left the street of St. Pol, turned into the great square, advancing at a foot's pace, with a torch on each side to light him, and engaged in the following conversation with one of his squires:—"I am to have at dinner to-morrow my Lord of Touraine, the Lord de Coucy, and several more. Be sure and take care they have all things comfortable, and let nothing be spared." As he said these words, Sir Peter de Craon and his company advanced, and, without saying a word, fell on the constable's attendants and extinguished their torches. The constable thought at first that it was the Duke of Touraine who was playing him a trick, and cried out, "My lord, by my faith this is too bad; but I excuse it, you are so young, you make a joke of everything." At these words, Sir Peter de Craon, drawing his sword said—"Death! death! Clisson, you must die!" "Who art thou?" said Clisson. "I am Peter de Craon, thine enemy, whom thou hast so often angered, and now thou shalt pay for it." Then calling to his people, he said, "Advance, advance." He and his men then fell upon Sir Oliver, who was quite unarmed, except only a short cutlass not two feet long, which, however, he drew, and with it defended himself as long as he could. His servants being quite defenceless were soon dispersed. Some of Sir Peter's men asked if they were to murder all. "Yes," he replied, "all who put themselves in a posture of defence." Sir Peter's men fully intended to murder the constable, and their master wished nothing more than to see it done; but, as I heard from some of those who had been in this attack, the moment they learnt that the person they were assassinating was the Constable of France, their arms became nerveless through surprise, and fear made their blows weak. The constable defended himself tolerably well with his short cutlass; but his defence would have been of no avail if God's providence had not protected him. After some time, he was villanously struck on the back part of his head, which knocked him off his horse, and in his fall he hit against the hatch of a baker's door, who was already up attending to his business. Having heard the noise, and high words on the causeway, the baker had, fortunately for the constable, half-opened the hatch, and Sir Oliver, falling, burst it quite open, and rolled into the shop. Those on horseback could not, of course, follow him, as the entrance was neither wide enough nor high enough for them. It must be owned, for truth, that God showed great favour to the constable; for if he had not fallen exactly against the hatch, or if it had been closed, he would infallibly have lost his life, and have been trampled to death by the horses. Several imagined that the blow on his head, which unhorsed him, must have caused his death; and Sir Peter said, "Come, let us away, we have done enough; if he be not dead he can never recover from the last blow." Upon this they collected, and leaving the place at a good trot, passed the gate of St. Anthony and gained the fields.

Thus was Sir Oliver left for dead at the baker's, who was much frightened when he learned that it was the constable. Sir Oliver's attendants, who, as Sir Peter de Craon's men were only bent on killing their master, were little hurt, collected together as well as they could, and, dismounting before the baker's door, entered the shop, where they found their lord severely wounded on the head, and his face covered with blood. News of this was carried to the king, at the hôtel de St. Pol, just as he was getting into bed. In much alarm they said, "Ah, sire! we dare not conceal from you a shocking event that has just happened in Paris." "What event?" asked the king. "Your constable, Sir Oliver de Clisson, is murdered." "Murdered!" repeated the king. "How, and who has done it?" "Sire, that we know not; but this misfortune has befallen him hard by, in the great street of St. Catherine." "Come, light torches quickly, and I will go and see him," replied the king. The torches were soon ready and carried by varlets. The king threw only a cloak over him, and the men-at-arms and the ushers of the guard of the palace escorted him. Those who were gone to bed, on hearing what had passed, got up and followed the king, who on arriving at the baker's shop entered, but the chamberlains with the torches stayed without. The king found his constable nearly in the state he was represented to be, except that he was not dead, for his servants had stripped him to see if he had received many wounds. The first words the king said were, "Constable, how fares it with you?" "Dear sire," he replied, "but so so, and very weak." "And who has put you in this state?" "Peter de Craon and his accomplices have traitorously, and without the smallest suspicion, attacked me." "Constable," said the king, "nothing shall ever be more severely punished than this crime. Run quickly for doctors and surgeons." These had before been sent for, and they arrived from all quarters, particularly those attached to the king's person. The king, on seeing them, requested that they would attend Sir Oliver well; and then, addressing himself to the constable, he added, "Take care of yourself, and do not think of them or any other business. They shall pay for it as if it were done to myself." On this, the king took leave and returned to his palace, when he sent at once for the provost of Paris; and, as soon as he came, said to him, "Take with you a body of armed men and pursue that traitor, Peter de Craon, who has nearly murdered our constable." The provost replied, "Sire, I will do everything in my power; but what road do you suppose he has taken?"

At that time, the four principal gates of Paris were always open, night and day—a regulation which had been observed from the time the king returned from Flanders, after defeating the Flemings at the battle of Rosebecque;

and when the Parisians, showing symptoms of rebellion, had their mallets taken from them. In order the more easily to chastise the Parisians, Sir Oliver de Clisson had advised the chains to be taken from across the streets, and the gates off their hinges, which had been done; and the gates had been, for the last ten years, lying against the walls, so that any one might enter or go out of Paris at all hours.

Now, observe how the seasons repay. Sir Oliver de Clisson reaped what he had sown. Had the gates and chains remained, Sir Peter de Craon would not have dared to commit this outrage, for he could never have got out of Paris; but knowing he could set off at any hour, he was encouraged thus to disgrace himself. When he left the constable he concluded he would never recover; but it was not so, as you have heard, to his great mortification. Sir Peter quitted Paris by St. Anthony's gate about one o'clock in the morning, and, as some say, crossed the Seine at the bridge of Charenton, and continued his road to Chartres; but, according to others, after going out of Paris, he returned by the gate of St. Honoré, under Montmartre, and crossed the Seine at Ponçon. Whichever way he passed the river, he arrived at Chartres at eight o'clock in the morning, with some of the best mounted of his accomplices. On his way to Paris, he had ordered twenty horses to be in waiting for him at the house of a canon, who was a friend of his; but it had been better for him never to have known him, although the canon was ignorant of the crime he had committed. Sir Peter de Craon, on his arrival at Chartres, drank some wine, and changed horses, and then instantly departed, taking the road for Maine. He continued his journey until he came to his strong castle called Sablé, where he stopped and refreshed himself, and said he would go no further, but wait until he heard some intelligence of the constable.

On Friday, the day following the assassination, it was all the news of Paris, and every one blamed Sir Peter de Craon. The Lord de Coucy, as soon as he heard of it, mounted his horse and rode to the constable's hotel, and the Duke of Touraine accompanied the king on his next visit. The Duke of Berry, who was at Paris at the time, seemed to make light of what had passed. I, the author of this history, was informed that if he had pleased the accident would not have happened, for it was in his power to have prevented it. The provost of Paris, with upwards of sixty horse, issued out of the gate of St. Honoré, on the traces of Sir Peter de Craon. On arriving at Ponçon, to cross the Seine, he asked the bridge-keeper if any one had passed that morning, and the answer was, "Yes, my lord, a company of about twelve horsemen; but I did not see among them any knight or person whom I knew." "And what road did they take?" demanded the provost. "That leading to Vannes," said the bridge-master. "Ah," replied the provost, "it may be they who are making for Cherbourg." Upon this they quitted the road to Chartres, following that to Cherbourg, and thus lost all traces of them.

When they had proceeded along the road to Vannes till it was dinner-time, they met a knight of that country, hare-hunting; and making inquiry of him, he said that he had seen in the morning about fifteen horsemen riding over the fields, and he thought they were going to Chartres. The provost again changed his road, and arriving in the evening at Chartres, learnt that Sir Peter de Craon had been at the canon's house about eight o'clock in the morning, where he had disarmed himself and changed horses. He now found that any further pursuit would be vain, as Sir Peter had got so much before him; and he, therefore, returned to Paris on Saturday.

Sir John le Barrois, also, with sixty horse, had followed after Sir Peter de Craon, at the instigation of the king and the Duke of Touraine; but they were as unsuccessful as the provost.

On Saturday morning the officers of justice, who had been searching all the villages round Paris, discovered in a hamlet about seven leagues off two men-at-arms, squires to Sir Peter de Craon, and his page, who had stopped at this village from inability or unwillingness to proceed further. They were arrested, brought back to Paris, and executed on the following Monday; before execution, however, they were led to the place where the crime had been committed, and each had his hand cut off at the wrist. They were then beheaded in the market-place, and their bodies hung on a gibbet. On the Wednesday following, Sir Peter's house-steward was executed. The canon of Chartres, at whose house Sir Peter had stopped to refresh himself and change horses, was arrested and confined to the bishop's prison. Everything he possessed was confiscated, and himself condemned to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water. No excuses he could plead for his innocence in this matter were of the smallest avail, though he bore in Chartres the character of an honest and prudent man.

Sir Peter de Craon was sadly vexed when he heard for certain that the constable was not dead, and that he had not received any wound that in six weeks' time would prevent him from mounting his horse. He, therefore, considered that it would not be safe for him to remain where he was; so, giving the charge of his castle to some of his own people, he took the road to Brittany, where he arrived without stopping, and found the duke at Susmet. The duke, on receiving Sir Peter, said to him, "You are a poor creature who cannot slay a man when you have him in your power." "My lord," replied Sir Peter, "it was a damnable business. I believe all the devils in hell defended him, and preserved him from our blows. Upwards of sixty thrusts and cuts were made at him with swords and cutlasses, and when he was knocked off his horse he had the good fortune to fall against the hatch of a baker's shop, which was half open, and roll in." "Well," said the duke, "it cannot be otherwise at present. Keep quiet near me; I am convinced that things cannot remain long as they now are. The king and constable will wage a serious war against me; however, since I promised you protection, I will keep my word."

Some days after this, intelligence was brought to the King of France that the Duke of Brittany had received Sir Peter de Craon; and immediately, at the advice of his counsellors, he summoned the duke to deliver him up. The duke, however, sent back word, excusing himself from knowing anything of Sir Peter, and requesting to be considered to have nothing to do with the quarrel. This answer was deemed by no means satisfactory, and war was immediately declared against the Duke of Brittany. The handsome hotel which Sir Peter had near the churchyard of St. John's was ordered to be razed to the ground, and the spot was given as an addition to the churchyard.

Preparations for the war with Brittany were made with great vigour, and as soon as the constable was sufficiently recovered, the king and all who attended on the expedition advanced to Mans, where they remained three weeks; for, in consequence of the difference of opinion which was entertained upon this expedition, the king fell into a very feverish state, and was unfit to ride. His physicians told the Duke of Orleans and his uncles, that he was oppressed with too much business, and was not able to go through it—that rest and quiet were absolutely necessary; for that ever since he had left Amiens his health had not been so good as it was formerly. The king would not pay any attention to what the physicians said; he was so impatient to carry the war into Brittany, that he told his uncles he was always better when on horseback, and added, "Whoever advises me to the contrary will highly displease me, and show that he has not any love for me." Out of affection for his uncles, however, the king was prevailed upon to send four knights into Brittany, who remonstrated strongly with the duke upon the subject of Sir Peter de Craon's conduct; but the duke answered, prudently, that he would be most happy to arrest him, and give him up to the king, if he knew where he was; and added, "I do not feel that I am any way so blamable in this matter, that war should be declared against me; if it pleases God, I will never infringe the alliances that have been entered into between my lord the King of France and myself, as well in regard to the marriage of our children as respecting other matters." The king, upon the return of the French knights, expressed himself by no means satisfied, and declared, that since he had come so far, he would never return until he had humbled the Duke of Brittany.

There was at this time a report in Mans, and many other places in France, that the Lady Jolande de Bar, Queen of Arragon, had thrown into prison four persons at Barcelona, a knight, who was unknown to her and her people, and who, from his refusal to tell his name, was thought to be Sir Peter de Craon; and the queen wrote to the King of France an account of the arrest of this person. The king, however, was not inclined to put any credit in this intelligence, for nothing would alter his opinion that Sir Peter de Craon was in Brittany; and without further delay he set out on his expedition.

You must know, in order perhaps to account truly for what follows, that the king during his stay at Mans laboured hard and assiduously in the council, where he had but little assistance, and was besides not perfectly recovered in health. He had been the whole summer feeble in mind and body, scarcely eating or drinking anything, and almost daily attacked with fever, to which he was naturally inclined, and which was increased by any contradiction or fatigue. The insult offered to his constable affected him much, and his physicians and uncles noticed that at times his intellects were deranged; but they could not do anything with him, nor would he consent on any account to defer the expedition.

As the king was passing through the forest of Mans, a strange accident happened to him: a man, bareheaded, with naked feet, clothed in a jerkin of white-russet, rushed out from the trees, and boldly seized the reins of his horse, saying, "King, ride no further, but return; for thou art betrayed." The men-at-arms beat the man off, and he escaped; but his speech made such an impression on the king's mind, that his understanding was shaken. He and his army passed on, it might be about twelve o'clock when they were clear of the forest. The heat and dust were most oppressive. The king rode by himself, and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy kept on his left at no great distance; two of his pages also followed him. As they were riding, the pages, who were but children, grew negligent of themselves and their horses; and the one who bore the king's lance fell asleep, and let it fall on the casque of the page before him, which made both the lance and casque ring loudly. The king was startled and alarmed, for he had in his mind the words of the man whom he met in the forest of Mans, and fancied a host of his enemies were come to slay him. In this distraction of mind he drew his sword, for his senses were quite gone, and advancing on the pages, he gave blows, indifferent on whom they fell, bawling out, "Advance, advance on these traitors." He then made up to the Duke of Orleans, who was not far off, and the duke seeing him approach, and the state he was in, spurred his horse and made off, but the king followed him. All were in the greatest amazement, and knew not what to do; at last, when quite wearied out from fatigue, a Norman knight, called Sir William Martel, came behind the king and caught him in his arms, by which means he prevented further mischief. The other lords then came up and took his sword from him, and having undressed and cooled him as gently as they could, they laid him on a litter and carried him slowly to Mans. The whole army was then informed that there was an end to the expedition.

The evening the king was brought back to Mans his physicians were much occupied with him, and the princes of his blood in the utmost trouble. The whole French nation was dismayed and greatly concerned when it was publicly known that he laboured under a frenzy. Much was said against those who had advised this expedition into Brittany, and people declared that he had been betrayed by those who urged him on against the duke and Sir Peter de Craon. The king was carried to Creil, and put under the care of four knights and his physicians. The men-at-arms were disbanded and sent home, and it was strictly forbidden the queen's household and all others, under pain of being severely punished, to mention this misfortune to the queen, who was far gone with child.

At this time there was a learned physician in France, a friend of the Lord de Coucy, who had not his equal anywhere. His name was Master William de Harseley, and he had fixed his residence in the city of Laon. On first hearing of the king's disorder, and the cause of it, knowing as he thought the king's constitution, he said, "This disorder of the king proceeds from the alarm in the forest, and by inheriting too much of his mother's weak nerves."

The whole of the council and the principal barons and prelates of the realm assembled at Paris, to consult on the government of the kingdom during the king's illness; and whether the Duke of Orleans or his uncles, or all three, should have the regency. They were upwards of fifteen days before they could agree: at last it was thought advisable, from the youth of the Duke of Orleans, which made him unfit to bear so great a weight, that the two uncles of the king should govern the kingdom; but that the Duke of Burgundy should be the principal, and that the Duchess of Burgundy should remain with the queen, and be respected as second to her in rank. The Lord de Coucy was not unmindful of what Master William de Harseley had said; but spoke of him to the king's uncles, who had him sent for in order that he should try his skill to recover the king. Master William came as directed, and on arriving at Creil, where the king was, took lead over the other physicians, undertaking to make a cure. News of the King of France's illness was carried far and near, producing various sensations. The Duke of Brittany and Sir Peter de Craon were of course not much affected at it. Pope Boniface, also, and the cardinals at Rome, found reason to rejoice that such a calamity had befallen one who had so strenuously supported the anti-pope of Avignon.

In a church at Haspres, in Hainault, dependent on the abbey of St. Vast at Arras, lies the canonized body of St. Aquaire, in a rich silver shrine. The saint is celebrated for the cures he has performed on those afflicted with madness, and on that account is much visited from all parts. To pay due respect to the saint, there was made a figure of wax, resembling the king, which was sent thither with a large wax taper, and offered with much devotion at the shrine of the saint, that he might pray to God to alleviate this cruel affliction of the king. A similar offering was made to St. Hermier, in Rouais, who has the reputation of curing madness; and wherever there were saints supposed to have efficacy by their prayers to God in such disorders, thither were sent offerings from the king with much ceremony and devotion.

The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy continued at Paris; they had not as yet made any changes in the government, but they shortly intended doing so, in regard to many who were not in their good graces. Among others, Sir Oliver de Clisson got very rudely treated. He had come, one afternoon, to the hôtel d'Artois to remonstrate with the Duke of Burgundy, respecting the pay due to the knights and squires who had been engaged in the late expedition. On entering the duke's apartment, the constable took off his hood, and bowing said, "I am come, my lord, to know how to act respecting the payment of the knights and squires who were of the late expedition, for my office is perpetually besieged by them; and as you and my Lord of Berry at present govern the kingdom, have the goodness to inform me?" The Duke of Burgundy replied, angrily, "Clisson, Clisson, you need not trouble yourself about the state of France, for without your office it will be perfectly well governed; in an evil hour you have interfered with it. Quit my presence and leave my house,—let me never see you again; if it were not from regard to my own honour, I would have your other eye put out." At these words the duke went away, leaving the Lord de Clisson astonished. He quitted the apartment very melancholy, taking a private way to his own hotel, without saying a word, and when there formed various plans for his future conduct. He foresaw that very shortly public affairs would be badly managed. Suspecting, after what had passed, that the Duke of Burgundy would arrest him, he determined not to wait the event, but ordered his most confidential servant to pack up all he should want, and in the evening set off from Paris, attended by only two persons, and continued his journey to his castle of Montlhéry, seven leagues from the city, where he remained till he heard that he was pursued, when he retreated into Brittany, and entered another of his castles called Château-Josselin, which was well provided with all things. When the regents found that the constable had escaped, they resolved to proceed in a different manner. It was ordered, that he should be summoned by the court of parliament of Paris, to appear before it, and answer such charges as should be made against him, under pain of being dishonoured and banished from France. Commissioners were sent after him into Brittany to summon and arrest him. They went from town to town, demanding him, but without success; at length, being tired of the pursuit, they were obliged to return to Paris. Sir Oliver de Clisson was then publicly summoned in all legal form, allowing the usual interval between each summons, to prevent those attached to him saying, that hatred or malice had outstripped justice. After every adjournment was completed without any intelligence received from him, and after he had been summoned, first at the door of the chamber of parliament, then publicly at the gates and on the steps of the palace, with every usual solemnity, without any answer being returned, the most cruel sentence was passed by the court. He was banished the kingdom of France, for a false and wicked traitor to the crown, condemned to pay a fine of 100,000 marks of silver, and be deprived for ever of the office of Constable of France. The Duke of Orleans was invited to be present when this sentence was passed, but he excused himself.

The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy were there with a great many of the barons of France. This sentence made a great noise in France and elsewhere: some pitied him, and said, in secret, that he had been unjustly treated; others said, it was fortunate he had not been laid hold of and hanged, for he richly deserved it. In such a manner was Sir Oliver de Clisson accused, and the proverb says truly, "That those whom necessity forces to sell, have never a fair offer."

The king continued to reside at Creil, under the charge of Master William de Harseley, who was very attentive to him, and by little and little restored him to health. He first got rid of the fever and great heat he complained of, and then brought back to him his appetite, sleep, and recollections of things about him. Until he was strong enough to bear the removal for change of air, he allowed him to ride, hunt, and amuse himself with hawking.

On the news of the king's recovery, the whole kingdom of France was rejoiced, and most heartily and sincerely were thanksgivings offered up to God for having restored the king to his senses and memory. Master William de Harseley was in high spirits, and not without reason, for he had performed an astonishing cure. It was thought desirable to retain him in the king's service, but he excused himself, and so was permitted to depart, being presented with 1,000 crowns of gold, and an order for four horses on the post-master whenever he should please to come to court. I believe he never returned; but continued in the city of Laon, where he died very rich, being possessed of 30,000 francs.

CHAPTER XXII

Negotiations for peace continued—Marriage of a young squire and damsel of the royal household of France—Disastrous result of the masque at the hôtel de St. Pol on the occasion—Dukes of Berry and Burgundy govern France—The treatment of the constable—The appointment of Lord Philip d'Artois to that office—War between Sir Oliver de Clisson and the Duke of Brittany—The Duke of Lancaster advocates peace with France—Commissioners appointed, and conferences held on the subject—The French desire the restoration of Calais, which is most decidedly objected to by the English—In the opinion of Froissart no peace was concluded, only the truces prolonged for four years—Death of the Pope of Avignon—Schism continued—Expedition against Ireland—Duke of Lancaster appointed Lord of Aquitaine—Death of the Lady Anne, Queen of England—Sir John Froissart visits England—Presents a handsome "book of poesy" to King Richard—St. Patrick's Hole—Henry Castide, an English squire, relates the account to the Irish expedition—Marriage set on foot between King Richard and the daughter of the King of France.

To continue this noble and pleasant history, undertaken at the request of that very liberal and potent prince, my very dear lord and patron, Guy de Chastillon, Count de Blois, Lord of Avesnes, Chimay, Beaumont, Schoenhoven, and Turgow; I, John Froissart, priest and chaplain to my very dear lord before named, and at this time treasurer and canon of Chimay and Lille in Flanders, set myself to work at my forge to produce new and notable matter relative to the wars between France and England and their allies, as clearly appears from the various treaties which are of this date, and which excellent materials, through the grace of God, I shall work upon as long as I live; for the more I labour at it, the more it delights me; just as a gallant knight or squire-at-arms, who loves his profession, the longer he continues in it, so much the more delectable it appears.

You have had it before related that a truce had been agreed upon at Leulinghem between France and England for three years, and that ambassadors from France had accompanied the Dukes of York and Lancaster to London, to learn the intention of the king and parliament of England in regard to the advances which had been made at Amiens towards a solid peace between the two nations. These ambassadors had returned to France, for they were told nothing could be done in the matter till the meeting of the parliament, which was appointed to be holden at Westminster at Michaelmas. When it was known in England how grievously the King of France was afflicted, the business was much retarded; nevertheless the king and the Duke of Lancaster were desirous of peace, and if it had depended on them, the matter would have been at once concluded; as it was, after considerable discussion, it was determined that a truce should take place between the two countries, and their respective allies, by sea and land, to last from Michaelmas to St. John the Baptist's day, and one year longer.

Not long after this a marriage took place between a young squire of Vermandois and a damsel of the queen, both of the royal household; the court was much pleased at it, and the king resolved that the wedding feast should be kept at his expense. It was held at the hotel of St. Pol, and great crowds of nobility attended, among whom were the Dukes of Orleans, Berry, and Burgundy, with their duchesses. The wedding-day was passed in dancing and rejoicing; the king entertained the queen at supper in great state, and every one exerted himself to add to the gaiety, seeing how much delighted the king appeared. There was in the king's household a Norman squire, a near relative to the bridegroom, who thought of the following piece of pleasantry to amuse the king and the ladies. In the evening he provided six coats of linen covered with fine flax the colour of hair; in one of them he dressed the king, and the Count de Joigny, a young and gallant knight in another, Sir Charles de Poitiers had a third, Sir Evan de Foix the fourth, the son of the Lord de Nantouillet, a young knight, had the fifth, and Hugonin dressed himself in the sixth. When thus dressed they appeared like savages, for they were covered with hair from head to foot. This masquerade pleased the king greatly, and he expressed his pleasure to his squire; it was so secretly contrived that no one knew anything of the matter but the servants who attended them. Word was sent to the room where the ladies were, commanding in the king's name that all the torches should be placed on one side, and that no person come near six savage men who were about to enter; the torch-bearers, therefore, withdrew on one side, and no one approached the dancers so long as the savages stayed in the room. The apartment was now clear of all but ladies, damsels, and knights and squires, who were dancing with them. Soon after the Duke of Orleans entered, attended by four knights and six torches, ignorant of the orders that had been given, and of the entrance of the savages; he first looked at the dancing, and then took part himself, just as the King of France made his appearance with five others dressed like savages, and covered from head to foot with flax to represent hair; not one person in the company knew them, and they were all fastened together, while the king led them dancing. Every one was so occupied in examining them, that the orders about the torches were forgotten; the king, who was their leader, fortunately for him, advanced to show himself to the ladies, and passing by the queen, placed himself near the Duchess of Berry, who, though his aunt, was the youngest of the company. The duchess amused herself in talking with him, and as the king rose up, not wishing to discover himself, the duchess said, "You shall not escape thus; I will know your name." At this moment a most unfortunate accident befel the others, through the youthful gaiety of the Duke of Orleans, who, could he have foreseen the mischief he was about to cause, would not on any consideration have acted so. Being very inquisitive to find out who they were, while the five were dancing he took one of the torches from his servants, and holding it too near, set their dresses on fire. Flax, you know, is instantly in a blaze, and the pitch with which the cloth had been covered to fasten the flax added to the impossibility of extinguishing it. They were likewise chained together, and their cries were dreadful; some knights did their utmost to disengage them, but the fire was so strong that they burnt their hands very severely. One of the five, Nantouillet, broke the chain, and rushing into the buttery, flung himself into a large tub of water, which was there for washing dishes and plates; this saved him, or he would have been burnt to death like the rest, but he was, withal, very ill for some time. The queen was so much alarmed that she fainted, for she knew that the king was one of the six; the Duchess of Berry, however, saved the king by throwing the train of her robe over him. This terrible accident happened about twelve o'clock at night, in the ball-room of the hôtel de St. Pol, and it was a most melancholy spectacle—of the four that were on fire, two died on the spot; the other two, the bastard of Foix and the Count de Joigny, were carried to their hotels, and died two days afterwards in great agonies. This sad affair made a great disturbance in Paris, and the next morning the king and his attendants mounted their horses, and rode through Paris, from the hôtel de St. Pol to the church of Notre Dame, to appease the people. The accident by degrees was forgotten, and obsequies, prayers, and alms were made for the dead. Ah! Count Gaston de Foix, hadst thou been alive and heard the cruel death of this thy favourite son, I know not how thou wouldst have been consoled.

We will now return to the affairs of France. Notwithstanding the king's recovery, the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy still continued to govern as they pleased; the Lord de la Riviere and Sir John le Mercier were kept confined in the Bastile of St. Anthony, and it was current through Paris that they would be put to death; indeed, had the Duchess of Burgundy been listened to, they would have suffered a most disgraceful and public death, without hopes of mercy, for she hated them, because with Sir Oliver de Clisson they had advised the King of France to make the expedition into Brittany, to destroy her cousin the duke.

You heard just now that the constable was publicly summoned by the parliament of Paris, and that commissioners had been sent into Brittany after him, but to no purpose; the office, therefore, was declared vacant, and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, with their councils, who all hated him, and wished his ruin, determined to offer the appointment to the Lord de Coucy, who, however, excused himself, and positively refused to accept it, though he should be forced to leave France. Seeing him so determined, they were obliged to look elsewhere, and at length they invested the Lord Philip d'Artois, Count d'Eu, with the high distinction, in consideration of his marriage with the Lady Mary of Berry, widow of the Lord Lewis de Blois. Sir Oliver de Clisson was soon informed that the Count d'Eu was nominated Constable of France, and was to do the duty and receive the profits from the day of his appointment. To all this he was perfectly indifferent; he felt that his loyalty and honour were as firm as ever, and that he had never done anything against the king or crown of France, but that all these proceedings originated in the hatred and malice of the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy. This determined him to prosecute the war with prudence and vigour against the Duke of Brittany, and a severe and bloody struggle it was, for neither party, when they met, made a sham of fighting, but killed each other without mercy. The Lord de Clisson rode frequently from one of his castles to another, and being superior in numbers, had more ambuscades than the duke. None of the Breton chivalry would interfere by bearing arms on either side; but when the duke sent for them, they came to know what he wanted. He demanded from them aid and advice to correct his vassal Sir Oliver de Clisson, who had greatly misbehaved himself towards him. The barons of Brittany, such as the Viscount de Rohan, the Lord de Dinant, Sir Hermen de Lyon, and many more, excused themselves by saying, that they were uninterested in the quarrel, and therefore would not bear arms against the Lord de Clisson, but that they would heartily labour to mediate between him and the duke, if they knew how, or saw any probability of establishing peace between them. The duke, seeing he could not prevail on them to join him, and that in this warfare he was losing more men than the Lord de Clisson, consented to send the above-named barons to treat with him, and bring him under safe passport to Vannes, that they might confer together. For the sake of doing good the knights willingly undertook the mission, and set out in search of Sir Oliver, whom, I believe, they found at Château-Josselin. They told him the message they were charged with, and urged him strongly to accept of peace. "Sir Oliver," they said, "we are thus pressing, in the hope that you will be pleased to wait upon our lord, and for your safety and secure return we pledge ourselves to remain in your castle of Josselin, without ever stirring beyond the gates." To this Sir Oliver replied, "My good sirs, what advantage can my death be to you? do you think I know not the Duke of Brittany? The moment I shall be in his presence he will have me put to death in spite of his promises to you; and if I am killed your fate of course will be the same, as my people will of course retaliate on you." "Fair cousin," replied Sir Charles de Dinant, "you may say as you please; but the duke has the strongest desire to accommodate all matters of dispute; we therefore beg of you to consent." Sir Oliver answered, "I believe firmly that you wish me every good, but not on these terms; I will accept no other pledge for my safety than his only son, who is betrothed to a Princess of France; let him send him hither, to remain under the guard of my men in Château-Josselin until I return, and I will set out at once to wait on him." When the barons saw he was determined, they took their leave, and returned to Vannes to relate to the duke what Sir Oliver had said. In regard to sending his son, the duke absolutely refused, and the war continued on the same footing as before, so that no merchants or others dared to travel the country. All commerce was at a stand in Brittany, which was severely felt in the cities and large towns; even the labourers and all husbandry were in a state of idleness.

You have before heard of the conferences that were held at Amiens, respecting a peace between France and England, and on what terms the Duke of Lancaster had gone back. The English, notwithstanding all that was urged in its favour, were unwilling to consent to a peace; because the majority of the commons were desirous of war, and two-thirds of the young knights and squires knew not how to employ themselves, and looked to war as their means of support. However, they were forced to submit to the opinions of the king, his uncles, and the more intelligent part of the nation. The Duke of Lancaster, considering the matter as well in regard to the welfare of his two daughters, the Queens of Castille and Portugal, as in respect to his nephew the King of England, who was greatly inclined to peace, took much pains to bring it about; because he thought it would, likewise, be for the honour and advantage of England.

On the part of France, the Duke of Burgundy greatly exerted himself, for he found the whole weight of the government rested on him, since his nephews, the king and the Duke of Orleans, were weak in body and mind. The duke was a long-sighted politician, as I was told by those who ought to know; and he and the Duke of Lancaster effected that the conferences should be renewed at Leulinghen, and that the commissioners should have full power to conclude a peace. The conferences were to be holden in the ensuing month of May, 1393. It had been thus agreed to by both parties, and commissioners were appointed by each king. On the part of the King of England, were his two uncles the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester; the last of whom was very popular with the commons of England, and all others who preferred war to peace. From among the prelates were selected the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, and other clerks learned in the law, to expound the Latin letters. Soon after St. George's day these lords repaired to Calais. The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy came to Boulogne, and the King of France to Abbeville, that they might be near at hand to the place of conference. It was told me, (for I, John Froissart, the writer of this history, was at Abbeville, that I might learn the truth of what was passing,) that after the procurations from the two kings had been verified as to the commissioners' powers of concluding a peace, the French proposed that Calais should be demolished, so that it could never again be made habitable. The Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester instantly answered, that they need not have made this proposition; for that Calais would be the very last town the crown of England would part from; and, if they intended this as a basis for treating, there was an end to the business, for they would hear nothing more. The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, perceiving the commissioners of England so determined, dropped the matter, for they found it would be in vain to press it. The English for a time demanded restitution of everything that had been yielded to the late King Edward; and, in addition to these territories, the balance of the ransom that had been due when the war was renewed between France and England. This was resisted strenuously by the French dukes, who argued, with regard to the first demand, that it was impossible that the whole territory which had been yielded to King Edward should be restored; for the inhabitants of the towns, castles, and lands, which had been assigned to England by the treaty of Bretigny, and afterwards confirmed at Calais in the year 1360, were too adverse to such restoration; and the King of France, to whom they had voluntarily surrendered themselves, had in consequence accepted their homage, granted them protection, and such other privileges, on his royal word, as could not be broken. It was then resolved between the four dukes, on whom it solely depended whether there should be peace or war, that each party should reduce to writing their different grounds of treating, and mutually deliver them to each other, to consider of them at their leisure, with their clerks learned in the law, to determine on what parts they could agree to and what would not be accepted. This was assented to by all; for the dukes were before much fatigued in hearing the various papers read and discussed; more especially the English commissioners: for, as the conference was carried on in French, they were not so well used to the finesse and double meanings of that language as the natives, who turned and twisted it to their own advantage at pleasure. Indeed, there were so many difficulties of this sort that the conferences were greatly lengthened. The English held themselves obliged to demand restitution of all the lands dependent on Aquitaine and the profits since the commencement of the war, as they had been charged to do by the Parliament of England. To this the French would not agree; they were willing to yield the countries of Tarbes, Bigorre, Agen, and the Agenois, with Perigord, but declared they would never restore Cahors, Rouergue, Quercy, and Limousin, nor give up any part of Ponthieu or Guines, more than the English possessed at the present moment. On these grounds things remained as they were. They stood out for fifteen days, and only came to the conclusion that the matter should be laid before the two kings, which was done respectively by the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy to the King of France, and the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester to the King of England. The two kings, but more especially the King of France, were desirous of peace, and the four dukes received full power from their respective monarchs to conclude it: they, therefore, continued the conferences, and with such success that there was a report current in Abbeville of a peace having been made between France and England with their allies. But I, the author of this history, who at the time resided in Abbeville, to learn news, could never understand that a peace had been concluded; only the truces prolonged for four years, on sea and land, between all parties.

In the month of September of this year, Robert de Geneve, who in this history we have called pope, died at his palace in Avignon. It happened to him just as he had wished, that he might die pope. He died, indeed, with the honour and state I have mentioned; but whether he enjoyed these wrongfully or not, I shall not pretend to determine, for such matters do not belong to me.

Immediately upon his death, the cardinals at Avignon resolved to form a conclave, and elect one from among themselves as his successor.

The health of the King of France, which had for some time been much impaired, was again beginning to return, to the great joy of all who loved him, and of his good queen, who had been in great affliction. The college of cardinals at Avignon elected the Cardinal Legate de Luna, pope; to say the truth, he was a devout man, and of a contemplative life, and he was chosen, subject to the approbation of the King of France and his council, otherwise the election would not have been maintained.

Consider now how much the church must have been degraded by this schism, when those who were, or ought to have been, free, thus subjected themselves to the will of others whom they should have commanded. All the solemnities required at the coronation of a pope were paid to the Cardinal de Luna, who took the name of Benedict. He offered a general pardon to all clergy who should come to Avignon; and, by the advice of his cardinals, wrote letters to the King of France to announce his elevation to the papacy. I heard that the king paid but little attention to his letters, for he was not yet determined whether to acknowledge him as pope or not; and to have the best advice on the occasion, he summoned before him the most learned and prudent clerks of the university of Paris, Master John Gigencourt and Master Peter Playons, who told the king, as did others, that the schism in the church corrupted the Christian faith; that the church ought not longer to be kept in this state; for, that all Christendom suffered from it; and that it was unbecoming the university to send Pope Benedict at Avignon lists of those priests who had need of briefs. The king, on hearing their opinions, thought them reasonable, and consented that there should be a cessation of such lists as were usually sent to the pope, until the disputes between the two popes were at an end. Things therefore remained in this state. The Duke of Berry strenuously supported the new pope. The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duke of Orleans, with many other great lords of France, dissembled their real opinions on the subject. The Duke of Brittany readily followed the opinion of the King of France; for he had been in former times so scandalized by the information given him of the rebellion in the church, that he would never allow of Clement being a true pope, although the clergy paid him obedience. When any of the churches in France became vacant, the king disposed of them to clergymen without ever speaking of it to Pope Benedict, who as well as his cardinals were greatly surprised at such conduct, and began to fear the king would deprive them of the benefices they held in his realm. They resolved, therefore, to send a well instructed legate to France, to remonstrate with the king and council on the state of the church, and to learn their intentions; likewise to assure them that the pope they had elected was only conditionally chosen in case of his proving agreeable to the king; but, that otherwise they would dethrone him, and exalt another more to his pleasure. It happened about this period that a legate came from Pope Boniface to the King of France, who listened to his arguments and sermons with great pleasure. The legate from Avignon, a subtle and learned clerk, was also heard by the king and his court, and those attached to the pope at Avignon took good care to push him forward, and contrived that he should often have audiences. It was the opinion of the council, but it was not without great difficulty the university of Paris subscribed to this opinion, that means should be found to make the rival popes resign their dignities, as well as all the cardinals, and then select the most learned and prudent among the clergy from Germany, France, and other countries, who should form a general council; and, without favour or affection to any party, restore the church to its former unity, discipline, and stability. This idea, which was proposed in the presence of the king, and the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy, in council, was approved of; and the king having agreed to it, said he would cheerfully write on the subject to the kings of Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, and England; and that he thought he could depend on the Kings of Castille, Navarre, Arragon, Sicily, Naples, and Scotland, obeying whatever pope he should acknowledge. Letters were accordingly sent off to the kings above mentioned; but answers were not returned by them so soon as was expected.

It is time, however, that we now quit this subject, and speak of other matters. The truces that had been agreed upon between the Kings of France and England, and their allies, were well observed on sea and land. There were, however, some pillagers still in Languedoc, who came from foreign countries; and you may suppose that the captains of such forts as Lourde in Bigorre, Bouteville, and Mortaigne, were sorely vexed that they could no longer overrun the country, and make their accustomed pillages; as they had been particularly forbidden to infringe the articles of the truce under pain of being severely punished.

At this period an expedition against Ireland was proposed in the English council; for, in the truces which King Richard had agreed to with France and her allies, young as he was, he had reserved Ireland from being included, as his predecessors had always claimed it as their right; and his grandfather, King Edward of happy memory, had signed himself King and Lord of Ireland, and had continued his wars against the natives, notwithstanding his pressure from other quarters. The young knights and squires of England, eager to signalize themselves in arms, were rejoiced to learn that King Richard intended leading a large power, of men-at-arms and archers, into Ireland; and that he had declared that he would not return thence until he should have settled everything to his satisfaction. It was at the same council ordered that the Duke of Lancaster, who in his time had laboured hard on sea and land for the augmentation of the honour of England, should make a journey to Aquitaine with 500 men-at-arms and 1,000 archers. He was to embark at Plymouth or Southampton, as he pleased. It was the intention of King Richard and his council, that the Duke of Lancaster should hold in perpetuity for himself and heirs the whole territory of Aquitaine, with all its seneschalships and domains, in such manner as King Edward of England, his father, and the former Dukes of Aquitaine, had held them, and which King Richard held at this moment, with the reserve of homage to the kings of England. The Duke of Lancaster was to enjoy all other rights, lordships, and rents, which stipulation was confirmed by the king wholly and fully under his seal. The Duke of Lancaster was very thankful for this magnificent gift, as he had reason to be, for, in truth, the duchy of Aquitaine has wherewithal to enable its lord to keep a grand estate. He accordingly thanked, in the first place, the king his nephew, then his brothers, and the barons and prelates of the council; after which he began to make most sumptuous preparations for crossing the sea, and taking possession of his duchy. Purveyors were likewise busy in preparing on a large scale for the king's expedition to Ireland. Both these expeditions were delayed about two months, by an event which I will now relate.

The Lady Anne, Queen of England, to the great distress of the king and her household, fell sick, and her disorder increased so rapidly that she departed this life on the Feast of Whitsuntide, in the year of grace 1394. The king and all who loved her were greatly afflicted at her death. She was buried in the cathedral church of London; but her obsequies were performed at leisure, for the king would have them magnificently done. Abundance of wax was sent for from Flanders, to make flambeaux and torches, and the illumination was so great on the day of the ceremony that nothing like to it was ever before seen. The queen left no issue, for she had never born children.

Although the expeditions to Ireland and Aquitaine were delayed by the queen's death, those lords who were named to go to Ireland did not fail to continue their preparations; and as their purveyances were ready, they sent them across the sea to Ireland from Brisco, and Lolighet in Wales; and the conductors were ordered to carry them to a city in Ireland, called Dimelin, which had always been steadily attached to England, and was an archbishopric.

Soon after St. John Baptist's day, King Richard left London, and took the road to Wales. Those ordered to attend him began their journey, such as his two uncles of York and Gloucester, the Earl of Kent, half-brother to the king, Sir Thomas Holland, his son, the Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, the Earl Marshall, the Earls of Salisbury and Arundel, Sir William Arundel, the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Thomas Percy, his brother, High Steward of England, the Earls of Devonshire and Nottingham, with numbers of knights and squires. A considerable body remained at home to guard the borders of Scotland; for the Scots are a wicked race, and pay no regard to truces or respites, but as it suits their own convenience. At the time the King of England undertook this expedition, he had not the company of his other half-brother, Sir John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, for he was on a journey to Jerusalem and Saint Catherine of Mount Sinai, and was to return through Hungary. Having heard at Paris, as he passed through France, where he had been handsomely treated by the king and his court, that the King of Hungary and Amurat were to have a battle, he declared that he would not fail to be present. The King of England had with him, in his Irish expedition, full 4,000 men-at-arms and 30,000 archers. The army, on landing, quartered themselves in the country round Dublin; and the king, his uncles, and the prelates were accommodated in the city. I was told, that during the campaign they were well supplied with all sorts of provisions; for the English are expert in war, and know well how to forage, and take proper care of themselves and horses.

I, Sir John Froissart, treasurer and canon of Chimay, had, during my stay at Abbeville, a great desire to see the kingdom of England; more especially since it was a time of truce. Several reasons urged me to make this journey, but principally because in my youth I had been educated at the court of King Edward, and that good Lady Philippa, his queen, with their children. I had taken care to form a collection of all the poetry on love and morality that I had composed during the last twenty-four years, which I had caused to be fairly written and illuminated. I was also minded to go to England from a desire to see King Richard, whom I had not seen since the time of his christening in the cathedral of Bordeaux; and my book of poesy, finely ornamented, bound in velvet, and decorated with silver-gilt clasps and studs, I took as a present for him. Having provided myself with horses, I crossed from Calais to Dover, on the 12th day of July, and on Wednesday by nine o'clock arrived at Canterbury, to visit the shrine of St. Thomas and the tomb of the late Prince of Wales, who had been buried there. I heard high mass, made my offerings at the shrine, and returned to my inn to dinner; when I heard that the king was to come on a pilgrimage to St. Thomas. I thought, therefore, that it would be well to wait his arrival, which I did; and on the morrow he came in great state, accompanied by lords and ladies, with whom I mixed; but they were all new faces to me. I did not remember one of them; times and persons had greatly changed since I was last in England, eight-and-twenty years past. I addressed myself to Sir Thomas Percy, High Steward of England, whom I found gracious and of agreeable manners; and who offered to present me to the king. He went to the king's apartment for that purpose, to see if it were proper time, but finding he had retired to rest, he bade me return to my inn. When I thought the king might be risen, I went again to the palace of the archbishop, where he lodged; but Sir Thomas Percy and his people were preparing to set out for Ospringe, whence he had come that morning. I asked Sir Thomas's advice how to act. "For the present," he said, "do not make farther attempts to announce your arrival, but follow the king, and I will take care when he comes to his palace in the country, which he will do in two days, that you shall be well lodged as long as the court tarries there." The king was going to a beautiful palace in the county of Kent, called Leeds Castle, and I followed Sir Thomas Percy's advice, by taking the road to Ospringe. I lodged at an inn where I found a gallant knight of the king's chamber, who had that morning stayed behind on account of a slight pain in his head with which he had been seized on the preceding night. This knight, Sir William de Lisle, seeing that I was a foreigner and a Frenchman, made acquaintance with me, and I with him, for the English are courteous to strangers. He asked my situation and business in England, which I related to him at length, as well as what Sir Thomas Percy had advised me to do. He replied, that I could not have better advice, for that the king would, on Friday, be at Leeds Castle, and would there find his uncle the Duke of York. I was well pleased to hear this, for I had letters to the duke, and when young was known to him. As a means of gaining greater intimacy with the king's household, I courted the acquaintance of Sir William de Lisle. On the Friday we rode together, and by the way I asked, if he had accompanied the king on his expedition to Ireland. He said he had. I then asked if there were any foundation in truth for what was said of St. Patrick's Hole. He replied, there was; and that he and another knight, during the king's stay at Dublin, had been there. They entered it at sunset, remained there the whole night, and came out at sunrise the next morning. I requested he would tell me whether he saw all the marvellous things which are said to be seen there. He made the following answer:—"When I and my companion had passed the entrance of the cave, called the Purgatory of St. Patrick, we descended three or four steps, (for you go down into it like a cellar,) when we found our heads so much affected by the heat, that we seated ourselves on the steps which are of stone, and such a drowsiness came over us that we slept the whole night." I asked if, when asleep, they knew where they were, and what visions they had. He said they had many strange dreams, and they seemed, as they imagined, to see more than they would have done if they had been in their beds. This they were both assured of. "When morning came, and we were awake, the door of the cave was opened, for so we had ordered it, and we came out, but instantly lost all recollection of everything we had seen, and looked upon the whole as a phantom." I did not push the conversation further, although I should have much liked to have heard what he would say of Ireland; but other knights joined us, and so we rode to Leeds Castle, where the king and his court arrived shortly after. The Duke of York was there already, and I made myself known to him by presenting letters from his cousins, the Count of Hainault and the Count d'Ostrevant. On being introduced to the king, I was graciously and kindly received. He took all the letters I presented to him; and having read them attentively, said I was welcome, and that since I had belonged to the household of the late king and queen, I must consider myself still as of the royal household of England. This day I did not offer him the book I had brought; for Sir Thomas Percy told me it was not a fit opportunity, as he was much occupied with serious business.

The council was deeply engaged on two subjects: first, in respect to a negotiation with France to treat of a marriage between the king and the Lady Isabella, eldest daughter of the King of France, who at that time was about eight years old; and, secondly, in respect to the chief magistrates of Bordeaux, who had come to England and greatly persecuted the king since his return from Ireland, for an answer to their petitions and remonstrances on the gift the king had made his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, of all Aquitaine with its lordships, baronies, and dependencies. In order that these matters might more fully be considered, the king summoned the principal barons and prelates of the realm to meet him on Magdalene day, at his palace of Eltham, seven miles from London, and the same distance from Dartford. And when the king and his council quitted Leeds Castle on his way thither, I set out with them. The king arrived at Eltham on a Tuesday, and the next day the lords came from all parts.

The parliament was holden in the king's apartment; and the knights from Gascony, and the deputies from the cities and towns, as well as those sent by the Duke of Lancaster, were present. I cannot say what passed at this parliament; for I was not admitted, nor were any present but the members of it. It sat for upwards of four hours. When it was over, I renewed my acquaintance after dinner with an ancient knight whom I well knew in my youth. His name was Sir Richard Sturry, and he was one of the principal advisers of the king. He immediately recollected me, though it was twenty-four years since we had seen each other, and from him I learnt many particulars respecting the dispute with Gascony and Aquitaine. On the Sunday the whole council went to London except the Duke of York, who remained with the king, and Sir Richard Sturry. These two, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Percy, mentioned me again to the king, who desired to see the book I had brought for him. I presented it to him in his chamber, and laid it upon his bed. He opened it and looked into it with much pleasure. He ought to have been pleased, for it was handsomely written and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver-gilt studs, and roses of the same in the middle, with two large clasps of silver-gilt, richly worked with roses in the centre. The king asked me what the book treated of. I replied—Of love. He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud; for he read and spoke French perfectly well; and then gave it to one of his knights to carry to his oratory, and made me many acknowledgments for it.

It happened the same Sunday after the king had received my book so handsomely, that an English squire called Henry Castide made acquaintance with me, and having been informed that I was an historian, he addressed me thus: "Sir John, have you as yet found any one to give you an account of the late expedition to Ireland, and how four kings of that country submitted themselves to King Richard?" I replied, I had not. "I will tell it you then," said the squire, who might be about fifty years old, "in order that, when you return home, you may at your leisure insert it in your history, to be had in perpetual remembrance." He began as follows: "It is not in the memory of man that any King of England ever led so large an armament of men-at-arms and archers to make war on the Irish as the present king. He remained upwards of nine months in Ireland at a great expense, which, however, was cheerfully defrayed by his kingdom. Only gentlemen and archers had been employed on the expedition, and there were with the king 4,000 knights and squires, and 30,000 archers, all regularly paid every week. To tell you the truth, Ireland is one of the worst countries to make war in or to conquer, for there are such impenetrable and extensive forests, lakes, and bogs, that there is no knowing how to pass them and carry on the war advantageously; it is so thinly inhabited, that whenever the Irish please they desert the towns and take refuge in the forests, living in huts made of boughs like wild beasts. Moreover, whenever they perceive any parties advancing with hostile intentions, and about to enter their country, they fly to such narrow passes, that it is impossible to follow them. When they find a favourable opportunity to attack the enemies to advantage, which from their knowledge of the country frequently happens, they fail not to seize it; and no man-at-arms, be he ever so well mounted, can overtake them, so light of foot are they. Sometimes they leap from the ground behind a horseman and embrace the rider so tightly, that he can in no way get rid of them. The Irish have pointed knives with broad blades, sharp on both sides, like a dart head, with which they kill their enemies; but they never consider them as dead, until they have cut their throats like sheep, opened their bellies, and taken out their hearts, which they carry off with them; and some, who are well acquainted with their manners, say, that they devour them as delicious morsels. They never accept of ransom for their prisoners; and when in any skirmishes they find they have not the advantage, they instantly separate and hide themselves in hedges, bushes, or holes under ground, so that they seem to disappear, no one knows whither. Sir William Windsor, who had made war in Ireland longer than any other English knight, has never been able during his residence among them to learn correctly their manners, nor the condition of the people. They are a very hardy race, of great subtlety, and of various tempers, paying no attention to cleanliness, nor to any gentleman, although the country is governed by kings, of whom there were several; but seem desirous to remain in the savage state in which they have been brought up. True it is, that four of the most potent kings of Ireland have submitted to the King of England, but more through love and good humour than by battle or force. The Earl of Ormond, whose lands join their kingdoms, took great pains to induce them to go to Dublin, where the king our lord presided, and to submit themselves to him and to the crown of England. This was considered by every one as a great acquisition, and the object of the armament accomplished; for, during the whole of King Edward's reign, he had never such success as King Richard. The honour is great, but the advantage little; for with such savages nothing can be done.

"I will tell you an instance of their savageness; you may depend upon its truth, for I was an eye-witness of what I shall relate, as they were about a month under my care and governance at Dublin, to learn the usages of England, by orders of the king and council, because I knew their language as well as I did English and French; for in my youth I was educated among them, and Earl Thomas, father of the present Earl of Ormond, kept me with him out of affection for my good horsemanship.

"It happened that the earl above mentioned was sent with 300 lances and 1,000 archers, to make war on the Irish. The Earl of Ormond, whose lands bordered on his opponent's, had that day mounted me on one of his best horses, and I rode by his side. The Irish having formed an ambuscade, advanced from it; but were so sharply attacked by the English archers that they soon retreated. The earl pursued them and I kept close by him; it chanced in their pursuit, that my horse took fright and ran away with me into the midst of the enemy. My friends could never overtake me; and in passing through the Irish, one of them, by a great feat of agility, leaped on the back of my horse and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm; for more than two hours he pressed my horse forward, and conducted him to a large bush in a very retired spot, where he found his companions, who had run thither to escape the English. He seemed much rejoiced at having made me his prisoner, and carried me to his house, which was strong and in a town surrounded with wood, palisades, and stagnant water. His name was Bryan Costeret, and a very handsome man he was. I have frequently made inquiries after him, and hear that he is still alive, but very old. This Bryan kept me with him seven years, and gave me his daughter in marriage, by whom I have two girls.

"I will tell you how I obtained my liberty. It happened in the seventh year of my captivity, that one of the kings, Arthur Macquemaire, King of Leinster, raised an army against Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward, King of England, and both armies met very near the city of Leinster. In the battle that followed many were slain and taken on both sides; but the English gaining the day, the Irish were forced to fly, and the King of Leinster escaped. The father of my wife was made prisoner, under the banner of the Duke of Clarence; and, as Bryan Costeret was mounted on my horse, which was remembered to have belonged to the Earl of Ormond, it was then first known that I was alive, that he had honourably entertained me at his house in Herpelin, and given me his daughter in marriage. The Duke of Clarence, Sir William Windsor, and all of our party, were well pleased to hear this news; and Bryan was offered his liberty, on condition that he gave me mine, and sent me to the English army, with my wife and children. He at first refused the terms, from his love to me, his daughter, and our children; but when he found none other would be accepted, he agreed, provided my eldest daughter remained with him. I returned to England and fixed my residence at Bristol; my two children are married—the one in Ireland has three boys and two girls, and her sister four boys and two daughters.

"Because the Irish language is as familiar to me as

English, for I have always spoken it in my family, I was chosen by our lord and king to teach and accustom to the manners of the English these four Irish kings, who have sworn obedience for ever to England. I must say, that these kings were of coarse manners and understanding; and, in spite of all that I could do to soften their language and nature, very little progress has been made, for they would frequently return to their former coarse behaviour.

"I will more particularly relate the charge that was given me over them, and how I managed it. The King of England intended that these four kings should adopt the manners, appearance, and dress of the English; for he wanted to create them knights. He gave them, first, a very handsome house in the city of Dublin, for themselves and attendants, where I was ordered to reside with them, and never to leave the house without absolute necessity. I had been with them for three or four days without any way interfering, that we might become accustomed to each other. I observed that, as they sat at table, they made grimaces, and I resolved in my own mind to make them drop that custom. When these kings were seated at table, and the first dish was served, they would make their minstrels and principal servants sit beside them, eat from their plates, and drink from their cups. They told me this was a praiseworthy custom in their country, where everything was in common but their bed. I permitted this to be done for three days; but on the fourth I ordered the tables to be laid out and covered properly, placing the four kings at an upper table, the minstrels at another below, and the servants lower still. They looked at each other and refused to eat, saying, I had deprived them of the old custom in which they had been brought up. In order to appease them, I replied, with a smile, that their custom was not decent nor suitable to their rank, nor would it be honourable for them to continue it: for, that now they should conform to the manners of the English; and to instruct them in these particulars was the motive of my residence with them. When they heard this, they made no farther opposition to whatever I proposed. They had another custom which I knew to be common in that country, which was the not wearing breeches. I had, in consequence, plenty of breeches made of linen and cloth, which I gave to the kings and their attendants, and accustomed them to wear them. I took away many rude articles as well in their dress as in other things, and had great difficulty at first to induce them to wear robes of silken cloth, trimmed with squirrel-skin or miniver; for the kings only wrapped themselves up in an Irish cloak. In riding, they neither used saddles nor stirrups; and I had some trouble to make them conform in this respect to the English manners. I once made inquiry concerning their faith; but they seemed so much displeased, that I was forced to silence; they said they believed in God, and the Trinity, without any difference from our creed. I asked what pope they were inclined to; they replied, without hesitation, 'to that of Rome.' I inquired if they would like to receive the order of knighthood, for the king would willingly create them such after the usual mode of France and England, and other countries. They said, they were knights already, which ought to satisfy them. I asked when they were so made. They answered, at seven years old: that, in Ireland, a king makes his son a knight, and should the child have lost his father, then the nearest relation; and a young knight begins to learn to tilt with a light lance, against a shield fixed to a post in a field, and the more lances he breaks, the more honour he acquires. 'By this method,' added they, 'are our young knights trained, more especially kings' sons.' Although I asked this, I was before well acquainted with the manner of educating their children to arms. I made no further reply than by saying, that this kind of childish knighthood would not satisfy the King of England, and that he would create them in another mode. They asked in what manner. I answered, 'In church, with most solemn ceremonies.' And I believe they paid attention to what I said.

"About two days after this, the king was desirous to create these kings knights; and the Earl of Ormond, who spoke Irish well, was sent to wait on them, that they might have more confidence in the message from the king and council. On his arrival they showed him every respect, which he returned, and they seemed happy at his coming. The result of the interview was, that the four kings were made knights in the cathedral of Dublin, by the hand of the King of England on the Feast of our Lady, in March, which that year fell on a Thursday. The four kings watched all the Wednesday night in the cathedral; and on the morrow, after mass, they were created knights with much solemnity. They were very richly dressed, and that day dined at the table of King Richard. It was certainly, Sir John, a great novelty, to see four Irish kings." "I readily believe you," I said, "and would have given a great deal to have been there. Last year I had made arrangements for coming to England, and should have done so had I not heard of the death of Queen Anne. But I wish to ask you one thing which has much surprised me; I should like to know how these four Irish kings have so readily submitted to King Richard, when his valiant grandfather, who was so much redoubted everywhere, could never reduce them to obedience, and was always at war with them? You have said, it was brought about by a treaty, and the grace of God: the grace of God is good, and of infinite value to those who can obtain it; but we see few lords now-a-days augment their territories otherwise than by force." To this, Henry Castide answered, "In truth, Sir John, I cannot fully explain how it was brought about; but it is generally believed by most of our party that the Irish were exceedingly frightened at the great force the king landed in Ireland, where it remained nine months. The coasts were so surrounded, that neither provisions nor merchandise could be landed. The inland natives, however, were indifferent to this, as they are unacquainted with commerce, and live like wild beasts. Those who reside on the coast opposite to England are better informed, and accustomed to traffic. King Edward of happy memory had in his reign so many wars to provide for, in France, Brittany, Gascony, and Scotland, that his forces were dispersed in different quarters, and he was unable to send any great armament to Ireland. Formerly, when Saint Edward, who had been canonized, and was worshipped with much solemnity by the English, was their king, they defeated the Danes on sea and land. This Saint Edward, King of England, Lord of Ireland and of Aquitaine, the Irish loved and feared more than any other king of England, before or since. It was for this reason, that, when our king went thither last year, he laid aside the leopards and flowers-de-luce, and bore the arms of Saint Edward, emblazoned on all his banners: these were a cross patencé or, on a field gules, with four doves argent on the shield or banner as you please.

"This we heard was very pleasing to the Irish, and inclined them more to submission; for, in truth, the ancestors of these four kings had done homage and service to St. Edward: they also considered King Richard to be a prudent and conscientious man. Thus have I related to you how our king accomplished the object of his expedition to Ireland. Keep it in your memory, and when you return home insert it in your chronicles." "Henry," said I, "you have well spoken, and it shall be done."

Upon this, we separated; and meeting soon after the herald March, I said, "March, tell me what are the arms of Henry Castide, for I have found him very agreeable, and he has kindly related to me the history of the king's expedition to Ireland?" "He bears for arms," replied March, "a chevron gules on a field argent, with three besants gules, two above the chevron and one below." I remained in the household of the King of England as long as I pleased; but I was not always in the same place, for the king frequently changed his abode. He went to Eltham, Leeds Castle, Kingston, Shene, Chertsey, and Windsor. I was told, for truth, that the king and his council had written to the Duke of Lancaster to return to England, for those from Aquitaine had lately declared they would not submit to any other lord than the King of England.

I will now say something of the Earl of Rutland, the Earl Marshal, and other English ambassadors, who had been sent to France, to treat of a marriage between King Richard and the young daughter of the King of France. These ambassadors, during their stay at Paris, were frequently with the king, who, together with his brother and uncles, showed them every attention, out of respect to the King of England. They were, however, some time before they could obtain an answer to their proposals; for it was a matter of great surprise to every one, that the English should be so forward to offer such an alliance, after the bitter wars that had been carried on between the two nations for such a length of time. Some in the council said, "We think, that before such a measure can take place, there ought to be a solid peace established between France, England, and their allies."

The Chancellor of France, at this period Sir Arnaud de Corbie, was a very wise man, who saw far into events likely to happen, and knew well the different interests that swayed the kingdom; at his advice principally it was determined that the ambassadors from England should receive kind answers, and have hopes given them, before their departure, that their proposal would be complied with. The Queen of France resided at the hotel of St. Pol, on the banks of the Seine; and the better to please the English lords, their request to visit the queen and the children was granted. They had been at first refused, for the council excused themselves by saying, that the princess was but a child; and that, at her age of eight years, nothing could be judged as to what she might turn out. She had, however, been well educated, and this she showed the English lords when they waited on her; for when the Lord Marshal had dropped on his knees, saying, "Madame, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen;" she instantly replied, without any one advising her, "Sir, if it please God, and my lord and father, that I shall be Queen of England, I shall be well pleased thereat: for I have been told that I shall then be a great lady." She made the Earl Marshal rise, and taking him by the hand led him to the queen, who was much pleased at her answer. The appearance and manners of the young princess were very agreeable to the English ambassadors, and they thought among themselves that she would be a lady of high honour and great worth.

When they had stayed at Paris more than twenty days, having had their expenses defrayed by the King of France, they received favourable answers to their demands from the king and council, with great hopes that the object of their mission would be accomplished, but not immediately; for the princess was very young, and had likewise been betrothed to the son of the Duke of Brittany. This obstacle, they were told, must first be got over before anything could be done in the matter; it must, therefore, remain in this state the ensuing winter; and during Lent the King of France would send to England information of what had been done. The ambassadors then took leave of the queen, her daughter, the Lady Isabella, and the rest of the court, and left Paris for England. The king was much rejoiced at their return, and at the answer which they brought. About this time the Lord de la Riviere and Sir John le Mercier obtained their liberty, to the great joy of all who were attached to them.

CHAPTER XXIII

Differences between Sir Oliver de Clisson and the Duke of Brittany reconciled—Their interview—Threats of Bajazet—The King of Hungary makes war against Turkey, assisted by John, son of the Duke of Burgundy—Tax levied by the duke to pay his son's expenses—The Queen of Naples and Sir Peter de Craon—the Duke of Lancaster marries his third wife—Nicopoli in Turkey besieged by the Christian army—15,000 Turks overthrown by the Lord de Coucy—the Duke of Gloucester desires to prevent the alliance between France and England—the Counts of Hainault and Ostrevant prepare to invade Friesland—Fier-a-bras de Vertain collects men-at-arms in England—King Richard goes to Calais—The great Frieslander—Defeat of the Frieslanders.

YOU have heard much of the feuds between the Duke of Brittany and Sir Oliver de Clisson, and that whenever the two parties met a deadly engagement ensued. In this warfare, however, Sir Oliver had the advantage, for two-thirds of the country were in his favour. Now, the end of the quarrel was as follows: the Duke of Brittany, as great a prince as he was, saw plainly he could no way bend the Lord de Clisson to his will, for he had too many friends in Brittany, and he was well aware that he himself was not beloved by his subjects; he was afraid, therefore, should he die during the subsisting hatred of Sir Oliver, his children would have many enemies. He perceived, also, that the English, who had certainly raised him to the honours he now possessed, were becoming indifferent to his welfare, and would probably increase in coldness, if the information he had received of the approaching connexion between the kings of France and England were true. All these things, but especially the last mentioned, alarmed him much, and he resolved to throw aside all dissembling, and openly and honestly to make peace with Sir Oliver, and also with John of Brittany, leaving them to say what amends, if any, he should make for the damage done them during the war. Having maturely weighed all circumstances without asking advice from any one of his council, he called a secretary, to whom, on entering his chamber, he gave a large sheet of paper, and said, "Write down as I shall dictate." The letter was indited in the most friendly terms to Sir

Oliver de Clisson, desiring him to devise some means for them to have an interview, when everything should be settled in the most agreeable manner. This letter, when folded and sealed, was given to a trusty varlet, who was told thus: "Hasten to Château-Josselin, and say boldly, that I have sent thee to speak with my cousin, Sir Oliver de Clisson. Salute him from me; if he return the salute, give him this letter, and bring me back his answer; but on thy life tell no man, woman, or child, whither thou art going, or who has sent thee."

The varlet, having promised obedience, set out, and on his arrival at Château-Josselin the guards were greatly surprised when they heard that the Duke of Brittany had sent him to speak with their lord. Nevertheless, they informed Sir Oliver of his coming, who ordered him into his presence and immediately received the letter. De Clisson, having examined the private signet of the duke, opened the letter and read it two or three times over, being much surprised at the affectionate terms in which it was written. The varlet was ordered to retire. The attendants of the Lord de Clisson were confounded at what they saw and heard, for never before had any one come from the Duke of Brittany, who had not been instantly put to death or confined in the deepest dungeon. When Sir Oliver was alone, his thoughts were occupied with the contents of the letter, and his hatred to the duke was extinguished from the submissive and affectionate manner in which it was written. He determined, however, to prove him and see if he was really in earnest before he went; and he wrote in the most friendly way possible to the duke, stating, that if he wished to see him, he must send his son as an hostage, who should be taken the greatest care of until his return. The duke acceded to the request, and the heir of Brittany, accompanied by three knights, was sent off to Château-Josselin. Sir Oliver, on seeing the boy, and this proof of the duke's confidence, was much affected, and at once made preparation for his departure, taking with him the three knights and the heir of Brittany; for he said that he would give him back to his father, as henceforward he should never distrust the duke after the trial he had made of him. Indeed, such generosity was shown on both sides, that it was no wonder a firm peace was the consequence. Sir Oliver and his party continued their journey to Vannes, where, according to the duke's orders, they dismounted at a convent of Dominicans, situated without the town, for the duke had fixed the meeting to take place there. When he heard that Sir Oliver had brought back his son he was highly delighted, and set out from his Castle of la Motte for the convent, where he and Sir Oliver shut themselves up in a chamber: having continued there in conversation for some time, they went privately into the garden, thence to the banks of a river, where they entered a small boat that conveyed them to a large vessel which lay at anchor at the river's mouth; this vessel they boarded, and, when at a distance from the people, continued in conference for a long time.

I cannot pretend to say what passed between them, but I will relate the consequences. They were upwards of two hours together on shipboard, and entered into a firm peace, which they mutually swore to observe most religiously. When about to return, they called the boatman, who rowed them back to the place he had brought them from, and they entered the church by a private door, through the garden and cloisters of the convent, whence they soon departed for the Castle of la Motte; the duke holding Sir Oliver by the hand. All who thus saw them were well pleased; indeed, the whole of Brittany was very happy when the news of this reconciliation was made public, and greatly surprised on hearing how it had been brought about. In order to confirm and strengthen this peace, a marriage was concluded between the son of John of Blois and a daughter of the Duke of Brittany, so that those who looked for a continuance of war were disappointed. In France and England the intelligence of this peace caused very great surprise. You have before heard how Sir Peter de Craon incurred the indignation of the King of France and the Duke of Touraine from his attempt to murder Sir Oliver as he was returning in the night-time from the king's palace to his hotel, and that the king had declared war upon the Duke of Brittany, for having supported and given him an asylum; which war was put an end to by the sudden illness of the king. Sir Peter continued to make the strongest entreaties that he might be restored to favour, and allowed to return to the court of France. His negotiators were the Duke of Burgundy and Sir Guy de la Tremouille, who would easily have succeeded had not the Duke of Orleans opposed them. He prevented any treaty being made in favour of Sir Peter de Craon, as long as hostilities continued between the Duke of Brittany and the Lord de Clisson; but when they were reconciled, his hatred against Sir Peter was much softened.

It happened at this period, that the Queen of Naples and Jerusalem was prosecuting Sir Peter in the courts of justice at Paris for the restitution of 100,000 francs which she claimed from him as due to her late lord; and the better to attend to her affairs, she resided privately in Paris. Sir Peter found himself in a very disagreeable situation; he was fearful of the decision of the parliament, for the lady was of great personal weight, and besides, he knew he had incurred the displeasure of the king and the Duke of Orleans. The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy gave him all the consolation they could, and he was allowed to come to Paris privately, where he remained chiefly at the hôtel d'Artois, under the protection of the duchess.

About this time, Sigismond, King of Hungary, wrote very affectionate letters to the King of France, which he sent by a bishop and two of his knights. These letters related to the threats of Bajazet, and his boastings to the King of Hungary of carrying war into the midst of his realm, and thence to Rome, where his horse should eat his oats on the altar of St. Peter. He said he would establish that place for the seat of his imperial government, and be attended by the Emperor of Constantinople and all the principal barons of Greece; each of whom should follow his own laws, for he would only reserve to himself his authority as the lord paramount.

The King of Hungary entreated the King of France to listen to his distress, and make it as public as he could, in order that all knights and squires might be moved to provide themselves with every necessary for a journey to Hungary, to oppose the Sultan Bajazet, prevent holy Christendom from being violated by him, and his vain boasting from being accomplished. Those who brought the letters were men of rank and understanding, and acquitted themselves so well, that King Charles was much inclined to their request; and the proposition from King Richard for the marriage of his daughter was sooner agreed to on account of the intelligence from Hungary;

for, as King of France, and eldest son of the church, he was very desirous of providing a remedy for the evils that threatened it. The subject of these letters was soon made public, both at home and abroad, to move the hearts of gentlemen knights and squires, who were desirous to travel in search of glory.

At the time this news came to Paris, there were with the king the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, their eldest son John of Burgundy, Count de Nevers, who was not then a knight, Sir Guy and Sir William de la Tremouille, with other great barons. It was proposed, therefore, at the hotel of the Duke of Burgundy, who was eager to send assistance to Hungary, that his son, the Count de Nevers, should undertake an expedition thither, as commander-in-chief of the French and other chivalry. John of Burgundy was a courteous and amiable youth of twenty-two years old, greatly beloved by the knights and squires of Burgundy, and, indeed, by all who were acquainted with him. He had married a devout and prudent lady, the daughter of Duke Albert of Bavaria, who had borne him two children.

It was soon published in Paris and elsewhere, that John of Burgundy was to lead a large body of men-at-arms into Hungary, to oppose Bajazet; that, when this was done, he was to advance to Constantinople, cross the Hellespont, enter Syria, gain the Holy Land, and deliver Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, and the bondage of the sultan. Knights, squires, and others desirous of renown, began to collect together. The King of Hungary was greatly rejoiced at the return of his ambassadors, and gave orders that large stores of provisions should be provided against the arrival of the French; he also sent messengers to his brother the King of Germany, and his cousin the Duke of Austria, for all the passes in their territories to be thrown open, as it would be necessary for them to march that way. Moreover he sent information of the expected assistance from France to the great master of the Teutonic order, and to the knights of Rhodes, that they might be ready to meet John of Burgundy.

While the news of this expedition was the matter of conversation everywhere, the Lord de Coucy returned from the frontiers of Genoa, where he had been upwards of a year negotiating with the Genoese; for some of the leading men of Genoa had informed the Duke of Orleans, that persons composing the government of that city were desirous of having for their duke one of the blood-royal of France: and as he had married the daughter of the Duke of Milan, it would be very suitable for him. In consequence of this, the Lord de Coucy had come into these parts, when some of those lords, who had sent the information to the Duke of Orleans, waited on him, and with many friendly expressions, welcomed him to their country, and offered him their castles. The Lord de Coucy, however, was as prudent as he was valiant, and being well acquainted with the character of the Lombards and Genoese, was unwilling to trust too much to their offers and promises. The issue of his negotiations was unsuccessful, and when it was found he could not do anything, he was remanded to Paris, at the time when the expedition to Hungary was in agitation.. The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy were happy at his return, and sending for him to the hôtel d'Artois, addressed him thus: "Lord de Coucy, we have the highest opinion of your understanding, valour, and prudence; and as John, our son and heir, will undertake the command of an expedition which we hope will turn out to the honour of God and Christendom, knowing that you of all the knights of France are the best informed in warlike affairs, we beg and entreat most earnestly, that you will be his counsellor and companion." The Lord de Coucy replied, "My lord, and you, madam, what you request is to me an order. I will surely be of this expedition, if it please God, for two reasons: first, from devotion, and to defend the faith of Jesus Christ; secondly, from the honour you do me, by giving me the charge of advising my Lord John, your son. I shall, therefore, obey and acquit myself in all respects to the best of my abilities; but, my dear lord, and you, my dear lady, you may readily excuse me from this weight, and lay it on the Lord Philip d'Artois, Constable of France, and on the Count de la Marche; for they are nearly related to him, and intend to form part of the expedition." The duke answered, "Lord de Coucy, you know more of war than either of our cousins, and we entreat you to comply with our request." "My lord," said the Lord de Coucy, "your words are commands; I will do as you require." The lords of France made vast preparations for the expedition to Hungary, and solicited the company and services of different barons, knights and squires.

Nothing was spared in the preparations for the young John of Burgundy with regard to horses, armour, emblazonments, dressing, silver and gold plate. Large sums of florins were given to his servants, who paid them to the different workmen as they finished and brought home their works. The barons, knights, and squires, to do him honour, exerted themselves to make their equipment as handsome as possible. The Duke of Burgundy, considering that this expedition would cost him very large sums, and that the state of his wife, himself, and his son Anthony, ought not to be any way diminished, bethought himself of a tax he had in reserve in order to find a supply of money for these expenses. He had received from cities and towns in Burgundy, as the usual tax on his eldest son receiving the order of knighthood, six-score thousand golden crowns; but this additional tax was laid on all knights who held fiefs from him, to attend his son into Hungary or compound in money. Some were taxed at 1,000 livres, others at 2,000; some at 500; each according to his wealth or the value of his lands. Ladies and ancient knights, who were unfit or disabled to undertake such an expedition, paid compositions at the duke's pleasure. The young knights and squires were told, "My lord does not want your money: you must accompany the Lord John at your own costs and charges." Of the last tax the Duke of Burgundy received from the gentlemen of his duchy, 60,000 crowns. News of this expedition to Hungary was spread far and near; on its being announced in Hainault, many knights and squires, eager for renown, resolved to attend, and the Count d'Ostrevant, brother-in-law to John of Burgundy, expressed a desire to march to Hungary; he was, however, advised by his father to attempt in preference the reconquest of Friesland which belonged to them. Knights and squires were all alive at the wars which seemed likely to take place in opposite quarters. Some made themselves ready for the expedition to Hungary: others for that to Friesland. The Count de Nevers was prepared; and all those knights had been enrolled who were to be under his charges and to accompany him. In all there were 1,000 knights, and as many squires, all men of tried courage and enterprise. They left their homes about the middle of March, and advanced in good array by companies. All the roads were open to them, for the King of Germany had commanded that his country and Bohemia should afford them every friendly assistance to supply their wants, and that the price of provisions should on no account be raised. The Duke of Austria gave the French lords a handsome reception, but he was particularly attentive to John of Burgundy, for the Lord Otho, eldest son to the duke, had espoused Mary of Burgundy, his sister.

You have before heard that the King of England had sent ambassadors to the King of France, to conclude a marriage between him and his eldest daughter Isabella. These succeeded so well in the business, that they returned to England in high spirits, and gave the king great hopes that his wishes would be gratified. To conclude the business, however, the ambassadors were sent again to Paris. During the time they were at Paris negotiating the marriage of the King of England, the dowager Queen of Naples was busily employed in her own concerns, and in prosecuting her charge against Sir Peter de Craon. The suit continued for a long time; at last, however, the following decision was given by the president, who, on rising, said that the parliament had determined that Sir Peter de Craon was indebted to the Queen of Naples in the sum of 100,000 francs, which he must pay to her, or be committed to prison until it was done completely to her satisfaction. The ambassadors of England remained for twenty-two days in Paris; their negotiations were successful, and the marriage between the King of England and the Princess Isabella was agreed upon. She was betrothed and espoused by the Earl Marshal, as proxy for the King of England, and the lady was ever after styled Queen of England. I was told at the time, it was quite pleasant to see, that, young as she was, she knew well how to act the queen. When this business was completed and the different treaties signed and sealed, the ambassadors took their leave of the king and his court, and departed from Paris to Calais on their return to England, where they were joyfully received by the king, the Duke of Lancaster, and the lords attached to the king's person. However much others might be pleased, it was not so with the Duke of Gloucester; he saw plainly that by this marriage peace would be established between the two kingdoms, which sorely displeased him, unless it should be such a peace as would redound to the honour of England, and everything was placed on the same footing as when the war broke out in Gascony. He frequently conversed on the subject with his brother the Duke of York, and endeavoured to draw him over to his way of thinking: he dared not, however, speak so freely to his elder brother the Duke of Lancaster, who was of the king's party, and well satisfied with this marriage on account of his two daughters, the Queens of Castille and Portugal. At this period the Duke of Lancaster married his third wife, the daughter of a knight of Hainault, called Sir Paon de Ruet, who had formerly been one of the knights to the good and noble Queen Philippa of Hainault. Before the Lady Blanche's death, and even when married to his second wife Constance, the daughter of Don Pedro, the duke cohabited with the Lady Catherine, who was then married to an English knight, now dead. The duke had three children by her previous to his marriage, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son was John, Lord Beaufort of Lancaster, and the younger, Thomas, whom the duke kept at the schools in Oxford, and made a great churchman and civilian. He was afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, which is the richest bishopric in the kingdom: from affection to these children, the duke married their mother, to the great astonishment of France and England, for she was of base extraction in comparison of his two former duchesses. The English ladies of high rank, such as the Duchess of Gloucester, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Arundel, and others, were greatly shocked at the announcement of this marriage, and thought the duke much to blame. Indeed, many looked upon him as a doating fool for thus marrying his concubine, and declared they would never honour his lady by calling her sister. Catherine Ruet, however, remained Duchess of Lancaster, and the second lady in England, as long as she lived; indeed, she was a lady accustomed to honours, for during her youth she had been brought up at court; and the duke fondly loved the children he had by her.

I must mention that, when the sentence of the court of parliament at Paris had been pronounced against Sir Peter de Craon, he was confined. At the advice of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, however, he made application to the Queen of England to intercede with the Queen of Naples to grant him liberty for fifteen days, in order that he might seek out his friends in Paris to pay this money, or to become his sureties until he had procured it in Brittany, or elsewhere. The request was complied with, on condition that he should every night sleep in his prison at the Louvre; but Sir Peter sought in vain for aid among his relatives, for the sum was too great for them to advance, and he was forced to return to his prison, where he was strictly guarded day and night, and at his own proper costs.

On the arrival of the Count de Nevers with his army at Buda, in Hungary, the king gave them a most hearty reception; as, indeed, he ought, for they came to serve him. It was his intention, before he took the field, to obtain some certain intelligence of the movements of Bajazet, who, since February last, had given him notice to increase his forces, as he would, in the course of the month of May, lead an immense army across the Danube, and offer combat to the Hungarians. When the month of May arrived, however, and nothing was heard of Bajazet, the King of Hungary sent scouts across the Danube to gain intelligence, and, at the same time, issued his summons for his powers to assemble. The knights of Rhodes came thither in numbers during the month of May, looking for the arrival of the Saracens, but there was no news of them. The king again sent out some Hungarians, who were used to arms, and well acquainted with the country; but they were as unsuccessful as his former scouts in not meeting with Bajazet: they heard, however, that he was still in Asia—at Damascus, Antioch, or Alexandria. On receiving this information, the king called a council of his lords, and those who were come from France, to consider how they should act. He told them that he had sent some expert men-at-arms to seek Bajazet, and that there was no appearance that he would put his threat into execution this summer. Upon this the Lord de Coucy, having consulted with the other barons, made answer, that if Bajazet should have deceived them by not keeping his word, they ought not for that to remain idle, but should attempt some deeds of arms, since they had come thither to that effect; that all the French, Germans, and other foreigners were willing to meet the Turks, and if under command of Bajazet, so much the better. Orders were, in consequence, issued by the king and marshals that every one should be prepared by a certain day, the octave of St. John the Baptist, to march for Turkey. The orders were punctually obeyed. The lords of France being desirous of making a handsome figure, examined well their armour and equipages, sparing no money in order to have them as complete as possible. When they took the field from Buda, their appearance was grandly magnificent. The Constable of Hungary, who well knew the country, and led with him a large body of Hungarians and Germans, had command of the van division; and next to him marched the French lords. With the King of Hungary rode the greatest barons of his realm, and by his side John of Burgundy. They were full 60,000 horse: the infantry, however, were very few; indeed, there were none but the followers of the army.

This army crossed the Danube in barges, boats, and pontoons, prepared some time since for this purpose. It was more than eight days before all had passed. The Danube divides the kingdoms of Hungary and Turkey; and when the whole army had crossed, they were delighted to find themselves on Turkish ground, for they were impatient to try the courage of the Turks. After a council, they resolved to besiege a town in Turkey called Comecte, and made preparation to invest it on all sides, which could easily be done, for it is situated in an open plain, upon a river deep enough to bear vessels. The King of Hungary encamped his army before this place without opposition, for no one made any attempt to prevent the siege. Many attacks were made upon the town; but they were valiantly opposed by the inhabitants, in the daily expectation of receiving reinforcements from Bajazet. None, however, came, and the city was taken by storm, with great slaughter of men, women, and children; for the Christians, on entering it, spared none. After this the King of Hungary advanced further into Turkey, towards the large city of Nicopoli. On his way thither he took the town of Laquaire, and came before another town and castle, called Brehappe, governed by a Turkish knight, the lord of the place, who had with him a strong garrison. The Count de Nevers had been created a knight by the King of Hungary on his entering Turkey; and the day he displayed his banner, upwards of 300 were knighted. Those who had advanced to the town won it, within four days, by assault; but the castle resisted all their attacks. The Lord of Brehappe, whose name was, I believe, Corbadas, a very valiant man, saved many of his people within the castle. He had three brothers—Maladius, Balachius, and Ruffin. After the capture of the town, the Christians were seven days before the castle, and attacked it many times; but finding they lost more than they gained, they decamped, and advanced to the siege of Nicopoli. Corbadas was well pleased to observe the Christians marching away, and after expressing to his brothers his surprise that Bajazet had not come, he said, "I propose the following plan: I and my brother Maladius will go to Nicopoli to assist in its defence; Balachius shall remain here to guard Brehappe; and Ruffin shall cross the sea, and haste to find Bajazet, to inform him of everything that has happened, that he may take instant measures to prevent the dishonourable loss of his possessions."

The three Turks approved what the brother had said, and promised obedience. Nicopoli was besieged by the Christian army, amounting to nearly 100,000 men. Corbadas and his brother gained admittance into the town, to the great joy of the inhabitants; Balachius remained in the castle of Brehappe; and Ruffin took the first opportunity of crossing the Hellespont, to learn intelligence of Bajazet. In truth Bajazet was at Cairo, with the Sultan of Babylon, to solicit his aid, and there the Turk found him. When Bajazet saw him he was much surprised, and imagined something extraordinary had happened. He called to him, and asked how things were going on in Turkey. "My lord," he replied, "they are very anxious to see you there: the King of Hungary, with an immense force, has crossed the Danube, and invaded the country; and you must know, that in his army there is a body of Frenchmen, the most gallant and best appointed that can be seen. It behoves you, therefore, to summon your friends and vassals, and hasten to Turkey, with an army powerful enough to drive these Christians back again."

"How many are they?" asked Bajazet.

"Upwards of 100,000," said the Turk, "and all on horseback, armed in the best possible manner."

Bajazet made no reply, but entered the chamber of the Sultan of Babylon, leaving the Turk, who had brought the intelligence, among his own people. He related what you have just heard to the sultan, who answered, "You must provide yourself accordingly, and shall have men enough to oppose them, for we must by all means defend our religion and possessions."

"That is true," replied Bajazet. "My wishes are now accomplished, for I was desirous that the King of Hungary should cross the Danube. At present I shall let him have full scope; but in the end he shall repay me fully for what he has done. It is now four months since I heard of the expedition from my good friend the Duke of Milan, who advised me to draw up my men with prudence. They have, as the duke writes, undertaken the expedition solely through valour to do some deeds of arms, that may gain them renown. For this I feel thankful; and within three months from this time the desire shall be gratified."

Bajazet made no long stay at Cairo with the Sultan of Babylon, who promised to send a great army to his aid, under command of his best men-at-arms. Messengers were despatched on all sides, entreating assistance; for should the French conquer Turkey, all the surrounding kingdoms would tremble, their religion be destroyed, and themselves reduced to slavery under the Christians. Many Saracen kings obeyed the summons, which Bajazet and the Sultan of Babylon sent as far as Persia, India, and Tartary; and to the north, to the kingdom of Lecto, beyond the frontiers of Prussia. Having heard that the army of the Christians was composed of the flower of their chivalry, the Saracen monarchs selected from their own sect those of the greatest ability, and who had most experience in arms. But we will now leave Bajazet, and return to the Christians, who were besieging the strong city of Nicopoli.

The garrison was very numerous and defended the place valiantly. During the siege the Lord de Coucy and some other French knights took a fancy to make an expedition further into Turkey, leaving the King of Hungary to continue his approaches to the town: they took with them 500 lances and as many crossbows on horseback, and selected as guides some of the best mounted Hungarian scouts well acquainted with the country. This same week the Turks likewise, to the number of 20,000 men, took the field, and advanced to a pass, through which it was necessary the Christians should march, in order to enter the open country. After waiting two days, the Hungarian scouts came galloping up to the place where they lay in ambush. The Christians advanced near enough to see that the Turks were very numerous, and then returned to inform the Lord de Coucy and the other lords what they had seen. The Christians were rejoiced at hearing it, and the Lord de Coucy said, "We must advance and see what kind of people they are." As many as heard him approved what he said; and all tightened their armour, regirthed their horses, and advanced at a greater pace to the place where the Turks lay. There was a small wood between the two parties; on coming to which the French knights halted, and the Lord de Coucy said to Sir Reginald de Roye and the Lord de Saint Py, "I would advise, in order to draw the Turks out of their ambush, that you two advance with 100 of our men, while we post the remainder in this wood. When the Turks quit the ambush, do you suffer yourselves to be pursued, and as soon as you have passed this wood wheel round on them. We will instantly sally forth, and thus enclose and conquer them at our pleasure." This plan was adopted: the two knights set off with about 100 of the best mounted, and the main body, about 800 men of tried courage, entered the wood. The Turks were much pleased as they saw them approach, and thinking that they were the whole force of the enemy, they quitted their ambuscade, and advanced on the plain. The Christians observing this, turned about, and suffered themselves to be pursued; but, as they were so well mounted, the Turks could not come up with them. Both parties passed the wood without the ambush being noticed, when the Lord de Coucy sallied forth with his men, shouting out "Our Lady, for the Lord de Coucy!" and falling on the rear of the Turks, struck many down. On finding themselves thus surrounded the Turks halted and made the best defence they could, but it was of little avail; for, not suspecting any forces behind, they were thunderstruck when they were attacked on all sides. The French displayed great valour, they slew heaps upon the field, and all they overtook in the flight. In the evening they returned to the camp before Nicopoli. News was soon spread throughout the army that the Lord de Coucy had, by his valour, overthrown more than 15,000 Turks; very many were loud in his praise for this action. Not so the Count d'Eu, who said the expedition had been undertaken through vanity, and that he saw nothing praiseworthy in it. Indeed, during the whole expedition, the Count d'Eu never had any friendship for de Coucy, notwithstanding he saw that he was beloved and respected by all the French and foreign knights. Such was the beginning of that hatred between them, which at last broke out and caused the destruction of the Christian army, as will shortly be related. It is time, however, that we leave this subject and return to what was passing between the Kings of France and England.

The marriage of the King of England with the Princess of France was approaching, and the two kings showed great affection for each other, as did their relatives on either side, except the Duke of Gloucester, who had no joy in it, for he knew that by this connexion peace would be established between the two kingdoms, which he was unwilling to see; and, therefore, excited all whom he thought so inclined to throw every obstacle in the way. At that time, there was a knight in the duke's service by name Sir John Lackingay, who knew all the secrets of the duke, and who, by encouraging his warlike disposition, followed the natural bent of his own inclinations. At this period the Duke of Gueldres came to England to visit the king and his uncles, and to offer his loyal services, for he was so bounden by faith and homage. He had many conversations with the Duke of Lancaster respecting the intended expedition of the Counts of Hainault and Ostrevant against Friesland; for at this moment Fier-a-bras de Vertain, the Count Ostrevant's principal adviser, was in England seeking men-at-arms and archers. The Earl of Derby had been requested to accompany his cousins of Hainault and Ostrevant, to which he was well inclined, if it met the approbation of the king and his father. The Duke of Lancaster spoke to the Duke of

Gueldres on this subject, and desired him to say what he thought of it. He replied, that the expedition would be attended with much danger; that Friesland was not a country to be easily conquered; that the inhabitants are a people void of honour and understanding, and show mercy to none who fall in their way; that the country was very strong, surrounded by the sea, and full of bogs, islands, and marshes. "I have been much pressed," he continued, "to join this expedition, but I will never enter such a country; and I would not advise that my cousin of Derby go thither. I am satisfied that my brother-in-law d'Ostrevant will undertake the expedition, for he is very eager to do so, and that he will lead many Hainaulters with him, but there is a chance if any of them come home again." This speech of the Duke of Gueldres had such an effect on the Duke of Lancaster, that he made up his mind the Earl of Derby should not go to Friesland, and signified to him his intentions secretly—for his son did not live with him; telling him, that, notwithstanding the engagements he had entered into, he must break them off, for neither the king nor himself would consent that he should go on this expedition. Thus did the Duke of Gueldres prevent the Count of Hainault and his son from having the company of the Earl of Derby, in which respect he was not well advised, nor was he thanked by either. Notwithstanding this disappointment Fier-a-bras was not the less diligent in collecting forces, and engaged many knights and squires, with more than 200 archers; and the King of England, to do honour to his cousin of Hainault, ordered vessels to be prepared on the Thames, at his cost, to carry such knights as went on the expedition to Encuse, a sea-port belonging to the Earl of Hainault, at the extremity of Holland, and twelve leagues by water from Friesland. About this time the King of France sent Waleran Count de Saint Pol to England, to press forward the treaty for peace, and secretly to urge the King of England to conclude it. Robert the hermit, who had before been in England on this subject, accompanied the Count de Saint Pol. The king was at Eltham with his brothers, the Earls of Kent and Huntingdon, and his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, when the count arrived; and after hearing what he had to say, the king took him aside and said, "Fair brother of Saint Pol, with regard to the treaty of peace with my father-in-law the King of France, I am heartily inclined to it; but I cannot accomplish it alone. My uncle of Gloucester is violently against it, and he leads the Londoners as he will, and may attempt to stir up a rebellion in the country, and set the people against me; consider then the danger I shall run in the event of a second rebellion, headed by the Duke of Gloucester and other great barons and knights who are, as I know, of his way of thinking." "My lord," answered the Count de Saint Pol, "you must gain him over by fair and kind speeches. Make him handsome presents, and should he demand anything, however unreasonable, grant it him instantly. Continue this till your marriage be completed, your queen brought hither, and all affairs concluded; you may then follow a different method; for, as the King of France will be at all times ready to assist you, you will be powerful enough to crush all your enemies or rebellious subjects." "In God's name," said the king, "you speak to the purpose; it shall be done as you advise."

During his stay in England the Count de Saint Pol was lodged in London; he had, however, frequent conferences with the king and Duke of Lancaster at Eltham on the subject of the marriage. It had been ordered at Paris, as the count told the king, that the King of France and his uncles should come to St. Omer, and bring the young princess with them: it was their wish, therefore, that the King of England should come to Calais, and that between the towns of St. Omer and Calais an interview should take place between the two kings, who from personal knowledge would have their affection for each other much strengthened, and then some secret treaties respecting a peace might be made, without employing too many persons in the business, before the king carried his queen to England. If a peace could not be concluded, the truce was then to be prolonged for the term of thirty or forty years between England, France, and the allies. This proposal seemed so fair and honourable that orders were instantly issued for purveyances of every kind to be made ready for the king's voyage and residence at Calais. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were invited by the king to be of the party, as were also the Dukes and Duchesses of York and Lancaster. The King of England and his train of lords and ladies soon arrived at Calais; the Duke of Burgundy came to St. Omer to press forward the treaties, which were carried on through the mediation of the Count de Saint Pol, and Robert the hermit. On the eve of Our Lady, in the middle of August, the duke was conducted by the count to Calais, to wait on the King of England and his uncles, from whom he met with a cordial reception, and they conferred together for some time on the articles for a peace. When the Duke of Burgundy had stayed two days at Calais, the king told him that on his return to England he would lay all the articles before the parliament; for that neither himself nor his lords could agree to anything conclusive without the assent of the people of England; he added that he would himself go over and return, so making one journey for the conclusion of all things. The determination was approved; the King of England and his lords returned to London; but the ladies remained until they should come back again, which was speedily done. During this period the expedition from Hainault against the Frieslanders took place, and it is time that we relate the arrangement of it.

You have heard that King Richard out of affection to his cousin had sent him some men-at-arms, and 200 archers; these were under command of three English lords, one named Cornewall, another Colleville, but the third, who was a squire, I have forgotten. Duke Albert of Bavaria set out from the Hague in company with his son, the Count d'Ostrevant, for Hainault, and convened the states of that country at Mons. He laid before them his wishes to invade Friesland, and remonstrated on the lawful claim he had upon it; in proof of which he read to them certain letters patent, apostolical and imperial, authoritatively sealed with lead and gold, which showed evidently his right over that country. The duke addressed the meeting: "My lords and valiant men our subjects; you know that every one ought to guard and defend his inheritance, and that in defence of himself or his country man has a right to make war. You know also that the Frieslanders ought to acknowledge themselves our subjects; but they rebel against us, and against our rights, like men without law or religion; in this necessity, therefore, we entreat your assistance, both personal and pecuniary, that we may subject these disobedient Frieslanders to our will." To this remonstrance the three estates unanimously assented, and presented the duke with 30,000 francs ready money, without including the town of Valenciennes, which town performed its duty equally well. Duke Albert and his son were very joyful at seeing their subjects so forward to assist the war, as it assured them that they were well-beloved by them; and since they had now sufficient money, they resolved to inform the King of France of the intended expedition, and to request aid from him. The matter was variously received at the French court, and after much discussion it was determined to send to the duke's assistance 500 lances. Upon hearing this intelligence Duke Albert assembled all his barons and vassals of Hainault in his hall at Mons, and addressed them, saying that he hoped they would all arm and provide themselves with followers and every necessary, each according to his power, to assist him in his intended expedition; and that out of affection to him, and regard to their own honour and renown, they would embark with him for Upper Friesland. All the knights, squires, and lords instantly promised him their services like loyal vassals. Duke Albert and the Count d'Ostrevant found them punctual in the performance of their promises.

About the beginning of August, in the year 1396, they assembled and marched off in companies handsomely arrayed towards Antwerp, whence they embarked for Enchuysen, the general rendezvous. You may suppose that when all these preparations were making for the departure of so many knights and squires, the ladies and damsels were not in high spirits; we must allow they were very much cast down, for they saw their fathers, brothers, uncles, husbands, and lovers going on a dangerous expedition, not having forgotten how in former times the Hainaulters with Count William had remained on the field of battle in Friesland; they were therefore fearful that what had happened to their predecessors might befal them, and loudly praised the Duchess of Brabant for having forbidden any gentlemen or others of her country to take part in this expedition. The ladies frequently pressed their lovers and friends to decline going, and many meetings were holden, but to little purpose. The Duke of Bavaria and his son, having been so successful in Hainault and Zealand, made the same request of assistance to the Hollanders. To say the truth, the Hollanders were much pleased to hear war was about to be made on the Frieslanders, for they hated them, particularly the knights and squires, and they mutually plundered each other on the frontiers of the two countries: very many, therefore, were inclined to join in the expedition, and it was not long before they assembled at Enchuysen, where vessels had been provided to carry them to Friesland. Every one was now ordered to embark, which being done they hoisted sail, recommended themselves to God, and put to sea. The water was smooth, and seemed to take pleasure in bearing them: the Frieslanders had long been informed of Duke Albert's intention of marching against them with a powerful army, and they determined to combat their enemies at the very moment of their landing; they also resolved not to accept ransom for any person, however high his rank, but to put their prisoners to death, or keep them in banishment from their own countries.

Among the Frieslanders was a man of high birth and renown, of great strength and stature, for he was a head taller than the rest of his countrymen; his name was Yves Jouvere, but the Hollanders, Zealanders, and Hainaulters called him "the great Frieslander." This valiant man had gained much reputation in Prussia, Hungary, Turkey, and elsewhere; and when he heard his countrymen thus really resolved on battle, he said, "O ye noble men and free Frieslanders, know that there is no fortune stable: if in former times you have by your prowess conquered the Hainaulters, Hollanders, and Zealanders, those now about to invade us are men expert in war, and be assured they will act otherwise than their predecessors; I would therefore advise that we suffer them to land, and make what progress they can into the country: let us guard our towns and fortresses, and give them the plains —our country will not long support them: it is besides cut up with ditches and dykes, so that they cannot advance far into the interior, and will be forced to retire after having burnt ten or twelve villages; the damage they can do will be very trifling, and we can soon repair it; but if we offer them battle, I very much fear we shall be overpowered, for I have been informed they are 100,000 men under arms." He said truly, for they were at least as many. The valiant Friesland knights seconded the proposal; the people, however, would not listen to it, and they opposed what the great Frieslanders offered, with such success as to occasion it to be determined that as soon as they should hear of the enemy landing they were to march and offer them battle. This having been resolved on, the assembly broke up, that each one might make his preparations. To say the truth, they were in general badly armed; many had no other defensive covering than their waistcoats made of coarse thick cloth, scarcely better than horse cloths; some were armed in leather, others with rusty jackets of mail, which seemed unfit for service; some, however, were perfectly well armed.

When the Frieslanders were ready to march they took from their churches the crosses and banners, and divided themselves into three battalions, each consisting of about 10,000 men; they halted on arriving at a pass defended by a ditch, very near to where the Hainault army was to land, and plainly saw the Hainaulters, Hollanders, and Zealanders, for they were close to the shore, and preparing to disembark. It was on St. Bartholomew's day, which this year fell on a Sunday, that Duke Albert and his army landed in Friesland. The Frieslanders noticing the movements of their enemies, sallied forth, in number about 6,000, and mounted the dykes to see if they could in any way prevent their landing. The disembarkation was strongly contested, and numbers were killed and wounded; but from the advantages of their bows and crossbows, and by their superior mode of fighting, the Hainaulters gained the dyke, and remained victors of the field at this first attack. The Frieslanders on the loss of the dyke retreated to another pass where they had cast up the earth in the front, and the ditch was very deep; they amounted to about 30,000. On Sunday and Monday they pitched their tents, and some few skirmishes took place.

On Tuesday morning both armies were ready prepared for battle, and several new knights were made of the Hainaulters, Hollanders, and Zealanders. All drew up in handsome array, placing the archers in front, intermixed with the ranks. The Frieslanders guarded themselves from the arrows by means of the mound of earth, which was as high as their heads; but the Hainaulters leaped into the ditch, and made bridges of their pikes and lances. The new knights acquitted themselves honourably, and the enemy displayed great courage; they are a lusty race, though very badly armed, and some of them without even shoes or stockings; nevertheless, they made an obstinate defence. During the skirmish the Lord de Ligne with other Hainault knights, following the course of the ditch, found a passage for their horses, and fell upon the rear of the Frieslanders to their utter dismay; to upset this attack they quitted the defence of the ditch, but the Hainaulters charged them so vigorously that they were dispersed, and the Hollanders and Zealanders crossed the ditch and joined in the fray. The battle was now very murderous, and Yves Jouvere, the great Frieslander, was killed; not long after which the Frieslanders yielded the field, and took to flight as fast as they could; the carnage in the pursuit was horrible, for none were spared, the Hollanders in particular killed all they could overtake. To conclude, the Frieslanders were completely defeated, and the greater part killed. The Lord of Kuynder, who was lord of the town where they landed, had surrendered himself on the Monday, and himself and his two sons were in the battle against the Frieslanders; after the victory the Hainaulters and their companions quartered themselves about Kuynder, and took several towns and castles; the captures, however, were inconsiderable, for the Frieslanders did them much harm by ambuscades and skirmishes. If they made any prisoners they had no ransom to offer, and it was seldom they would surrender, but fought until they were slain. When the Hainault army had been in the country about five weeks, and had burnt and destroyed many towns and villages, the weather began to be very cold, and it rained almost daily; Duke Albert and his son, in consequence, marched their army into Holland, the more comfortably to pass the winter, which had set in very hard. On arriving at Enchuysen the lords dismissed their men, particularly the strangers, with whom they were well contented, and paid them their full pay, at the same time thanking them for the service they had rendered. Thus was this great army disbanded without having made any conquest.

CHAPTER XXIV

Negotiations for peace continue—Kings of England and France have an interview—Marriage of the young Princess of France with King Richard—Their return to England—Siege of Nicopoli continued—Bajazet and his immense army—Defeat of the Christian army through the imprudence of the French—John of Burgundy and many noble lords taken prisoners—Great cruelty of Bajazet—The Lord Boucicaut spared—Sir James de Helly carries the news of the defeat to France—Presents to Bajazet—Ransom and preparation for the return of the prisoners—The Duke of Gloucester excites rebellion in England—His arrest by means of an ambuscade at Stratford.

It has been mentioned that the King of England had returned from Calais to London, to wait the meeting of his parliament at Michaelmas. Meanwhile great purveyances were made for him and his barons, and sent to Calais and Guines: the larger part was forwarded down the Thames, but a good deal was collected in Flanders at Damme, Bruges, and Sluys, and sent by sea to Calais. In like manner great preparations were made on the part of the French, indeed no expense was spared on either side, and the lords of each country were emulous to outshine one another. The session of parliament, which usually lasts forty days, and is held in the king's palace at Westminster, was now abridged, for the king attended it only five days; when the business was settled the king and his two uncles of Lancaster and Gloucester, and the members of his council, set out from London, and crossed the sea to Calais. The Duke of York and the Earl of Derby did not accompany the king, but remained behind to guard England in his absence. Information was immediately sent to the French court of the King of England's return to Calais, and the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy came to St. Omer, and fixed their residence in the abbey of St. Bertin. The King of France sent the Count de Saint Pol to Richard as soon as he heard of his arrival, to compliment him in his name, and to lay before him the orders that had been given for the ceremony of his marriage. The King of England eagerly listened to this, for he took much pleasure in the business; and the Count de Saint Pol on his return to St. Omer was accompanied by the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester, and many other barons and knights, who were handsomely received by the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy. The Duke of Brittany came thither also, having left the King of France and the young Queen of England at Aire. You must know that every honour and respect that could be imagined was paid to the English lords; the Duchess of Burgundy entertained them splendidly at dinner; there were an immense variety of dishes and decorations on the tables, and very rich presents made of gold and silver plate; nothing in short was spared, so that the English were astonished where such riches could come from. When the entertainment was over the company took leave of each other, and the two dukes with their duchesses and children returned with the other knights and barons to Calais, and related to King Richard how grandly they had been received, and the rich presents that had been made them.

Their praises pleased the king much, for he was delighted whenever he heard the King of France or the French well spoken of, so much was he already enamoured with them on account of the king's daughter, whom he was to marry.

Shortly after this the King of France, accompanied by the Duke of Brittany, came to St. Omer, and took up his lodgings in the abbey of St. Bertin. The Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon went forward to confer with the king at Calais, where they were splendidly entertained, and concluded certain treaties with the king and his uncles. Many both in France and England thought that a peace had been concluded, for by this time the Duke of Gloucester was well inclined to it, in consideration of the kind promises of the king, who had engaged, if a peace were made, to create his son Humphrey, Earl of Rochester, and make the annual revenue of it equal to 2,000*l.* sterling; also to present the Duke of Gloucester with 50,000 nobles on his return to England. When the French lords had concluded the business they took leave of the king, and returned to the King of France and the Duke of Orleans at St. Omer. The King of France now left St. Omer, and resided in the fort of Ardres; the plain was covered with tents and pavilions full of French and English; the King of England and the Duke of Lancaster were lodged at Guines. On the vigil of the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, which fell on a Friday, in the year of grace 1396, the two kings left their lodgings on the point of ten o'clock, and, accompanied by their attendants, went to the tents which had been prepared for them;

thence they advanced on foot to a certain spot which had been fixed on for their meeting, which was surrounded by 400 French, and as many English knights, brilliantly armed with swords in hand. These 800 knights were so drawn up that the two kings passed between their ranks, conducted in the following order: the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester supported the King of France, and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy the King of England, and when the two kings were on the point of meeting, the 800 knights fell on their knees and wept for joy. The two kings met bareheaded, and having saluted, took each other by the hand, when the King of France led the King of England to his tent; the four dukes took each other by the hand and followed them. The French and English knights remained at their posts, looking at their opponents with good humour, and never moving until the whole ceremony was over. The spot where the two kings met was marked, and a chapel in honour of the Virgin Mary was proposed to be erected on it, but I know not if it were ever put into execution. At the entrance of the two kings into the tent, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon came forward and cast themselves on their knees; the kings stopped and made them rise; the six dukes then assembled in front, and conversed together; the kings passed on, and had some conversation, while wine and spices were preparing. The Duke of Berry served the King of France with the comfit-box, and the Duke of Burgundy with the cup of wine; in like manner the King of England was served by the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester. After the kings had been served, the knights of France and England took the wine and spices, and served the prelates, dukes, princes and counts; and after them squires and other officers of the household did the same to all within the tent, until every one had partaken. Shortly after the two monarchs took leave of each other, as did the different lords. When their horses were ready the King of England and his uncles mounted and rode towards Calais—the king to Guines, the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester to Hamme, and the others to their lodgings. The King of France also returned to Ardres, accompanied by the Duke of Orleans, for nothing more was done that day, although the tents and pavilions were left standing.

At eleven o'clock on Saturday morning another meeting took place in the tent of the French king. Dining tables were laid out; that for the kings was long and handsome, and the sideboard covered with most magnificent plate. The two kings sat by themselves; the King of France at the top of the table, and the King of England below him at a good distance from each other; they were served by the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, the last of whom entertained the two monarchs with many gay remarks: addressing the King of England, he said, "My lord, King of England, you ought to make good cheer, for you have all your wishes gratified: you have a wife, or shall have one, for she will speedily be delivered to you." "Bourbonnois," replied the King of France, "we wish our daughter were as old as our cousin of Saint Pol, for then she would love our son of England much more." The King of England on hearing these words bowed to the King of France, and replied, "Good father-in-law, the age of our wife pleases us right well; we pay not so much attention to her age, as we value your love, and that of our subjects; for we shall now be so strongly united that no king in Christendom shall any way hurt us."

When dinner was over, the cloth was removed, the tables carried away, and wine and spices brought. After this the Queen of England entered the tent, attended by a great number of ladies and damsels; the king led her by the hand and gave her to the King of England, who instantly after took his leave; the queen was placed in a rich litter which had been prepared for her, but of all the French ladies who were there, only the Lady de Coucy went with her. Many of the principal ladies of England received Queen Isabella with great joy; when the ladies were ready the King of England and his lords departed, and riding at a good pace, arrived at Calais. The King of France and his court returned to St. Omer, where he had left the queen and Duchess of Burgundy, and stayed there the Sunday and Monday following. On the Tuesday, which was All Saints' day, the King of England and the Lady Isabella of France were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the church of St. Nicholas, at Calais. Great was the feasting on the occasion, and the heralds and minstrels were most liberally paid. On Thursday the King and Queen of England, having heard an early mass, embarked for Dover, which they reached in less than three hours. The king dined at the castle, and lay that night at Rochester; passing through Dartford, he arrived at his palace at Eltham, where the lords and ladies took leave of the king and queen, and went home. Fifteen days after this the queen made her entry into London, grandly attended by lords, ladies, and damsels; she lay one night in the Tower, and the next day was conducted in great pomp through the streets to Westminster, where the king was waiting to receive her.

During the time the court was at Westminster, a tournament was ordered to be held at Candlemas, in Smithfield, between forty knights and as many squires, notices of which were given to the heralds that they might publish it beyond sea, and as far as Scotland.

When the Duke of Brittany took leave of the King of France and his lords, after the marriage of King Richard, he carried with him his cousin, Sir Peter de Craon, having made interest with the Duke of Burgundy to gain his liberty, and I imagine he engaged to pay the Queen of Jerusalem her 100,000 marks by instalments. But I will for the present leave speaking of these matters, and return to what was passing in Turkey.

The Christians were besieging Nicopoli, and as yet nothing had been heard of any assistance from Bajazet. During the whole summer he had been busily employed in raising a large army of Saracens and infidels, and had even sent to Persia for succour. These, to the amount of 200,000, crossed the Hellespont, and advanced so secretly, that they were close to Nicopoli before the Christians knew that they had begun their march. Bajazet was as well acquainted as most persons with the stratagems of war, and marched to raise the siege in the following order. His army was drawn up in the form of a harrow, and occupied about a league of ground; in front of the main body were 8,000 Turks, to mask the body of the army, which was divided into two wings, and Bajazet was in the midst of the main body. It happened on the Monday preceding Michaelmas day in the year 1396, about ten o'clock, as the King of Hungary and his lords were seated at dinner, news was brought that the Turks were at hand. This was agreeable information to many who were desirous of arms; they instantly arose, pushed the tables aside, and demanded their horses and armour. Being somewhat heated with wine, they hastened to the field, and banners and pennons were displayed. The banner of the Virgin Mary was unfurled, and the guard of it given to that valiant knight, Sir John de Vienne, Admiral of France. The French were the first in the field, and seemingly fearless of the Turks, for they were ignorant of their immense numbers, and that Bajazet commanded them in person. The King of Hungary sent to entreat them not to begin the battle before they heard from him again; but the Count d'Eu, the Constable of France, was impetuous, and determined to fight the enemy.

The infidels were now fast approaching, and in such numbers, that the Christians became completely surrounded, and found it impossible to retreat. Many knights and squires, who were used to arms, knew that the day must be lost; nevertheless they advanced. The French lords were so richly dressed out in their emblazoned surcoats, that they looked like little kings; but, as I was told, when they met the Turks they were not more than 700 in number. Had they waited for the Hungarian army, they might, perhaps, have gained the victory; to their pride and presumption was the whole loss owing—a loss which was so great, that never, since the defeat of Roncesvalles, when twelve peers of France were slain, did the French suffer so considerably. However, before they were overcome they made a great slaughter of the Turks; indeed, they defeated the van battalion, and put it to flight, pursuing it into a valley where Bajazet was posted with the main army. The French would have returned, but could not, for they were now enclosed on all sides. The battle raged with fury, and lasted a considerable time.

The King of Hungary, when informed of the engagement, was very angry that his orders had not been obeyed: "We shall lose the day from the vanity of the French," he said to the Grand Master of Rhodes, who was beside him. "If they had waited for us to join them, we should have had sufficient strength to cope with the enemy." As he thus spoke, he looked back, and saw his men flying panic-struck, and the Turks pursuing them. It was a most unfortunate day for the Hungarians and French. As they fled, in the greatest confusion, the Turks followed, killing them, or making prisoners at pleasure. God assisted the King of Hungary and the Grand Master of Rhodes, for, on arriving at the banks of the Danube, they fortunately found a small vessel, into which they entered, and, by means of it, crossed to the opposite shore.

Sir William de la Tremouille and his son displayed great feats of valour before they were slain. Sir John de Vienne, also, who bore the banner of our Lady, in spite of his deeds of arms was killed, grasping the banner in his hands, and was thus found after the battle. Very many of the French were saved from the extreme richness of their armour—they were dressed like kings; and the Saracens and Turks, who are very avaricious, thought, by saving their lives, that they should gain large ransoms; for they believed them to be much greater lords from their appearances than they really were. The Count de Nevers was made prisoner, as were also the Counts d'Eu and de la Marche, the Lords de Coucy, Boucicaut, and others. The battle lasted three hours; more were killed in the pursuit than in the battle, and numbers were drowned. Happy indeed was he who could escape from such danger by any means. When the business was over, the Turks, Persians, and others retired to the tents and pavilions, which they had conquered from the Christians, and enjoyed themselves. Bajazet dismounted at the sound of many minstrels, at the principal tent that had belonged to the King of Hungary, which was very large and richly adorned. When he was disarmed, to cool and refresh himself, he sat on a silken carpet in the middle of the tent, and sent for his principal friends to chat and joke with them. He began the conversation by saying that he would now conquer Hungary, and all the rest of Christendom; and that, as he was descended from his blood, he would reign like Alexander of Macedon, who for twelve years governed the whole world. He then gave three orders: first, that every one who had made prisoners should produce them before him next day; secondly, that the dead should be carefully examined, and the nobles and great lords set apart and left untouched until he had seen them; thirdly, that exact inquiries should be made after the King of Hungary, that he might know whether he was dead or alive.

When Bajazet had refreshed himself he resolved to visit the dead on the field of battle, where, to his great surprise and anger, he found that the victory had cost him dear; for where one Christian lay dead, there were thirty of their enemies around them. The next morning, before Bajazet was risen, great numbers came to his tent to learn his will respecting the prisoners. It had been rumoured, that he intended having them all put to death without mercy; this, however, was not the case: his orders were, "Let those alone be spared who are nearly related to the king and willing to pay for their liberty a great sum of money, and all others be put to death."

Shortly after, the sultan made his appearance to his people before the tent; who, bowing down, made him obeisance. The army was drawn up in two wings. The sultan with his nobles, the Count de Nevers, and all those prisoners who were to be spared, were in the centre; for he would they should witness the execution of their companions, which the Saracens were eager to perform. Many excellent knights and squires of France and other nations were now brought forth in their shirts one after another before Bajazet, who eyed them a little as they were led on, and as he made a signal they were instantly cut to pieces by men waiting for them with drawn swords. Such was the cruelty of Bajazet this day, when upwards of 300 gentlemen were piteously murdered. It was a cruel case for them to suffer for the love of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and may he receive their souls!

Among the murdered of that day was the gallant knight, Sir Henry d'Antoing. May God show mercy to his soul! The Lord Boucicaut, Marshal of France, was led naked like the others before Bajazet, and would have suffered the same cruel death, had not the Count de Nevers left his companions and flung himself on his knees before the sultan, entreating him to spare the Lord Boucicaut, who was much beloved by the King of France, and well able to pay a considerable ransom. Bajazet consented, and thus the Lord Boucicaut was put aside with those who were not to be killed. Others were brought forward, until the number I have mentioned was completed; such was the cruel revenge the infidels had on the Christians.

Three knights, of whom Sir James de Helly was one, were brought before Bajazet and the Count de Nevers, who was asked which of the three he wished should go to the King of France, and his father the Duke of Burgundy, to acquaint them with their condition. Sir James de Helly had the good fortune to be made choice of, and he set out forthwith, it being the sultan's intention that Sir James should publish wherever he passed the great victory which he had gained over the Christians. It was about noon on Christmas day that Sir James Helly arrived in Paris, and the moment he dismounted at his inn he inquired where the king was. On being told that he was at the hôtel de Saint Pol, on the banks of the Seine, he went thither in the same dress he had rode in, booted and spurred. On approaching the king he fell upon his knees, and told all that he had been charged with as well by Bajazet as by the Count de Nevers and the French lords, his fellow-prisoners. The king and his lords listened attentively to all he said. Many questions were asked, in order to hear a more detailed account, to all of which Sir James answered pertinently, and to the satisfaction of the king, who was greatly affected at the loss the King of Hungary and his chivalry had suffered. When the intelligence which Sir James de Helly had brought was made public, all who had lost any relations were in the utmost consternation, as may easily be supposed.

The high nobility of France, such as the Duchess of Burgundy, and the Lady Margaret of Hainault, were greatly afflicted on account of their son and husband, the Count de Nevers; the Countess d'Eu lamented her lord the constable, as did the Countess de la Marche; the Ladies of Coucy, of Bars, and Sully, in like manner, bewailed the melancholy situation of their lords. The Duke of Burgundy treated Sir James most kindly for having brought him intelligence of his son; he made him many rich gifts, and retained him for one of his knights, with a pension of 200 livres a year during his life. The King of France also, and the lords of the court, gave him handsome presents.

Sir James remained at Paris about twelve days, and then, having received his despatches, set out on his way to Turkey, following the same road by which he had come.

After his departure, the Duke of Burgundy was constantly employed in preparing presents for the sultan, which were entrusted to Sir John de Châteaumorant to convey to him. They consisted of pieces of the best worked tapestry, from Arras, representing the history of Alexander the Great, and his conquests, the finest linens from Rheims, and scarlet and crimson cloths, which were packed on six sumpter horses. All these things were easily to be had for money, but there was great difficulty in procuring white gerfalcons, and when they were got Sir John began his journey, fifteen days after Sir James de Helly.

Immediately after the battle, Bajazet disbanded his army and marched to the city of Bursa, carrying his prisoners with him, who were placed under strict confinement, and had very few comforts allowed them. Sir James de Helly found him at Poly, another town of Turkey, to which he had retired. On entering his presence he humbled himself much before him, and said, "Most dear and redoubted lord, here is your prisoner, who has delivered to the best of his abilities the message with which you have charged him." Bajazet replied, "Thou art welcome, and in consideration of thy service, I give thee thy liberty." Sir James thanked him, and then said, that the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy had sent him an honourable knight with credential letters, as ambassador, and likewise with very grand presents, and that he was now at Buda waiting for passports. "We are willing he should have them," replied Bajazet, "let them be made out in any form you please." About an hour after, Sir James requested the sultan's permission to visit and converse with the French prisoners. To this Bajazet, after some silence, said, "Thou shall see one of them, but no more." He then made a sign to his attendants, and the Count de Nevers was brought to converse with Sir James for a short space of time, and then was carried back to prison. As soon as the passports were ready Sir James set out with them to Buda, to Sir John de Châteaumorant; but on mentioning to the King of Hungary the object of their journey into Turkey, he would not consent that Bajazet should have the presents. "In respect of the gerfalcons," he said, "I am indifferent whether he have them or not, for birds fly anywhere, and are as soon lost as given; but, with respect to the fine tapestry, which would remain as a proof of his boastings being true, I will not consent that he enjoy the pleasure of possessing it. Therefore, Châteaumorant, if you wish to journey into Turkey to see Bajazet to present him with the falcons you may do so, but you shall carry nothing else to him." Sir John made a respectful reply; and, being in doubt how to act, sent off to the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy requesting their advice. The matter was discussed in the French council, where the conduct of the King of Hungary was greatly condemned, and the King of France at last wrote courteous letters to him, requesting that he would no longer prevent his ambassadors from proceeding on their journey to take presents to the court of Turkey.

The King of France had every year relapses of his frenzy, without any physician or surgeon being able to prevent them. Some, indeed, boasted that they could restore him; but his disorder never ceased until it had run its course, in spite of prayers and medicines. A strong suspicion was about this time excited, that the king had been poisoned or enchanted by some pernicious herbs, and that the Duchess of Orleans, daughter to the Duke of Milan, was the cause of the mischief, that she might succeed to the crown of France. The Duke of Orleans was very melancholy on hearing such injurious report against his duchess; and Galias, Duke of Milan, her father, felt the disgrace so deeply, that he twice or thrice sent ambassadors to France to exculpate his daughter to the king and his council, at the same time offering a knight or knights, who should engage in mortal combat any person who should dare to accuse his daughter of such iniquitous and treasonable practices. Moreover, on account of this accusation he himself threatened to make war on France.

The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy did everything in their power to find means to pay the ransom of their son, the Count de Nevers, and the other prisoners. They reduced as much as possible their own expenses, and by means of a rich Lombard, who lived at Paris, by name Dinde Desponde, gained the interest of the Genoese merchants, and others who were likely to aid them in the matter. Through the intervention of the Grand Master of Rhodes, the King of Hungary, before the arrival of the letter of the King of France, permitted the ambassadors to continue their journey to Turkey. The sultan was much pleased at seeing them, and seemed very proud of the presents which had been sent to him. The knights were only permitted to have one interview with the Count de Nevers, and after that returned to the King of France at Paris.

I must now say something of the Duke of Gloucester, whose heart was by no means inclined to the French, and who was more pleased than hurt at the melancholy loss which they had sustained in Turkey. The duke's most confidential adviser was a knight, by name Sir John Lackingay, with whom he held such conversations as the following: "These rare boasting Frenchmen have been nearly annihilated in Turkey. Such knights and squires as join company with them are very ill advised, they are too vain and presumptuous ever to bring anything they undertake to a successful issue. This has often been apparent during the wars of my lord and father, and our brother the Prince of Wales, for they never could obtain a victory over our men. I know not why we have truces with them. If the King of England had a good head, and were as desirous as I am of war, and would take some pains to recover the inheritance the French have so shamefully stolen from him, he would find 100,000 archers and 6,000 men-at-arms ready to cross the sea and serve him with their lives and fortunes. There never was so favourable an opportunity to carry the war into France as the present, for the flower of the French chivalry is slain or in captivity. If peace continue, we shall languish and become more enervated than ever since my nephew came to the throne. Things cannot long remain in this state; the people will perceive and redress them. The king raises heavy taxes on the merchants, who are greatly discontented; he squanders the money no one knows how, and thus is the kingdom impoverished. True it is he gives largely to those about him, and in whom he confides; but the people pay for this, and it will shortly cause a rebellion. As soon as the truces between France and England are signed, he gives out that he will make a voyage to Ireland; he has been there already and gained but little, for Ireland is not worth conquering. The Irish are a poor and wicked people, with an impoverished country; and he who should conquer it one year, would lose it the next. Lackingay, Lackingay! all you have just heard me say, consider as truth."

The duke had conceived a great hatred to his nephew the King of England, and could no way speak well of him. When the king sent for him, if it was his pleasure he would come; but more frequently he stayed at home; and when he obeyed, he was always the last to come and the first to depart. He had a handsome castle in Essex, thirty miles from London, called Pleshy; indeed, the Lord Thomas was a great lord, and could afford to spend annually 60,000 crowns. He was Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Essex and Buckingham, and Constable of England, and, from his rough manner, was more dreaded by the king than any other of his uncles; through his influence many severe and hasty executions had taken place in England—that gallant and prudent knight, Sir Simon Burley, was beheaded—the Archbishop of York and the Duke of Ireland banished. The Duke of Gloucester's two brothers of Lancaster and York resided generally with the king. He was jealous of them, and said to several who went to visit him at his castle of Pleshy, that his brothers were so expensive to the king, and that it would be more decent for them to live at their own houses. The duke gained by every possible means the love of the Londoners, for he thought that if he acquired popularity with them, the rest of England would follow their example. He had a nephew, son to his brother Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and who was called John Earl of March; this nephew he would gladly have seen on the throne of England, and King Richard deposed from it; and he made no secret of this opinion to those who were in his confidence. He invited this Earl of March to come and see him, and when at Pleshy unbosomed himself to him of all the secrets of his heart, telling him that he had been selected for King of England—that King Richard and his queen were to be confined, but with ample provision for their maintenance—that he should certainly make a point of putting his plans into execution, and that he was already joined by the Earl of Arundel, Sir John Arundel, the Earl of Warwick, and many prelates and barons of England. The Earl of March was thunderstruck at this proposal, and prudently replied, that he never thought of such things. The duke desired him to keep secret what he had told him; this he promised, and taking his leave, instantly went to his estates in Ireland, and would never listen nor send any answers to all the proposals his uncle made to him. The Duke of Gloucester employed all possible means to stir up troubles in England.

The year that a truce had been signed between England and France to last for thirty years, King Richard and his queen came to London on their return from France, and the Duke of Gloucester whispered the citizens to petition the king to abolish all taxes and subsidies, since a truce for so long a term had been signed, and they had been levied solely as war taxes. This advice was soon acted upon by the Londoners, and many of the principal towns; they collected together, and went in a body to the king at Eltham, where they made their demand; only two of the king's uncles were present, viz. the Dukes of Lancaster and York, when the citizens presented their petition, and at the king's request the former answered them: "My fair sirs, you will now each of you return to your homes, and within a month from this day come to the palace of Westminster, when the king, his nobles, and prelates of the council shall be assembled, and your petition shall be taken into consideration." This answer contented some, but not all, and at the month's end they went again to the king at Westminster. The Duke of Gloucester was present, and leant much to the petitioners, though he dissembled somewhat his real thoughts. The Duke of Lancaster replied for the king, and said, "Ye citizens of London, in obedience to the king's commands, I declare to you what the king and council have determined. Ye know that to provide against dangers to the kingdom, ye as well as the other cities and towns within the realm, about six years ago, agreed that a tax of thirteen per cent. should be laid on all merchandise that was sold, for which the king granted to you many privileges. If then ye now turn rebellious, he will recall his former favours. Consider, therefore, the matter calmly; the state of the king demands great expense—the war has involved greater costs than were provided for—the expenses of the ambassadors for peace and the king's marriage, have called for large sums. The garrisons in Gascony, the Bourdelois, Bayonnois, and Bigorre must be supported—the fleet must be maintained to guard our coasts and harbours—the frontiers of Scotland, and our possessions in Ireland, must not be left defenceless—all these matters annually absorb large sums. Give thanks to God that ye have peace, and consider that ye are much better off than those of France, Lombardy, and other countries where your merchandise is carried; for they are taxed and taxed over again three or four times a year, while ye have only a moderate duty imposed upon your wares." The duke addressed the people so mildly and calmly, that, although they came thither with the worst intentions from the machinations of others, they were satisfied, and the assembly broke up. The Duke of Gloucester, however, was not contented; he returned to his castle at Pleshy, and was constantly engaged in devising means for exciting disturbances in England, and causing a rupture with France. About this time the Count de St. Pol arrived in England, whither he had been sent by the King of France to see his daughter, and to cultivate affection between the two countries. I was informed that about a month after the departure of the Count de St. Pol the king became exceedingly unpopular, for it was rumoured that the count had come to treat with the king for the restoration of Calais to the French. Nothing could agitate the English more than such reports; and the people were so uneasy, that the Londoners went to Pleshy to consult the Duke of Gloucester on the occasion. The duke, instead of calming them, only excited them more by saying, he could do nothing in the business, for he was sure the French would give all the daughters of the king, if they could secure Calais. This answer made the Londoners very melancholy; they said they would see the king and remonstrate with him on the agitation the whole country was in. "Do so," replied the duke, "remonstrate firmly and make him fear you. Tell me what answer he makes you, and then I will give you my advice how to act."

The Londoners did as they were instructed; they went to Eltham, told the king the cause of their visit, not in a haughty or harsh manner, but with courteous speech, and repeated to him reports which were current throughout England. The king assured them that there was not one word of truth in all the rumours that were so industriously circulated; and when he had done speaking, the Earl of

Salisbury addressed the citizens: "My good people of London, withdraw to your homes, and be satisfied that the king and his council wish for nothing more than the honour and profit of England. Those who have busily said the contrary have been ill advised, and show plainly that they wish to see the country in trouble. Depend upon it that when the people are wicked, neither justice nor truth will be attended to."

The citizens were appeased, and, having taken leave of the king, departed on their return to London. The king remained at Eltham, very melancholy at what he had heard. He had received positive information that the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel had plotted to seize his person, and that of the queen, and carry them to a strong castle, where they should be confined, under proper guards, but allowed sufficient for the table, and other necessary expenses; that four regents were to be appointed over the kingdom; and that some means were to be discovered for rekindling the war with France. These were the plans that had been concerted by many of the English, particularly the Londoners, for they hated the king; and several now repented that they had checked the mobs from the different counties of England, which attacked London. It is not to be wondered if the king were considerably alarmed at the discovery of so much hatred and malice lurking against him. He paid greater court than ever to the Duke of Gloucester and the citizens when they came to see him; but all in vain. At times he mentioned the matter privately to the Dukes of Lancaster and York: "My good uncles, for the love of God, advise me how to act! I am duly informed that your brother, the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Arundel, and others, are determined to seize and confine me in one of their castles, to separate my queen from me, and send her to some other place of confinement. My dear uncles, it is now twenty years since you paid me homage, and swore obedience to me as your sovereign. I entreat you, therefore, for the love you bear me, and on the oaths you have taken, that you assist me on this occasion; for everything assures me the Duke of Gloucester only desires that war be renewed with France, in spite of the truces which you, with us and all England, have sworn to observe. Give me, then, the best advice you are able, since I require it from you."

The Dukes of York and Lancaster, seeing their nephew's great anguish of heart, and knowing, at the same time, that the greater part of what he said was strictly true, replied, "My lord, have a little patience. We know that our brother of Gloucester has the most passionate and wrong-headed temper of any man in England; but you need not fear him, if you follow our advice. He talks frequently of things he cannot execute, and neither he nor his abettors can break the truce which has been signed, nor confine you in any castle. We therefore humbly beg you will be appeased; for, please God, everything will end well!"

By such means the dukes calmed the king's mind; as, however, they foresaw that from the bad management of public affairs trouble was at hand, and that the hatred between their nephew and brother was daily increasing, to avoid being called upon by either party they took leave of the king, and retired to their different castles. This measure they had afterwards great reason to repent, for such things shortly happened as troubled the whole kingdom, which would not have been the case had they remained with the king, for they would have advised him more prudently than such counsellors as he listened to. There was not one of the king's servants who did not fear the Duke of Gloucester, and wish his death, no matter by what means. That gallant and loyal knight, Sir Thomas Percy, had been for a long time steward of the household, and all the accounts passed through his hands. He noticed with grief the hatred that subsisted between the king and the Duke of Gloucester, and, like a man of understanding, foresaw that public affairs would end badly; in consequence of which he resigned his office, and went to reside on his own estate. The king had about him many young counsellors who too much dreaded the Duke of Gloucester, and frequently said to him, "Very dear sir, it is a dangerous office to serve you, for we have seen our predecessors, in whom you had great confidence, meet but a poor reward." King Richard continually pondered upon this, and shortly after the departure of his two uncles of Lancaster and York, he summoned up more courage than usual, saying to himself that it would be better he should destroy than be destroyed, and that within a short time he would hold his uncle of Gloucester so securely that he should be incapable of injuring him: this intention he discovered to the earl marshal his cousin, and also gave him most minutely his orders how to act. The earl marshal, from the favours he had received, loved the king above the Duke of Gloucester, and kept the secret which he had entrusted to him from all but such as he was forced to employ, as he could not do the whole himself. What I am about to say will explain the matter.

The king, under pretence of deer-hunting, went to a palace which he had at Havering-at-the-Bower, in Essex; it is about twenty miles from London, and as many from Pleshy. One afternoon he set out for Havering without many attendants, for he had left them behind with the queen at Eltham, and arrived at Pleshy about five o'clock; the weather was very hot, and he came so suddenly to the castle, that no one knew it until the porter cried out, "Here is the king!" The Duke of Gloucester had already supped, for he was very temperate in his diet, and never sat long at dinner or supper; he immediately went out to meet the king, and paid him all the respect due to a sovereign, as did his duchess and her children. When the king entered the hall the table was again laid out for him, and he ate some little; but he had before said to the duke, "Good uncle, have five or six horses saddled, for you must accompany me to London, as I am to have a meeting to-morrow with the citizens; we shall surely see my uncles of Lancaster and York, but I shall advise with you what answer to make to the Londoners' demands. Tell your house-steward to follow us with your servants to London, where they will find you." The duke, suspecting nothing wrong, too easily consented; everything being ready, the king took leave of the duchess and her children, mounted his horse, and the duke did the same, attended by only three squires and four varlets. They took their way to Bondelay to avoid the high road to London and Brentwood, with the other towns through which it passes. They rode hard, for the king pretended impatience to get to London, and conversed all the way with the Duke of Gloucester. On their arrival at Stratford, near the Thames, where an ambuscade had been laid, the king galloped forwards, leaving his uncle behind; on which the earl marshal went to the rear of the duke with a large body of men, and said, "I arrest you in the king's name."

The duke was panic-struck, for he saw he had been betrayed, and cried aloud after the king; but he galloped on faster than before, followed by his attendants. We will now leave this matter for the present.

CHAPTER XXV

Death of the Lord de Coucy—Also of the Lord Philip of Artois—Magnificence of the Sultan Bajazet—His address to John of Burgundy—The knights of Rhodes—The women of Cephalonia—Means of raising the ransom—The Plague—The King of Hungary and the Venetians—Lord Boucicaut appointed Constable of France—The Count de Nevers tells the King of France and his lords about Bajazet—Attempts made to heal the schism in the church—Death of Guy de Chatillon, Count de Blois—King Richard and the Duke of Gloucester—The duke carried off to Calais—His miserable death—The Earl of Arundel publicly beheaded in Cheapside—Dissensions between the king and his uncles—Richard seizes upon the Duke of Gloucester's estate at Pleshy—An assembly at Rheims upon the state of the church—The Emperor of Germany and the King of France.

On the return of Sir John de Châteaumorant and Sir James de Helly from Turkey, the King of France and the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy were encouraged to exert themselves in procuring the ransom of the prisoners. About the time I am now speaking of, that gallant knight and excellent man, the Lord Enguerrand de Coucy, Count de Soissons, and a potent lord in France, died at Bursa, in Turkey. Sir Robert d'Esne, who had been sent to him by the Lady de Coucy to make inquiries respecting him, had not advanced further than Vienna, when he was informed of his death. He returned with this news to France, and told it to the family of the Lord de Coucy, before whom he did not appear till the governor of the Castle of Saint Gobin was sent to seek the body, have it embalmed, and brought to France. It was conveyed to the abbey of Nogent, near to Coucy, and received by the Duchess of Bar, the Bishop of Laon, and many abbots. There the gentle knight was buried, and thus ended the year of grace 1397. Shortly after, while negotiations were going on respecting the ransom of the prisoners, Lord Philip of Artois, Count d'Eu, and Constable of France, died also; when dead he was opened and embalmed, and in this state put into a coffin, and carried to France, where he was buried in the church of St. Lawrence at Eu. By means of Sir Dinde de Desponde and the Genoese merchants, a ransom was at last agreed to, which was fixed at 200,000 ducats for the twenty-five prisoners; security was given for the amount to the satisfaction of Bajazet, and the French ambassadors, Sir Guissebreth de Linrenghen and Sir James de Helly, who had attended the negotiation, returned to carry the joyful news of their success to the king, and the other lords, who were so greatly interested in it. On quitting harbour the sea was calm, and the weather temperate; but they had not advanced far before it changed, and became so tempestuous, that Sir Guissebreth, sorely tormented by sea-sickness, died before they could reach Mathelin. Sir James was much grieved at his loss, and engaging a vessel sailed to Rhodes; he published everywhere the deliverance and speedy arrival of the Count de Nevers and his companions, to the great joy of the knights of Rhodes. On his arrival in France he made the king, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, and the whole nation happy, by the good news he brought. The Sultan Bajazet, having had everything respecting the ransom of the French prisoners settled to his satisfaction, resolved to allow them more liberty, for indeed they were no longer prisoners; and before the departure of the ambassadors, he invited them to his presence to show them the magnificence of his establishments, which were said to be very grand. The sultan conversed daily with the Count de Nevers, by means of an interpreter, and paid him much respect, for he knew that he was a high lord in France, by the great exertions that were made, and the large sums of money paid for his ransom. The count and the other French lords were greatly astonished at the power and state of Bajazet; he was attended by such numbers that they were always encamped, for no town could lodge them, and the expense must have been very great to supply so many with food. It was surprising where such quantities came from; notwithstanding the natives of warm climates are very temperate in their diet, eating but little meat, living on spices and sugar, of which they have abundance, as well as goats' milk, the common beverage of the Turks and Saracens, and they have plenty of bread made of millet.

The sultan had at this time 7,000 falconers, and as many huntsmen; one day, in the presence of the Count de Nevers, he flew a falcon at some eagles; the flight did not please him, and he was so wroth, that he was on the point of beheading 2,000 of his falconers, scolding them exceedingly for want of diligence in the care of his hawks, when the one he was fond of had behaved so ill. Another time, when the Count de Nevers and the French barons were with the sultan, a poor woman came in tears to demand justice against one of his servants, saying, that he had that morning entered her house and seized by force the goat's milk which she had provided for herself and children. The sultan was very rigidly determined that all crimes committed within his dominions should be severely punished; he therefore gave the woman an attentive hearing, and ordered the varlet to be brought and confronted with her. The varlet, who dreaded Bajazet, began to make excuses, saying that it was false; the woman, however, told a plain tale, and persisted in its truth. "Woman," said the sultan, "consider well thy accusation, for if I find thou hast told me a lie, thou shalt suffer death." "Sir," replied the woman, "I consent to it, for were it not true I could have no reason to come before you, and I only ask for justice." "You shall have it," said the sultan. He then ordered the varlet to be seized and to have his belly opened to see whether he had drunk the milk. It was there found, for it had not had time to be digested, and the sultan on seeing it said to the woman, "Thou hadst just cause of complaint; go thy way, for the injury done thee has been punished."

The time was now come for the French lords to depart, and the count and his companions waited on the sultan to thank him for his kindness and courtesy. On taking his leave, the sultan said to the count, "John, I am well informed that in thy country thou art a great lord. Thou art young, and hast many years to look forward; and perchance, to shake off the blame of the ill success of thy first attempt in arms, thou mayst collect a powerful army, and again offer me battle. If I feared thee I would make thee and thy companions also swear never to bear arms against me, But no, I will demand no such oath, for thou wilt always find me prepared and ready to meet thee in the field of battle." These high words the count and his companions well understood, and never forgot. When all things were ready for their departure, they were conducted by Ali bashaw and Soli bashaw, with a large escort, to the Lords de Mathelin and d'Amine, and others who were interested in their liberty. News was soon carried to the island of Rhodes that the sultan had accepted a ransom for the French lords, and that they were now at Mathelin. The intelligence gave much pleasure to the grand master and all his knights, who equipped and armed two galleys, and sent them to Mathelin to convey the count and his companions to Rhodes.

These knights of Rhodes, who wear a white cross in memory of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered to deliver others from the pains of hell, are valiant men, and make daily assaults by sea and land on the infidels to support and defend the Christian faith. When the count and the lords of France landed, they were received by the grand prior of Rhodes, and the grand prior of Aquitaine, in their robes of ceremony, who offered to lend them any sum of money to enable them to discharge their daily expenses. The offer was thankfully accepted, for in truth they were in want of money, and the grand prior of Aquitaine lent the Count de Nevers 30,000 francs. The French lords remained some time in Rhodes to recover themselves, and during the time they were in the island, Sir Guy de la Tremouille was seized with a dangerous illness and died. At his own order his body was buried in the church of St. John in the island of Rhodes, and his funeral was honourably attended by the French lords, who shortly after took their departure, having embarked on board some Venetian galleys, the captains of which resolved to touch at the different islands, that their passengers might sail more at their ease, and refresh themselves by landing occasionally. They first steered for Modon, thence to Colefo, and next to Cephalonia, where, having anchored, they landed and were met by a large party of ladies and damsels who have the government of the island. The Count de Nevers and his friends were very happy with the dames of Cephalonia, for they entertained them gaily, telling them their arrival had been a matter of joy to them from their being knights of honour and renown, for in general they had no other visitors but merchants.

I may be asked if the island were solely inhabited by women. I answer, no; but women have the sovereignty of it: they employ themselves in needle-work and other occupations, and make such fine cloths of silk, that none others can be compared to them. The men of the island are employed in carrying these works abroad wherever they think to gain the greatest profit, but the women remain at home. The men honour the fair sex for their work, and because they have a sufficiency of wealth. The state of the island is such that no one dare approach it to commit any injury, for which cause these ladies live in peace without fear of any one; they are amiable, good-tempered, and without pride, and certainly, when they please, converse with fairies and keep them company.

After the Count de Nevers and his companions had amused themselves in this island for five days, they took leave of the ladies, and the count made them such handsome presents for their courteous treatment of them, that they thanked him gratefully on his departure. Favourable winds soon carried these lords to a territory called Ragusa, and thence to Clarence, which is 100 miles from Venice: from Clarence they made sail for Pareuse, into which port all large vessels and galleys are forced to put, which cannot from want of water land their cargoes at Venice. Here, however, the French knights made no long stay before they embarked in smaller vessels and arrived at Venice, where they were received with great joy. On landing they also returned thanks to God for their happy deliverance from the hands of the infidels, of which at one time they had despaired. The count and his companions went to hotels which had been prepared for them; for as their coming was known and expected for some time, their friends had sent servants and equipages to wait their arrival. The count found part of his attendants whom the duke and duchess had sent thither ready to receive him. Sir Dinde de Desponde had also been at Venice some time waiting for them with the amount of their ransoms, for without his assistance nothing could be done.

The French lords, immediately on their arrival at Venice, employed clerks and messengers to write and carry letters to France and elsewhere, to inform their friends of their happy deliverance. The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy lost no time in preparing everything suitable to the rank of their son; such as silver plate, linen, tapestry, and clothes of all sorts, which were packed up on sumpter horses, and sent to Venice under the care of the Lord de Hangiers and Sir James de Helly. In like manner did all the friends and relations of the other lords send them every necessary suitable to their ranks.

You may suppose all this was done at a great expense, for nothing was spared; their residence at Venice cost much, for it is one of the dearest towns in the world for strangers, and it was proper these lords should keep up a state becoming their rank. The different negotiations and embassies also called for a large sum of money; for, though the ransom was but 200,000 florins to Bajazet, yet the other costs and expenses amounted to as much more, as was declared by those through whose hands the money passed. It was a matter of much consideration how this immense sum of money was to be raised; at length it was resolved by the duke's council to lay a tax upon all towns under his obedience, more especially those of Flanders; for they abounded in wealth, from their commerce. When the subject was mentioned to the men of Ghent, they readily declared their willingness to present their young lord with 50,000 florins to aid him in his ransom. Bruges, Mechlin, Antwerp, and the other towns in Flanders, also expressed their readiness to assist.

While the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the King of France, and others, were diligently despatching the business of the ransom, the lords spent their time most joyously at Venice; it happened, however, before the ransom was settled, that an infectious disorder afflicted that town and neighbourhood: it began in the month of August, and never ceased till St. Andrew's day. Great numbers fell victims to it, and among the rest the Lord Henry de Bar, eldest son of the Duke of Bar, and, in right of his wife, heir to all the estates of the late Lord de Coucy, excepting the dower of his widow. Thus were the two Ladies de Coucy made widows in one year. The body of Lord Henry was embalmed and brought to France, and I believe buried at Paris; for his obsequies were there performed with much solemnity. On account of this epidemical distemper, and to avoid its danger, the Count de Nevers left Venice, and fixed his residence at Treviso, where he and the other French lords remained with their households for upwards of four months. During their stay at Treviso, the King of Hungary was informed by the knights of Rhodes, that the French lords had made peace with Bajazet, and obtained their liberty, by payment of 200,000 francs; and he, in consequence, sent letters by a bishop, and some of his knights, to the Count de Nevers, to mark his affection to him. The bishop and knights were ordered to address the count as follows: "My lord, we are sent hither by our redoubted lord and your cousin, the King of Hungary, who salutes you by us. He is sincerely rejoiced at the escape of yourself and your companions, for without the means you have pursued, it would never have been effected. Dear sir, our lord is well assured that your treating with the sultan must have cost you immense sums of money, and that the losses you all suffered at the disastrous battle of Nicopoli will have made it difficult for you to procure a sufficiency for your ransom. Our sovereign, therefore, orders us to make you his excuses for not offering you his assistance on the present occasion; if it were in his power he would most cheerfully do so; but he and his subjects have had such losses by the late defeat, that you, who are a person of great understanding, will readily believe and know the impossibility of his giving any aid at this time. The revenues of Hungary are ruined for this and the ensuing year, but whenever they are recovered, and the usual payments made, he will assuredly come forward to your service. That you may believe our most redoubted sovereign and your cousin is in earnest, we must acquaint you, that he has ordered us to offer for sale, to the rulers of Venice, the rents he receives from this town, which amount to 7,000 ducats yearly; and that whatever these may produce you are to dispose of as if it were your own; for which we will sign receipts to the Venetians, having full authority so to do."

This speech was very agreeable to the French lords, who answered it by the Lord de Rochefort, saying, that they were very sensible of this mark of kindness from the King of Hungary, who, to oblige his cousin the Count de Nevers, offered to sell his inheritance to aid them; that this was not an offer to be refused, nor the friendship and courtesy of it forgotten. And that the count desired to have a little time to consider of his answer to the king. This was agreed to, and within a few days the ambassadors were told by the Count de Nevers, that it would be very unbecoming him to pledge or sell the inheritance of another; but that, if it were agreeable to them, who had such powers, to prevail on the Venetians to advance on the security of these rents a sufficient sum for the count's daily expenses, and to enable him to acquit himself of the 30,000 florins which the grand prior of Aquitaine had lent him, he should consider it as a great favour, and most kindly thank the King of Hungary and his council for so doing. The ambassadors cheerfully promised to make the proposals to the Venetians, who, when they heard of it, coldly replied that they would consider the matter, and demanded fifteen days to weigh their determination. When these were expired, they answered, as I was told by one who heard it, that if the King of Hungary was disposed to sell his whole kingdom, the Venetians would willingly make the purchase, and pay the money down; but as for such a trifle as 7,000 ducats of yearly revenue which he possessed in the city of Venice, it was of so little value, that they could not set a price on it either to buy or sell, and that they would not trouble themselves about so small an object.

Such was the answer made by the Venetians to the ambassadors of the King of Hungary. Some said, the reply was mere dissimulation. Things, therefore, remained in the state they were before, and the ambassadors took their leave.

You have heard that the Count d'Eu, Constable of France, died in his bed at Bursa in Turkey, to the great regret of all who knew him: by his death the constableship became vacant, and that office is of such weight, that it must not long remain so. Councils were therefore held to appoint his successor, and the Lord Louis de Sancerre was nominated to the vacant office. He had for a long time been Marshal of France, and resided in Languedoc. Being sent for by the king to Paris, he was invested with the office of constable, and by this vacated the charge of marshal; on which the king said, that he had already thought of a successor, for no one should have the office but his knight, the Lord Boucicaut; and in this choice all the lords agreed. Boucicaut was at Venice at the time of his appointment; he returned, however, shortly after, for the ransoms were paid and all those who had been prisoners in Turkey came back to France, to the great joy of their friends and countrymen. The Count de Nevers waited on the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, and was well feasted by them and others. After he had remained some time with them, he visited the King of France and the Duke of Orleans; both of whom gave him a most kind reception. He was made welcome also by all the lords and ladies of the court. The king and the duke made many inquiries of him respecting the battle of Nicopoli, the adventures he had met with, how he was made prisoner, and the state of Bajazet. He was well spoken and satisfied them with his answers; he made no complaint of the sultan; but said that he found him courteous and affable, and that he himself was very well treated by him. He did not forget to tell the lords to whom he was speaking, that Bajazet on his taking leave, had said, that he was born to arms, and that he would with pleasure meet them in battle whenever they might choose; that it was his intention to march to Rome, and feed his horse on the altar of St. Peter. The count added, that the sultan thought our faith erroneous and corrupted by those who ought to have kept its purity; that many Saracens declare that Christianity will be destroyed, and that Bajazet was born to accomplish its ruin, and be king over all the world. "Such," he continued, "was the language the interpreter translated to me; and from what I saw and heard, I believe they are perfectly well acquainted in Turkey, Tartary, and Persia, and throughout the whole of the infidel's countries, with our schisms in the Church, and how the Christians are at variance one with another respecting the two popes of France and Italy."

This speech of the Count de Nevers gave the king and lords of France enough to think about. Some said the Saracens were in the right, and that it was time to lower the pomp of the priests.

It was secretly told the King of France, by those who loved him and were desirous he should regain his health, that it was the common opinion throughout France that he would never be perfectly recovered until the Church was properly regulated. They added, that his father, King Charles of happy memory, had on his death-bed charged his council with this matter: that he suspected he had been deceived by these popes, and had made his determination too soon, for which he felt his conscience was loaded. He excused himself, saying, "When our lord and father died we were very young. We have followed the counsel of those who have hitherto governed, and if we have acted wrong or foolishly, it has been their fault and not ours; but, since we have had fuller information, we will now soon attend to this business."

The King of France immediately gave his attention to the matter, and spoke of it to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, who instantly inclined to his opinion, as did the Duke of Burgundy; for notwithstanding he had acknowledged the pope, who styled himself Clement, he had no great faith in him.

A private council was held on this subject, when it was determined, that if a union of the Church was sought for, it was necessary to have the assent of Germany; and accordingly, learned men were sent to the King of Bohemia and Germany, with instructions to prevail upon him to meet the King of France in the city of Rheims.

About this time died the Lord Guy de Chatillon, Count de Blois, in his hotel at Avesnes in Hainault. He was carried to Valenciennes, and buried in the church of the Franciscans, in a chapel called the chapel of Artois. True it is, that he had made a large enclosure from the Franciscans, and intended erecting a tomb within it; but he died so much in debt, that his countess, the Lady Mary of Namur, was obliged to renounce all claim to his moveables: she dared not act under his will, but retired to her dowry of the lands of Chimay and Beaumont, and the estates went to their right heirs.

You have seen in the course of this history, that King Richard of England could not longer conceal the great hatred he bore his uncle of Gloucester, but determined to have him cut off. You have heard likewise, how the king rode to the castle of Pleshy, thirty miles from London, and with fair words cajoled the duke out of his castle, and was accompanied by him to a lane that led to the Thames, where they arrived between ten and eleven at night; and how the earl marshal, who lay there in ambush, had arrested him in the king's name, and forced him towards the Thames, in spite of his cries to the king to deliver him. From the moment of his arrest he was conscious that his end was resolved on, and this suspicion was confirmed to him by the king turning a deaf ear to his complaints, and riding in full gallop to London, where he lodged in the Tower. The duke had other lodgings; for, whether he would or not, he was forced into a boat that carried him to a vessel at anchor on the Thames, into which he was obliged to enter. The earl marshal with his men embarked also, and having a favourable wind and tide, they fell down the river, and arrived late the next evening at Calais without any one knowing it.

You may suppose that when news was brought to Pleshy of the Duke of Gloucester's arrest, the duchess and her children were greatly dismayed; and since the measure taken was so bold, were greatly afraid of the consequences. Suspecting the duke's life was in great danger, they consulted Sir John Lackingay what would be best for them to do. He advised them to send instantly to the Dukes of Lancaster and York, the duke's brothers; for, by their mediation, perhaps, the king's choler would be appeased. The duchess followed this advice, and instantly despatched messengers to both, for they lived at some distance from each other. At hearing that their brother had been arrested, they were much enraged, and bade the duchess not be much distressed at what had happened, for the king would not dare to treat her husband otherwise than by fair and legal measures.

The morning after the arrest of the Duke of Gloucester, the king left the Tower at a very early hour, and rode to Eltham, where he remained. The same day, towards evening, the Earls of Arundel and Warwick were brought to the Tower by the king's officers, and there confined, to the great surprise of the citizens. Their imprisonment caused many to murmur, but they were afraid to act or do anything against the king's pleasure lest they might suffer for it.

When the Duke of Gloucester saw himself confined in the castle of Calais, abandoned by his brothers, and deprived of his attendants, he began to be much alarmed. He addressed himself to the earl marshal, saying, "For what reason am I thus carried from England, and confined here? It seems that you mean to imprison me.

Let me go and view the castle, its garrison, and the people of the town."

"My lord," replied the earl, "I dare not comply with your demands, for you are consigned to my guard, under pain of death. The king, our lord, is at this moment somewhat wroth with you, and it is his orders that you abide here awhile in banishment, which you must have patience to do until we have other news: and God grant it may be soon, for, as the Lord may help me, I am truly concerned for your disgrace, and would cheerfully aid you if I could; but you know I am bound to obey the oath I have taken to the king."

The duke could not obtain any other answer; and, as he judged from appearances that he was in danger of his life, he asked a priest who said mass, if he would confess him. This he did, with great calmness and resignation; and with a devout and contrite heart, cried before the altar of God, the Creator of all things, for mercy. He was right thus to exonerate his conscience, for his end was nearer than he imagined: I was informed that, on the point of his sitting down to dinner, when the tables were laid, and he was about to wash his hands, four men rushed out from an adjoining chamber, and throwing a towel round his neck, strangled him by two drawing one end and two the other. When he was quite dead they carried him to his chamber, undressed him, placed the body between two sheets, with his head on a pillow, and covered him with furred mantles. They then returned to the hall, properly instructed what to say and how to act, and declared that the duke had been seized with a fit of apoplexy, as he was washing his hands before dinner, and that they had great difficulty to carry him to bed. This was spoken of in the castle and town, when some believed it, though others did not. Within two days after it was published abroad that the Duke of Gloucester had died in his bed at the castle of Calais; and, in consequence, the earl marshal put on mourning, for he was nearly related to him, as did all the knights and squires in Calais. The event was sooner known in France and Flanders than in England. The French rejoiced at it much, for it was commonly reported that there would never be any solid peace between France and England, as long as the Duke of Gloucester lived; and it was well remembered that in the negotiations for peace he was more obstinate in his opinions than either of his brothers: for this reason, then, his death was no loss to France. Many knights and squires in the household of the King of England, also, had reason to rejoice at his death. They recounted how he had driven the Duke of Ireland into banishment, and ignominiously beheaded that gallant knight, Sir Simon Burley, who had been so much beloved by the Prince of Wales, and done such essential services to his country. The deaths of Sir Robert Tresilian, Sir Nicholas Bramber, Sir John Standwich, and others, were not forgotten; so that the Duke of Gloucester was but little lamented in England, except by those of his own party. The duke's body was honourably embalmed at Calais, put into a leaden coffin, with an outer one of wood, and, in this state, transported by sea to England. The vessel which carried the body landed at Hadleigh Castle, on the Thames, and thence it was conveyed on a car, unattended, to his castle of Pleshy, and then placed in the church, which the duke had founded. The duchess, her son Humphrey, and her two daughters, were sorely grieved when the body of the duke arrived: the duchess, indeed, had double cause for affliction, for the Earl of Arundel, her uncle, had been publicly beheaded in Cheapside by order of the king. No baron or knight dared to interpose, for the king himself was present at this execution, which was performed by the earl's son-in-law, the earl marshal, who bandaged his eyes. The Earl of Warwick, also, ran great risks of suffering the same death. The Earl of Salisbury, however, and several others, interceded for him; and the king listened to their solicitations, on condition that he were sent to a place he could not leave; for he would never absolutely pardon him, as he was deserving of death for having joined the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel in their attempts to annul the truce which had been signed and sealed by the Kings of France and England. The Earl of Warwick was, therefore, banished to the Isle of Wight, which is a dependency on England, situated opposite to the coast of Normandy, which has space enough for the residence of a great lord; but he must provide himself with all he may want from the adjacent countries, or he will be badly supplied with provisions, and other things.

Thus were affairs carried on in England, and daily going from bad to worse, as you will find related. The Dukes of Lancaster and York, on hearing of their brother's death, instantly suspected that the king, their nephew, was guilty of it; and hastened to London, because they knew the citizens were very angry at the event. On their arrival they had several meetings, and declared that the putting to death of the Duke of Gloucester for a few foolish words, was not to be endured; for although he had warmly opposed the treaty with France, he had not acted upon it: and there was an essential difference between talking and acting. The king was at this time at Eltham, whither he had summoned all his vassals and dependants. He had collected round London, and the counties of Kent and Essex, upwards of 10,000 archers, and had with him his brother, Sir John Holland, the earl marshal, the Earl of Salisbury, and many other great knights and barons. He sent orders to the citizens of London not to admit the Duke of Lancaster within the walls; to which, however, they were unwilling to comply. The Londoners considered that great mischief might befal England from these dissensions between the king and his uncles; that since the Duke of Gloucester was now dead, it could not be helped; they, therefore, prudently dissembled their thoughts; and, as what was done could not now be undone, they feared, should matters be pushed to extremities, they might suffer considerably in their commerce from the King of France. In this manner the resentment of the citizens began to cool; they offered to mediate between the king and the Duke of Lancaster, and the king obtained peace, on promising that, from that day forward, he would be guided solely by the advice of the Duke of Lancaster: this promise, however, he paid no attention to, but followed the counsels of the rash and evil-minded, for which, as the event proved, he afterwards severely suffered.

When peace was restored, the King of England governed more fiercely than before. He went, with his state, to Pleshy in Essex, which had belonged to his uncle of Gloucester, and should have descended to his son, Humphrey, as heir to his father; but the king took possession of it, for it is the rule in England for the king to have the wardship of all children who have lost their fathers, and are under twenty-one years of age, at which period their estates are restored to them. King Richard took his cousin, Humphrey of Gloucester, in ward, appropriating all his possessions to his own profit. The late Duke of Gloucester was, by inheritance, Constable of England; but the king deprived his heir of it, and gave it to his cousin, the Earl of Rutland. The king now assumed greater state than ever kings of England had done before, nor had there been any one who had expended such large sums of money, by one hundred nobles. He also took the wardship of the heir of Arundel, son of the late earl. At this period there was no one, however great, in England who dared speak his sentiments of what the king did, or intended doing. He had formed a council of his own from the knights of his chamber, who encouraged him to act as they advised. The king had in his pay full 2,000 archers, who were on guard day and night, for he did not think himself perfectly safe from his uncles and the Arundel family.

At this period, there was a numerous assembly of great lords in the city of Rheims, as well from the empire of Germany as from France, whose object was to restore union to the Church. At the solicitation of the King of France, the emperor had come thither in person, attended by his ministers; but because they wished it not to be publicly known that this meeting was to take into consideration the rivalship of the two popes of Rome and Avignon, they had it rumoured that the lords of the empire came to Rheims to treat of a marriage between a son of the Marquis of Brandenburg and a daughter of the Duke of Orleans. When the emperor was about to make his entry into Rheims, all these lords and prelates, with Charles, King of Navarre, went to meet him; and, after receiving him in a most honourable manner, they conducted him first to the Church of our Lady, and then to the Abbey of St. Remy, where he was lodged, with all his lords. The King of France had ordered that all the expenses of the emperor and the Germans, during their residence in Rheims, should be paid by his officers, in the most ample manner. In consequence, there were delivered to the Germans ten tons of herrings—for it was Lent—and 800 carp, without counting different sorts of fish, and other things, which cost the king immense sums. On the two monarchs meeting they paid many compliments to each other, as they well knew how to do, especially the King of France; for the Germans are a rude, unmannered race, except in what regards their personal advantage, and in that they are active and expert enough. The King of France entertained the whole party at dinner, of which I will mention some particulars. At the top of the king's table was seated the patriarch of Jerusalem; next to him the King of France and the King of Navarre: no more were at that table. The dinner was splendid, and abundantly well served. The Duke of Orleans supplied the company with such quantities of plates of gold and silver, as though they had been made of wood. I was told that the king made a present to the emperor of all the gold and silver plate that was used, as well as what was on the sideboard, with all the tapestry and ornaments of the apartment whither the emperor retired, after dinner, to partake of wine and spices: this gift was estimated at 200,000 florins. During the residence of these monarchs at Rheims, the ministers frequently met to consider the marriage of the Marquis of Brandenburg, and the reformation of the Church. The marriage was agreed on, and published in Rheims; but the consultation and resolutions concerning the Church were kept secret. I heard, however, afterwards, that it was determined that Peter d'Ailly, Bishop of Cambray, should be sent as ambassador from the emperor and King of France, to the person who styled himself Pope Boniface at Rome, and negotiate with him, in their names, with a view of inducing him to submit to a new election: and should the choice fall on him again, he should be acknowledged by them as pope; but if not, then he was to resign. The bishop was, also, to declare the same to the Pope of Avignon; adding, that if either of the popes refused to comply, they would be degraded, and every honour and profit of the Church taken from them. Thus ended the meeting; the two monarchs separated amicably, and each returned to his usual place of residence.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Earl of Derby and the earl marshal—Palm Sunday at Eltham Palace—The earl marshal challenges the Earl of Derby—Challenge accepted: preparations for the contest—King Richard interferes, and the two earls are banished—The schism in the Church—The Bishop of Cambray—The Pope and his cardinals—The King of Hungary resolves to march against Bajazet—Death of John, Duke of Lancaster—Sad troubles in England—The Earl of Derby and the Lady Mary of Berry—Tournament at Windsor—King Richard prepares to go to Ireland—The Earl of Derby returns to England—Prepares to besiege Richard at Bristol—Richard's escape, and capture of Flint Castle—Confinement in the Tower of London—Richard resigns his crown to Henry of Lancaster—Coronation of Henry—Death of King Richard.

You must know that the Earl of Derby and the late Duke of Gloucester had married two sisters, daughters of the Earl of Hereford and Northampton, Constable of England. The children, therefore, of the Earl of Derby and Duke of Gloucester were cousins-german by their mother's side, and one degree removed by the father's. To say the truth, the death of the Duke of Gloucester had displeased many of the great barons of England, who frequently murmured at it when together.

About this time, a conversation passed between the Earl of Derby and the earl marshal, in which the state of the king and the counsellors whom he trusted became the subject of discussion. The earl marshal caught at the following words the other had made use of, "Holy Mary! fair cousin, what does the king intend to do next? will he drive all the nobles out of England? he plainly shows he is not desirous to add to the honour of his realm." The earl marshal made no reply at the time; but soon after this conversation, in order to flatter and gain favour with the king, he said, "My lord, all your enemies and ill-wishers are not dead nor out of the kingdom." "How do you know this, cousin?" said the king. "I know it well," answered the earl marshal; "for the moment I will say no more; but that you may provide a remedy in time, have it proclaimed that you will hold a solemn feast on the ensuing Palm Sunday, and invite all the princes of the blood, particularly the Earl of Derby, when you shall hear something that will surprise you." The king begged the earl marshal to give him further information; I know not whether he did so, but if he did the king kept it to himself, and allowed the earl to act in the matter as he pleased.

The feast was proclaimed to take place at Eltham on

Palm Sunday, and the Dukes of Lancaster and York were invited. On the day of the feast, after dinner, when the lords had retired with the king to his council chamber, the earl marshal cast himself on his knees before the king, and said, "My dear and renowned lord, I am of your kindred, your liegeman, and marshal of England, and I have besides sworn on my loyalty that I would never conceal anything from you on pain of being accounted a traitor." The king, fixing his eyes on him, asked what he meant. "My very dear lord, order the Earl of Derby to come into your presence and I will speak out." The Earl of Derby made his appearance, and the marshal spoke as follows: "Earl of Derby, I charge you with having thought and spoken disrespectfully against your natural lord, the King of England, when you said he was unworthy to hold his crown, and that without a shadow of reason he banished those valiant men from his kingdom who ought to be its defenders; for all of which I present my glove, and shall prove my body against yours, that you are a false and wicked traitor." At this address the Earl of Derby was confounded, and retired a few paces without demanding from the duke, his father, or any of his friends, how he should act. Having mused awhile, he advanced with his hood in his hand towards the king, and said, "Earl marshal, I say that thou art a false and wicked traitor, which I will bodily prove on thee, and here is my glove." The earl marshal, seeing his challenge was accepted, showed a good desire for the combat by taking up the glove, and saying, "I refer your answer to the good pleasure of the king and the lords present. I will prove that what you have said is false, and that my words are true."

Each of the lords then withdrew, and the time for serving wine and spices was passed by, for the king showed he was sore displeased, and retired to his chamber. Soon after he called to him his uncles, and demanded from them how he was to act on this occasion. "Sire," they said, "order your constable hither, and we will tell you." The Earl of Rutland, Constable of England, came, and was told to go to the Earl of Derby and the earl marshal, and oblige them to promise not to quit the kingdom without the king's permission. The constable obeyed the order.

You may believe that the whole court was greatly troubled by this event, and many barons and knights were much displeased, and blamed the earl marshal for his conduct.

The Earl of Derby resided in London, for he had his house there; and the Dukes of Lancaster and York, the Earl of Northumberland, and many others, were his securities to appear and answer the challenge. The earl marshal was sent to the Tower of London, where he lived with his household.

These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat, and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to procure armour from Sir Galias, Duke of Milan. The duke readily complied with the request, and gave the knight who brought the message the choice of all his armour; and when he had selected all he wished for, in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love to the earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed. The earl marshal, on the other hand, sent into Germany, whence he thought he should be ably assisted by his friends. Each provided himself most magnificently to outshine the other; but the greater splendour was certainly shown by the Earl of Derby; for I must say, that when the earl marshal undertook this business, he expected to have been better supported by the king than he was.

The news of this combat made a great noise in foreign parts; for it was to be for life or death, and to take place before the king and the great barons of England. Most men of sense and prudence were sadly vexed that the King of England did not interfere to prevent this discord, especially the Duke of Lancaster, who considered the consequences that might ensue, and at times said to those in whom he most confided, "Our nephew will ruin everything before he have done. Should he live long, he will lose by little and little all that it has cost his predecessors and ourselves so much pains to gain. He encourages discord between his nobles and great lords, by whom he ought to be honoured and his country guarded. He has put my brother to death, likewise the Earl of Arundel, because they have told him the truth. He cannot sooner ruin the country than by the course he is pursuing. The French are a subtle race, and will be glad enough to find us disagreeing; every day there are examples of the miseries of kingdoms when divided. Such has been the unfortunate lot of France itself, of Castille, Naples, and the Roman state. The present schism is the ruin of the contending popes, as well as of the Church. Flanders is another example of this self-destruction. Friesland, again, is at this moment in a similar state; and unless God prevent it, such will be our condition. The king has consented that my son and heir, for I have none other by my first two marriages, should be challenged to mortal combat for a mere trifle; and I, his father, dare not say a word against it."

Such were the reflections of the Duke of Lancaster. Meanwhile the two earls made every preparation for the combat. The Duke of Lancaster never went near the king, and but seldom saw his son. He knew the Earl of Derby was very popular with all ranks of persons in England, particularly with the Londoners, who waited on him and made him an address full of much kindness.

I must tell you, that King Richard, notwithstanding he had suffered this challenge and appeal to arms to be made, was quite uncertain how to act, and whether to allow the combat to take place or not. Although he was King of England, and the most feared of any who had worn the crown, he was guarded day and night by 2,000 archers, who were regularly paid every week, and he could put confidence in none but his brother, the Earl of Huntingdon, and the Earls of Salisbury and Rutland.

When the day for the combat drew near, and the two lords had made their preparations, and were waiting only for the king's commands, King Richard's secret advisers said to him, "Sire, what is your intention respecting this combat; will you permit?" "Yes," replied the king; "why not? I intend to be present myself, and see their prowess. But tell me, why do you ask this question?" "Sire," they replied, "we are bound to advise you to the best of our knowledge and ability; we sometimes hear what you do not." "What do you mean?" said the king; "speak out." "Sire," they continued, "the common report throughout England, and especially in London, is, that you are the cause of this combat, and that you have induced the earl marshal to challenge the Earl of Derby. The Londoners in general, and many of the prelates and nobles, say, that you are going the direct road to destroy all your kindred and kingdom, and that they will not suffer it to be done. Now, were the citizens to rise, and be joined by the nobility, who would oppose them? you have no power but from your vassals, and those, from your marriage with a princess of France, are more suspicious of you than ever. Three parts of England say, that when you heard the charge of the earl marshal you should have acted otherwise than you did, and checked the quarrel."

The king, on hearing these words, changed colour, turned aside and leaned on a window, where he mused a considerable time. He then turned to those who addressed him, who were the Archbishop of York, the Earls of Huntingdon and Salisbury, and three other knights of his chamber, and said, "I have attentively heard your advice, and should be blameworthy if I followed it not. Consider, therefore, how you would have me act." "Sire," replied the spokesman of the counsellors, "what we have been talking of is a matter of great danger. It is believed throughout England that the earl marshal behaved very ill; he must therefore suffer for so doing, and the Earl of Derby be acquitted. We have considered the matter in every point of view, and our advice is, that before they arm, or make further preparations, you send them your commands to appear before you, and to abide by whatever you determine. You will then give judgment, that within fifteen days the earl marshal quit England without hope of ever returning, and the Earl of Derby be banished for the space of ten years. When the time of their departure arrives, you will, to please the people, abridge four years of the Earl of Derby's sentence, so that his banishment will be only for six years, but he must not expect further favour. Such is our advice; be very careful to prevent them meeting in arms, or the greatest mischief may arise."

The king was thoughtful and replied, "It shall be done." Not long after this King Richard assembled a large council of his nobles and prelates at Eltham. The Earl of Derby and the earl marshal were sent for, and put into separate chambers; for it had been ordered that they were not to meet. The king showed that he wished to mediate between them, and required that they would submit themselves to his decision. The two earls bound themselves to abide by whatever decision the king should give; and when this was reported King Richard said, "I order that the earl marshal, for having caused trouble in the kingdom, by uttering words which he could not prove otherwise than by common report, be banished the realm; he may seek any other land he pleases to dwell in; but he must give over all hope of returning hither, as I banish him for life. I also order that the Earl of Derby, our cousin, for having angered us, and because he has been in some measure the cause of the earl marshal's crime and punishment, prepare to leave the kingdom within fifteen days, and be banished hence for ten years, without daring to return unless recalled by us; but we shall reserve to ourself the power of abridging this term in part or altogether."

This sentence was satisfactory to the lords present, who said, "The Earl of Derby may readily amuse himself in foreign parts for two or three years. He is young enough; and although he has already travelled to Prussia, the Holy Sepulchre, Cairo and St. Catherine's, he will find other places to visit. He has two sisters, Queens of Castille and Portugal, with whom he may cheerfully pass his time. The treatment of the earl marshal is somewhat hard; but, to say the truth, he deserves it, for all this mischief has been caused by his foolish talking." The two earls were much cast down at the sentence; however, it was necessary for them to make preparations for their departure, which they did with the least possible delay: the Earl of Derby went over to France, and the earl marshal went first to Flanders and thence into Lombardy.

It has already been mentioned, some time before this, that a meeting had taken place at Rheims between the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, relative to the present disgraceful schism in the Church. In consequence of the plans then formed, Peter d'Ailly, Bishop of Cambray, was sent ambassador to Pope Boniface at Rome. The bishop met the pope at Fondi; but the latter immediately left that place and went to reside at the Vatican at Rome, where he held a convocation of cardinals. At this consistory no one was present but the pope and the cardinals, before whom the holy father laid the propositions of the Bishop of Cambray, and then demanded their advice, as to what answer he should make to them. Much discussion ensued, for the cardinals were averse to undo what they had done.

"Holy father," they said to the pope, "considering our situation, we think you should conceal your real sentiments on this matter; but to encourage the hopes of the King of France and those of his creed, we will in your answer declare your willingness to comply with whatever the Emperor of Germany, the King of Hungary, and the King of England, shall advise you; that the person who resides at Avignon, and who styles himself Pope Benedict, whom the King of France and his nation have acknowledged, must first resign all claims to the papacy, and that then you will cheerfully attend a general council, wherever the above-named kings shall appoint, and bring your cardinals with you." This advice was very agreeable to Boniface, and a reply in conformity to it was given to the Bishop of Cambray.

Great were the murmurings throughout Rome when the inhabitants heard that the emperor and the King of France had written to the pope to resign his dignity. They were fearful they should lose the Holy See, which was of great consequence, and also profit to them, from the general pardons, which were personally sought for, and which obliged such multitudes to visit Rome. The jubilee, also, was soon to take place, for which great preparations had been made; and many were uneasy, lest they might have incurred expenses for nothing. The principal inhabitants of Rome, therefore, waited on the pope, and showed him greater love than ever, saying, "Holy father, you are the true pope: remain in the inheritance and patrimony of the Church, which belonged to St. Peter, and let no one advise you to do otherwise. Whoever may be against you, we will be your steadfast friends, and expend our lives and fortunes in defence of your rights." Boniface replied, "Be comforted, my children. I will never resign the popedom; whatever the emperor or the King of France may do, I will not submit to their wiles." With this answer the Romans were satisfied, and returned to their homes.

The Bishop of Cambray, on his return from Pope Boniface, found the emperor at Constance, to whom he delivered the answer you have heard. The emperor said, "Sir Bishop, you will carry the answer to the King of France, our brother and cousin, and, according as he shall act, so will I; but, from what I see, he must begin, and when he has deposed his pope, we will depose ours." The bishop set out for Paris, when he delivered to the king and his lords the answer from the pope, and also the message from the emperor, which was kept secret until the king should assemble a great council of his nobles, to have their advice on the matter. Prior to this, some of the prelates of France, such as the Archbishop of Rheims, Sir Guy de Roye, the Archbishops of Rouen and of Sens, the Bishops of Paris, Beauvais, and Autun, had strongly supported the Pope of Avignon, particularly Clement, who had promoted them to their benefices. These six prelates, therefore, by special orders, were not summoned to the council; but others were substituted for them. In this council it was determined, to the satisfaction of the king and all the nobles, that the King of France should send his marshal, the Lord Boucicaut, to Avignon, to prevail on Pope Benedict, by negotiation or by force, to resign the papacy, and submit himself to the determinaton of the king and his council: that the Church in France should remain neuter as to the true pope, until union were restored, according to the decrees of a general council of prelates and churchmen which was to be called instantly. The Bishop of Cambray was ordered to attend the marshal; and these two lords left Paris, and travelled together as far as Lyons, where they separated. The marshal was to remain at Lyons until he heard from the bishop, who continued his journey to Avignon, to learn what answer the person who styled himself pope would make to the proposal of the King of France. On his arrival at Avignon, the bishop fixed his lodgings in the great wood-market. Some of the cardinals suspected the cause of his coming; however, they dissembled their thoughts, until they heard what he had to say, and what Benedict would answer. After taking some refreshment the bishop changed his dress, and waited on the pope in his palace. On entering his presence he made the proper obeisances; but not so reverently as if he and all the world acknowledged him for the true pope. Being well versed in Latin and French, he made an elegant harangue, to explain the object of his mission. When, however, the pope heard that it was the intention of the emperor and the King of France that he, as well as Pope Boniface, should resign their dignities, he frequently changed colour, and, raising his voice, said, "I have laboured hard for the good of the Church, and have been duly elected pope. I will never consent to resign; and I wish the King of France to know this." "Sire," answered the Bishop of Cambray, "I always thought your reverence more prudent than I find you to be. Fix a day for the meeting of your cardinals, to consult with them as to your answer." To this the pope, at the intercession of two of the cardinals, agreed, and the bishop returned to his lodgings.

The next morning the consistory bell was rung, and a conclave of all the cardinals then at Avignon holden at the pope's palace. The Bishop of Cambray spoke in Latin as to the object of his visit; and, when he had finished speaking, he was requested to withdraw, and given to understand that he should receive his answer presently. Benedict and his cardinals were for a considerable time in council: many opinions were expressed. At length the Cardinal of Amiens said, "My fair sirs, whether we will or not, we must obey the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, since they are now united. We must submit, or we shall be excluded from all our benefices, and how then shall we live? In truth, holy father, we elected you pope, on condition that you would exert yourself in the reform of abuses in the Church, and promote a union. Answer for yourself, therefore, in a temperate manner, for you must be better acquainted with your own mind and courage than we are." Many of the cardinals, speaking at once, said, "Holy father, the Cardinal of Amiens says what is right: let us know your intentions, we beg." Upon this Benedict replied, "I have always had an earnest desire for a union of the Church, and have taken great pains to promote it; but since, through the grace of God, you have raised me to the papacy, I will never resign it, nor submit myself to any king, duke, or count, nor agree to any treaty that shall include my resignation of the popedom." The cardinals all rose: there was much murmuring and difference of opinion, and the conclave broke up in discord; many of the cardinals departed to their hotels without even taking leave of the pope; but those who favoured his opinion remained with him.

The Bishop of Cambray, observing the manner in which the cardinals left the palace, was assured there had been some great disagreement, and, entering the hall of the conclave, he advanced to Benedict, who was still on his throne, saying, "Sir, give me your answer; I cannot wait longer. Your council is dismissed. Let me have your final determination, for I must now depart." Pope Benedict, still heated by anger at the speech of the Cardinal of Amiens, replied, "Bishop, I have consulted my brother cardinals, who have elected me to this dignity, and they all agree that every due solemnity has been used, such as is usual in such cases. Since, therefore, I am pope, and acknowledged as such by all my subjects, I will preserve the dignity as long as I live, for I have never done anything to forfeit the divine protection. You will tell our son of France that hitherto we have considered him a good Catholic; but that from the bad advice which he has lately received, he is about to embrace errors of which he will have to repent. I entreat you to tell him from me not to follow any counsels, the result of which may trouble his conscience." On saying this, Benedict rose from his throne, and retired to his chamber. The Bishop of Cambray went to his inn, dined, and then mounting his horse crossed the Rhone, passed through Villeneuve, and lay at Bagnols that night. While there he learnt that the Lord Boucicaut was at St. Andrieu, within nine leagues of Avignon. Thither, therefore, he went on the following morning, and related to him all that had passed.

When the bishop had finished speaking, the Lord Boucicaut said, "Bishop, you may now return to France; for you have nothing more to do here, and I will execute my part." The bishop replied, "God's will be done!" On the morrow he set out for Paris.

The marshal instantly set clerks and messengers to work in summoning knights, squires, and men-at-arms, in the Viverais, Auvergne, and from the countries as far as Montpellier. The summons of the marshal was readily obeyed; and, soon after, he sent a message of defiance to the pope in his palace, and to his cardinals at Avignon. This was a severe blow for the cardinals, as well as the inhabitants, who knew well that they could not withstand the power of the King of France. A council was called, and Benedict was remonstrated with; but he replied, like a madman, "Your city is strong, and well provided. I will send to Genoa, and elsewhere, for men-at-arms, and write to my son, the King of Arragon, who is the standard-bearer of the Church, to come to my assistance. Depart hence, and guard your town: I will defend my palace. Why be alarmed at trifles?" Pope Benedict was a bold and determined character, not easily dismayed, and his palace at the time was like a fortress, well stocked with wines, corn, salted meat, oil, and other necessaries.

The Marshal Boucicaut began his march, and fixed his head-quarters at St. Verain, near Avignon: his army kept daily increasing, and, in a short time, the city was so completely surrounded, that nothing could enter by land or water without leave. The Seneschal of Beaucaire, who assisted the marshal with 500 combatants, fixed his quarters at Villeneuve. The marshal had with him 2,000 men-at-arms. When all were prepared, the marshal sent notice to the townsmen, that if they did not open their gates and submit, he would burn and destroy all the houses and vineyards, as far as the river Durance. This greatly dismayed the inhabitants, who thought it best at once to surrender. The cardinals also agreed to this, and the army was admitted into the town, with an understanding that it might besiege the palace; but that no harm should be done to the cardinals, their dependants, nor the town's-people.

Pope Benedict on hearing of this arrangement was much cast down; however, he declared he would never surrender as long as he had breath. Before the marshal entered Avignon the pope had sent to the King of Arragon, humbly entreating him to succour him in his distress; adding, that if he would extricate him from his present situation, he would establish the holy see at Perpignan, or at Barcelona; the king, however, paid little attention to the request.

The palace at Avignon was so strictly invested that nothing could enter it; of food, indeed, it had sufficient for two or three years, but as there was a scarcity of fuel to dress the victuals, those within began to be alarmed. The King of France held a weekly correspondence with the Lord Boucicaut on the state of affairs, and ordered him not to depart till he had completed the business with the pope. Boucicaut in consequence increased the guard round the palace, and the result was, that Benedict finding himself thus constrained—that there was no fuel, and the provisions daily decreasing—begged for mercy through the mediation of some of his cardinals. A treaty was concluded, the terms of which were that the pope was not to leave the palace of Avignon until union should be restored to the Church; that he should be put under guard of proper persons, and that the cardinals and richest citizens of Avignon should be responsible for his appearance, dead or alive. This satisfied the marshal, and thus the business ended.

The Lord Boucicaut returned to Paris; however, he did not long remain unemployed, for it having been reported that Bajazet was assembling a large army of Turks, Arabians, Persians, Tartars, Syrians, and others, he made preparations to go to Hungary, to join the King of Hungary, who was collecting a numerous army, and very desirous of offering battle to Bajazet. The Earl of Derby, who resided at Paris, at the hôtel de Clisson, near the Temple, much wished to join this expedition; for as he received every week from the French treasury 500 golden crowns for his expenses, he felt himself under great obligation to the King of France, and was unwilling to be a charge to him longer: however, before he undertook to do so, at the advice of his most confidential friends, he sent over to England to ask the opinion of his father, the Duke of Lancaster.

While these things were being done, the King of France sent ambassadors to Germany to inform the emperor that he had Pope Benedict in his power. The emperor on hearing it requested to know the determination of the King of England, for whom the King of France had taken upon himself to answer. The King of France in consequence of this sent a grand embassy to England, to remonstrate with the king on the present distracted state of the Church. The king himself would willingly have joined his father-in-law, but he had not his prelates nor his subjects as much under his command as he kept them in France. All this he told in confidence to the French ambassadors; at the same time promising them to do his utmost to comply with the request of the King of France.

However, to please his father-in-law, he summoned a meeting of the prelates and clergy of his realm at his palace of Westminster: when they met he eloquently harangued them on the miserable schism in the Church, and on the plan which the King of France had adopted of remaining neuter between the two rival popes. The Kings of Scotland, Castille, Arragon, and Navarre, had followed this example, and all Germany, Bohemia, and Italy intended doing the same; he therefore entreated that his kingdom would adopt the like measures. The prelates, who were ignorant why they had been called together, on hearing this were greatly astonished. "Our king is quite a Frenchman," murmured some; "his only wish is to ruin us; what! does he mean to make us change our creed? We will have nothing to do with this matter." As no conclusion could be arrived at, the meeting broke up, and the clergy retired to their inns in the city of London. The citizens soon learned what the king had proposed, and their anger was greatly excited against him—"This Richard of Bordeaux will ruin everything; his head is so thoroughly French that he cannot disguise it; however, a day must come when he shall pay for all." Things continued in this state in England.

The King of France and his council were dissatisfied that King Richard had not instantly determined that his country should be neuter, but in truth he could not prevail with his clergy to do so; and shortly after there fell out such horrible events that the like are not to be found in the whole of this history, nor in that of any other Christian king, except that noble prince, Lusignan, King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, whom his brother and the Cypriots villanously murdered.

The answer of the Duke of Lancaster to his son the Earl of Derby was, that he would not advise him to go into Hungary, but when tired of France to visit Castille and Portugal, and amuse himself at the courts of his brothers-in-law and sisters.

It happened about Christmas-tide that John, Duke of Lancaster, fell dangerously ill of a disorder, which to the great grief of all his friends ended his life. He had been for some time very low-spirited on account of the banishment of his son, and also in consequence of the manner in which his nephew Richard governed the kingdom, which, if persevered in, he foresaw must be its ruin. The King of England, as it seemed, was little affected by his uncle's death, and he was soon forgotten. The news of the death of the Duke of Lancaster was soon made public in France; King Richard wrote to the king an account of it, but he did not notice it to his cousin the Earl of Derby. The earl, however, knew of it as soon, if not sooner, than the King of France: he clothed himself and his attendants in deep mourning, and had his father's obsequies performed on a very grand scale. The Earl of Derby was now Duke of Lancaster—the most potent baron in England, and second to none but the king himself; and if King Richard had acted prudently, remembering how very unpopular he himself was, he would instantly on the death of his father have recalled him. But he had no such inclination; on the contrary, he sent officers to take possession of his lands, and to seize his rents, declaring that during his banishment neither the earl nor his family should receive any of his revenues in England; also, to the great vexation of such as were attached to the earl and his children, he disposed of several estates in the duchy of Lancaster to some of his knights.

In France as well as in England this conduct on the part of King Richard was deemed strange and unjustifiable: in truth the King of France and his family were perfectly well disposed towards the Earl of Derby, whom they greatly respected; moreover, it was considered that he was a widower, likely to marry again, and that the Duke of Berry had a daughter, who, though so young, was a widow of two husbands. Mary of Berry, for such was her name, was not more than twenty-three years old, and this marriage between her and the Earl of Derby was talked of and nearly concluded. The Duke of Berry well knew that the Earl of Derby was the greatest heir apparent in England, as also did the King of France, who was anxious that this match should take place on account of his daughter being Queen of England. It was natural to imagine that two such ladies, so nearly related, would be agreeable companions to each other, and that the kingdoms of France and England would on this account enjoy longer peace, and be more intimately connected: all this would probably have been true, if it could have been accomplished; but King Richard and his council broke off all these measures. Whatever misfortunes fate has decreed, must have their course; those which befel King Richard are wonderful to reflect upon. He might have avoided them, but what must be will be.

I, John Froissart, author of these chronicles, will truly say what in my younger days I heard at a mansion called Berkhampstead, thirty miles from London, and which, in the year of grace 1361, at the time I am speaking of, belonged to the Prince of Wales, father to King Richard. As the prince and princess were about to leave England for Aquitaine, the King of England, Queen Philippa, my mistress, the Dukes of Clarence and Lancaster, the Lord Edmund, who was afterwards Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York, with their children, came to the mansion to visit the prince and take leave of him. I was at the time twenty-four years old, and one of the clerks of the chamber to my lady the queen. During this visit, as I was seated on a bench, I heard the following conversation from a knight to some of the ladies of the queen: "There was in that country," said the knight, "a book called Brut, which many say contains the prophecies of Merlin. According to its contents, neither the Prince of Wales, nor the Duke of Clarence, though sons to King Edward, will wear the crown of England; but it will fall on the house of Lancaster." When the knight said this, the Earl of Derby was not born: his birth took place seven years after. This prophecy, however, has been verified, for I have since seen Henry, Earl of Derby, King of England.

The moment King Richard heard that a treaty of marriage was going on between the Earl of Derby and the Lady Mary of Berry, he became much displeased thereat, and resolved to send the Earl of Salisbury to Paris, to entreat the king to be aware of allowing such an alliance to be formed, as the Earl of Derby was a traitor to his sovereign. The Earl of Salisbury was by no means pleased at being appointed to so delicate and difficult an office; however, the king would receive no excuses, and he went. On his arrival at Paris, he lodged at the White Horse in the square of the Greve, and lost no time in waiting on the king and queen; to whom he related very minutely everything with which he had been charged by the King of England, and called the Earl of Derby a traitor to his natural lord. The king on hearing this expression was much angered, and gave back to the earl the letters he had brought, saying, "Earl of Salisbury, our son of England bears too great hatred to our cousin of Derby; we wonder he has continued it so long, for we think that his court would be adorned if the Earl of Derby were near his person." "Very dear sire," replied the Earl of Salisbury, "I can only act as I have been ordered." "That is true," said the king, "we are not angry with you; execute the commission you have been charged with." The earl then, in compliance with the orders he had received, waited on the Duke of Berry and delivered the same message. The duke made no answer, but went forthwith to the king at the hôtel de Saint Pol, and asked if he had received any news from England.

The king told him all that had occurred, and a privy council was summoned on the occasion, at which it was agreed, that as they ought to be more attached to the King of England than to the Earl of Derby, it would be advisable to break off the marriage of the earl with the Countess d'Eu. The Earl of Salisbury, having completed the business on which he was engaged, left Paris after this resolution had been adopted. The King of France, however, showed that he was more displeased than otherwise at the intelligence which the earl had brought, and returned to him his credential letters, refusing to accept them from his partiality to the Earl of Derby. The Earl of Salisbury returned to Calais without once speaking to the Earl of Derby, at which the latter was much displeased, and augured from it nothing favourable. However, about a month after his departure, his commissioners renewed the matter of the marriage with the Lady Mary of Berry; but those on the part of the Duke of Berry replied, "Tell my Lord of Derby that when he is in the presence of the king and his brother the Duke of Orleans, he may propose this business himself; we cannot say more on the subject, since it is not agreeable to our employers that we longer interfere in it." The Earl of Derby at the time suspected nothing more was meant by these words than to hasten the marriage, for the king and his lords had shown outwardly as much eagerness as ever for the match. He remembered what had been told him, and at a proper opportunity, when the king and his lords were together, renewed his proposal for the marriage. The Duke of Burgundy, who had been previously charged with the answer, replied, "Cousin of Derby, we cannot think of marrying our cousin to a traitor." The earl, on hearing this expression, instantly changed colour and said, "Sir, I am in the presence of my lord the king, and must interrupt your speech. I never was, and never thought of being a traitor; and if any one dare to charge me with treason, I am ready to answer him now or at whatever time it may please the king to appoint." "No, cousin," said the king, "I don't believe that you will find any man in France that will challenge your honour. The expression my uncle has used comes from England." The Earl of Derby, casting himself on his knees, replied, "I willingly believe you: may God preserve all my friends, and confound mine enemies." The king made the earl rise, and said, "Be appeased, this matter will end well; and when you shall be on good terms with every one, we will then talk of the marriage. It will be first necessary for you to take possession of your duchy of Lancaster; for it is the custom of France and of many countries on this side the sea, that when a lord marries with the consent of his lord paramount, should he have one, he settles a dower on his wife." Wine and spices were brought, and thus the conversation ended. The Earl of Derby, on his return to the hôtel de Clisson, was bitterly enraged, and not without reason. He had been accused of treason when he prided himself upon being one of the most loyal knights in the universe, and that in the presence of the King of France, who had shown him so much affection and courtesy. Moreover, that this accusation should have been brought from England by the Earl of Salisbury, galled him much. His knights endeavoured to pacify him; but he was more cast down than man ever was.

It was known in England that the Earl of Salisbury had been sent to France, and the Londoners especially were exceedingly enraged against the king and his ministers for their conduct towards the Earl of Derby. "Ah, gallant and courteous Earl of Derby," they said, "how great are the jealousies and hatreds against thee: to overwhelm thee with disgrace and vexation, they charge thee with treason! It was not enough for the king and his minions to force thee out of the kingdom, but they must add this charge also; however, all things have an end, and their turn may come." "Alas," cried some, "what have his children done? when the king seizes their inheritance —an inheritance which ought to be theirs by direct succession from grandfather to father. There must be some change in public measures, we neither can nor will suffer them to go no longer."

Soon after the return of the Earl of Salisbury, King Richard had proclaimed throughout his realm and in Scotland, that a tournament would be held at Windsor by forty knights and forty squires, (clothed in green, with the device of a white falcon,) against all comers; and that the Queen of England, well attended by ladies and damsels, would be at the feast. When the day came, the queen, indeed, was present at the tournament in magnificent array, but very few of the barons attended, so disgusted were they with the king for the banishment of the Earl of Derby, the injuries he was doing the earl's children, the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, which had been committed in the castle of Calais, the death of the Earl of Arundel, whom he had butchered in London, and the perpetual exile of the Earl of Warwick.

After this tournament, King Richard prepared to go to Ireland: and although many knights and squires made ready to join him, none took part in this expedition with good will. The Earl of Northumberland, and his son Sir Henry Percy, after a special summons, sent excuses, for which they were banished England, never to return until recalled by the king. This sentence caused the greatest astonishment throughout England, and tended much to increase the general discontent. The earl and his son consulted their friends as to how they should act under the disgrace which the king had so undeservedly heaped upon them, and it was agreed that they should seek an asylum in Scotland until affairs should mend or the king's anger be pacified. King Robert of Scotland and his barons readily granted the request, and moreover assured the earl, that five or six hundred lances were at his service whenever he might require them. Things, however, remained as they were; for King Richard and his advisers in a short time had so much to do, that they had no leisure to attend to the earl nor to enforce his banishment.

The king on his way to Ireland held his court at Bristol;

and while he was there a general insurrection of the people of England took place. The courts of justice were closed, and a stop was put to all traffic; plunder and robbery prevailed, farmers' houses were pillaged of grain, and their beeves, pigs, and sheep, carried away. Nothing but complaints were heard throughout the land. The citizens of London, who, being rich from trade, and by whom the other parts of England are generally governed, foresaw that most dangerous consequences would ensue, unless they stepped forward as they had formerly done against King Edward and the D'Espencers, who had forced Queen Isabella and the Prince of Wales out of the kingdom. Their remedy on the present occasion they believed to be in the Earl of Derby. "We must send for him," they said, "and on his arrival appoint him regent of the kingdom. Richard of Bordeaux must be arrested and confined in the Tower of London; his acts are so infamous, that they will condemn him." Many councils were held among the citizens on this subject, and it was at last agreed to request the Archbishop of Canterbury to go over to France and communicate with the earl. The archbishop willingly undertook the office, and as secretly as possible prepared for his journey: in order to escape observation, he travelled not as an archbishop, but as a simple monk on a pilgrimage; and on arriving at Paris, had a private interview with the earl, to whom he explained the real object of his coming.

The Earl of Derby listened attentively to all that the archbishop told him, and to the request of the citizens of London, that he would come over and be their king. He did not, however, immediately reply, but leaning in a window that looked into the garden he mused awhile, and then said, "My lord, your speech requires much consideration. I should be unwilling to begin an enterprise and be forced to leave it unfinished. Should I accept the offers and kind promises which you and my good friends the citizens of London make, I must subject myself to their will, arrest King Richard, and put him to death. For this I shall be universally blamed; and I would not willingly do it, if other means can be adopted."

"My lord," replied the archbishop, "I am sent hither with every good disposition towards you; call in your council, and lay before them the propositions I have made." To this the earl consented, and when his knights and squires came together, they were unanimous in persuading him to accept the offer of the archbishop.

Matters were soon arranged; but in everything the greatest secrecy was observed; and the earl took leave of the King of France, under pretence of paying a visit to the Duke of Brittany, and staying some time at his court. His stay in Brittany however, was not many days; for after he had explained his plans to the duke, and received his offer of assistance of men-at-arms and crossbows, he set out for England, and landed at Plymouth. The next day he took the road to London, accompanied by the archbishop, Sir Peter de Craon, who had attended him from Brittany, and also by the escort which the duke had given him.

The Mayor of London and the chief citizens went out to meet the earl on the road; and as they approached London, multitudes came out to receive him, shouting "Welcome! long wished-for Earl of Derby and Duke of Lancaster, may all joy and prosperity attend you." The mayor rode by the side of the earl, and in this manner they entered the city. So great indeed was the public rejoicing on the occasion, that every shop was shut, and no more work done than if it had been Easter day.

To bring this matter to a conclusion, it was determined to march against the king, whom the citizens of London and the other towns now so hated, that they would call him by no other title than Richard of Bordeaux. Indeed, the Earl of Derby was already treated as king, and he engaged to undertake the government on condition that the crown was settled on him and his heirs for ever. An army was collected, chiefly of Londoners, who, with the earl at their head, marched without delay to Bristol, prepared to make King Richard a prisoner. Richard was thunderstruck when the information first reached him; and at the advice of those who were about him, he quietly left Bristol, and retired to Flint Castle. Thither, however, the Earl of Derby followed him with two hundred lances, being determined to have possession of his person by surrender or by force.

The earl and his men on arriving at Flint Castle knocked loudly. "Who is there?" asked the guard. "I am Henry of Lancaster," replied the earl, "and I am come to demand of the king my inheritance of the duchy o Lancaster: tell him so for me."

This message was instantly conveyed to the king, who on hearing it, looked at his knights, and asked how he was to act. "Sire," replied they, "this request is by no means an improper one; you may allow him to come into your presence with eleven others, and then you can hear what he has to say." The king consented, and the Earl of Derby was conducted into his presence. Richard on seeing the earl changed colour, and appeared very uneasy; but the earl, without paying him any reverence or honour, spoke aloud: "Have you broken your fast?" he said. "No," replied the king; "why do you ask?" "Because," continued the earl, "you have a long way to ride." "What road?" said the king. "You must come to London," answered the earl, "and I advise you to eat and drink heartily, that you may perform the journey gaily." The king becoming alarmed, said, "I am not hungry, nor have I any desire to eat." Upon this his knights, perceiving that things were taking a serious turn, said, "Sire, have confidence in my Lord of Lancaster, your cousin, he can but wish your good." "Well, well," said the king, "I am willing so to have it; let the tables be prepared." The earl ate nothing, and the king made a most uneasy breakfast, after which he was told that the intention was to carry him to London, and place him as a prisoner in the Tower; to which, as resistance was useless, he quietly submitted.

Richard had not long been confined in the Tower when he expressed a desire to speak with the Earl of Derby, who was now styled Duke of Lancaster. The duke came to him without loss of time, when Richard addressed him thus: "Fair cousin, I have been considering my situation, which is miserable enough, and I have no longer any thought of wearing my crown, or governing my people. As God may have my soul, I wish I were this moment dead, and the King of France had his daughter again; for since I brought her hither, I have lost the love of my people. All things therefore considered, I freely resign to you the crown of England." The duke replied, "It will be necessary that the three estates of the realm hear this. I have issued summonses for assembling the nobles, prelates, and deputies from the principal towns, and within three days you can make your resignation in due form before them. The common report in this country is, that I have a better right to the crown than you have; for it is believed that the Princess of Wales, your mother, was not faithful to her husband: but, however this may be, I will guard and preserve you as long as you like, and will likewise entreat the Londoners on your behalf." "Many thanks," replied the king, "I have greater confidence in you than in any other person in England." "You are right," added the duke, "for had I not stepped forward between you and the people, they would have most disgracefully killed you, in return for all your wicked acts."

Upwards of two hours did the duke continue this conversation with the king, and on taking his leave he returned at once to his own house, and renewed his orders for the assembly of the three estates of the realm.

When the day arrived, Richard was released from his prison, and having entered the hall which had been prepared for the occasion, royally dressed, the sceptre in his hand, and the crown on his head, he addressed the company as follows: "I have reigned King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland, about twenty-two years, which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown, I now freely and willingly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and entreat of him, in the presence of you all, to accept this sceptre." He then tendered the sceptre to the duke, who, taking it, gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised his crown from off his head, and, placing it before him, said, "Henry, fair cousin, and Duke of Lancaster, I present and give to you this crown, and all the rights dependent on it." And the duke receiving it, delivered it also to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

This done, and the resignation having been accepted, the duke called a public notary to him, and had an authentic account of the proceedings drawn up, and witnessed by the lords and prelates present. Richard was then conducted back to his prison, and the assembly broke up.

On Wednesday, the last day of September, 1399, a parliament was holden at Westminster, at which the Duke of Lancaster challenged the crown of England, and claimed it for his own, for three reasons—first, by conquest; second, from being heir to it; and third, from the pure and free resignation which King Richard had made of it. The parliament then declared, that it was their will he should be king, and the day of coronation was fixed for the feast of Saint Edward, which fell on a Monday, the 13th day of October.

On Saturday before the coronation, the new king went from Westminster to the Tower of London, attended by great numbers, and those squires who were to be knighted watched their arms that night; they amounted to forty-six; each squire had his chamber and bath. The next day after mass the duke created them knights, and presented them with long green coats with straight sleeves lined with miniver, after the manner of the prelates. These knights had on their left shoulder a double cord of white silk, with white tufts hanging down.

This Sunday after dinner the duke left the Tower on his return to Westminster; he was bareheaded, and had round his neck the order of the King of France. The Prince of Wales, six dukes, six earls, and eighteen barons accompanied him; and of other nobility there were from 800 to 900 horse in the procession. The duke, after the German fashion, was dressed in a jacket of cloth of gold, and mounted on a white courser, with a blue garter on his left leg. He passed through the streets of London, which were at the time all handsomely decorated with tapestries and other rich hangings; there were nine fountains in Cheapside and other streets through which he passed, and these perpetually ran with white and red wine. He was escorted by prodigious numbers of gentlemen, with their servants in livery and badges; and the different companies of London were led by their wardens, clothed in their proper livery, and with the ensigns of their trade: the whole cavalcade amounted to 6,000 horse. That same night the duke bathed, and on the morrow confessed himself, and according to his custom heard three masses.

The prelates and clergy who had been assembled then came in procession from Westminster Abbey, to conduct the king to the Tower, and back again in the same manner. The dukes, earls, and barons wore long scarlet robes, with mantles trimmed with ermine, and large hoods of the same; the dukes and earls had three bars of ermine on the left arm a quarter of a yard long, or thereabout;

the barons had but two; all the knights and squires had uniform cloaks of scarlet lined with miniver. In the procession to the church the duke had borne over his head a rich canopy of blue silk, supported on silver staves, with four golden bells at the corners. This canopy was borne by four burgesses of Dover, who claimed it as their right. On each side of the duke were the sword of mercy and the sword of justice; the first being borne by the Prince of Wales, and the other by the Earl of Northumberland, Constable of England; the Earl of Westmoreland, the Marshal of England, carried the sceptre. The procession entered the church about nine o'clock. In the middle of the church was erected a scaffold covered with crimson cloth, in the centre of which was the royal throne of cloth of gold. When the duke entered the church, he seated himself on the throne, and was thus in regal state, except having the crown on his head. The Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed from the four corners of the scaffold how God had given them a man for their lord and sovereign, and then asked the people if they were consenting parties to his being consecrated and crowned king. Upon which the people unanimously shouted " ay," and held up their hands, promising fealty and homage.

The duke then descended from the throne and advanced to the altar to be consecrated. Two archbishops and ten bishops performed the ceremony. He was stripped of all his royal state before the altar, naked to his shirt, and was then anointed and consecrated at six places: *i. e.* on the head, the breast, the two shoulders, before and behind; on the back, and hands: a bonnet was then placed on his head, and while this was being done, the clergy chanted the litany, or the service that is performed to hallow a font. The king was now dressed in a churchman's clothes, like a deacon; and they put on him shoes of crimson velvet, after the manner of a prelate. Then they added spurs with a point, but no rowel; and the sword of justice was drawn, blessed, and delivered to the king, who put it again into the scabbard, when the Archbishop of Canterbury girded it about him. The crown of Saint Edward, which is arched over like a cross, was next brought and blessed, and placed by the archbishop on the king's head. When mass was over the king left the church, and returned to the palace, in the same state as before. In the

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